



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

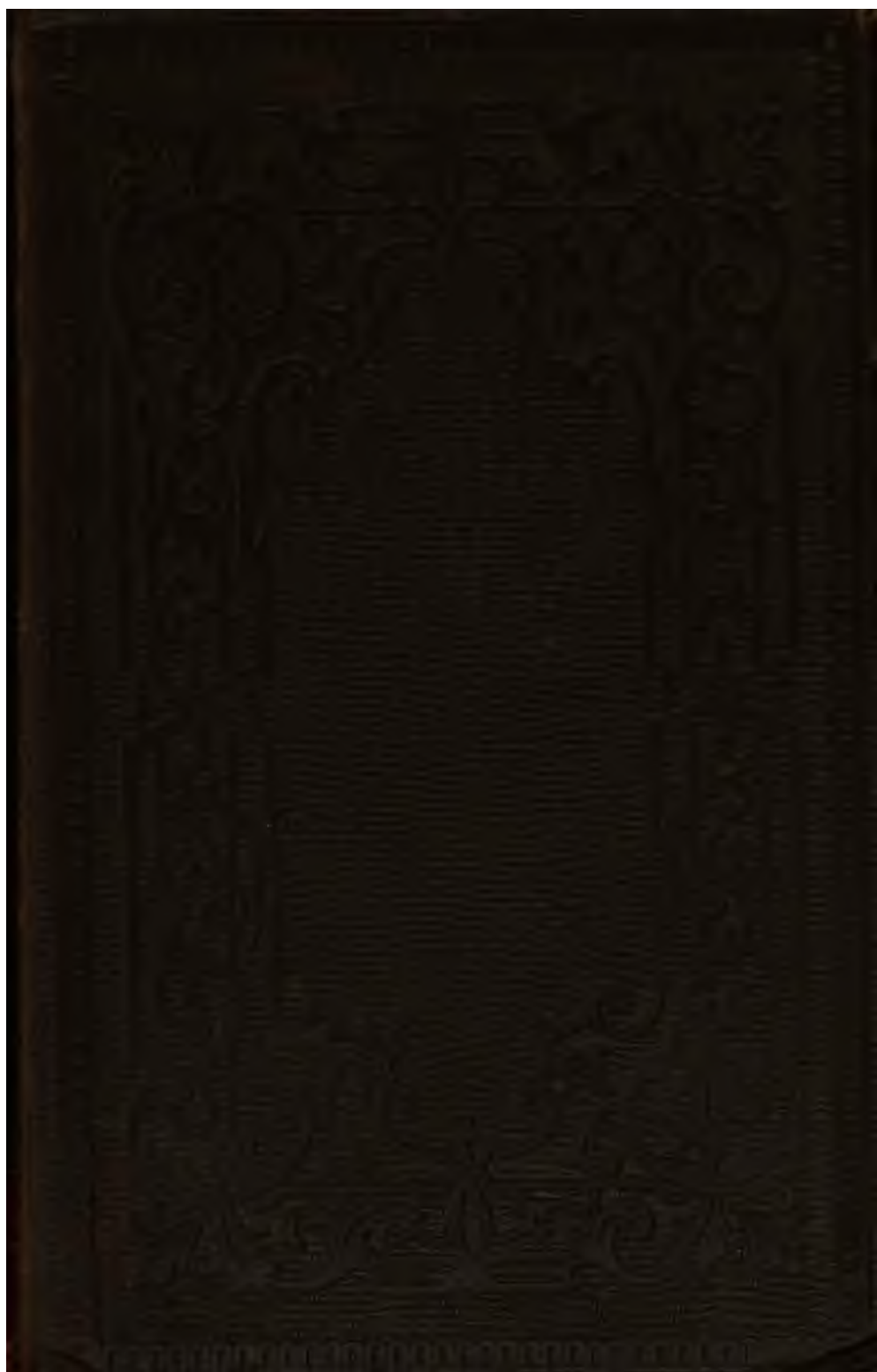
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600023801L







600023901L



THE
H AND ISMAELEEH:

A VISIT TO
THE SECRET SECTS
OF
NORTHERN SYRIA;

WITH A VIEW TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL LYDE, B.A.,
FELLOW OF JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
LATE CHAPLAIN (PRO TEM.) OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AT BEYROUT.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1853.

203. c. 81.

LONDON :
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

PREFACE.

THE writer of a book of travels, whatever may be his native modesty, cannot help making himself sufficiently conspicuous under the *I* or *we* whose adventures form the theme of the narrative. In some cases, therefore, he may prefer to travel, as far as possible, incognito, but in the present case the author cannot avoid introducing himself to his readers.

He would say, then, that he is a clergyman of the Anglican Church, whose ill-health prevented him from exercising the duties of his profession in England, at least during the

winter months. He, consequently, for some successive winters went abroad, and during the winter of 1850-1, he made the usual tour of Egypt and Syria. Feeling more and more the duty and desirableness of being employed, if possible, in the proper work of his office, he was led to think of Syria, as a country whose climate would allow him to remain and labour the year round. The only thing was to find a field of labour. This the providence of God seemed to present. In a conversation with Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Beyrout—Mr. Moore,—he heard of a people, called the Ansyreeh, numerous and important, but sunk, as they had been for ages, in a miserable state of ignorance and oppression, arising from the profession of a secret and effete religion. Finding, further, that the Consul had long been of opinion that there was a most favourable opening for commencing a mission among this people, and was surprised that no Christian Church had yet attempted one, he determined

to return to Syria and judge for himself, by personal inquiries made in a tour among them. He therefore returned to Beyrout in 1851, and in the summer of last year paid a visit to the seats of the Ansyreeh in Northern Syria. This little book is a narrative of that visit, and is published in the hope of obtaining that co-operation which is necessary to the further prosecution of the object proposed, and which is fully explained in a note at the end of the volume. These pages do not pretend to be a revelation of the secret of the Ansyreeh (which probably consists of nothing more than a few unintelligible prayers, a medley of Christianity and Mohammedanism, and a trivial, if not obscene, rite), *that* could only be discovered by a lengthened residence among them. Its object is to give a faithful picture of the present state and disposition of that people, and a description of the country which they inhabit. The reader is advised to turn to the last chapter of the book for a brief

notice of their history and religion, which probably will give him all that is satisfactorily known about them. By reading that chapter first, he will be better able to understand the personal narrative of the remaining part of the book.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
Plain of Ladikeeh—Tricks played on the Ansyreeh— Ansyreeh peasant—Ansyreeh village—Failure in the kitchen—Journey to Suadeiah—Cheapness of provi- sions—Misadventure—Suadeiah—Ansyreeh literati— Ansyreeh found at Tarsus, Seleucia, and Antioch— Proceed to Antioch—To Aleppo	1

CHAPTER II.

Aleppo—Inland road to Hamah—Thievish watchmen— Bullying Kurd—Stories of the Irregular Horse—En- camp in the fields—Second Pompeii—Guardian of well —Castle of Kulat-el-Medeek—Plague of mosquitoes —Castle of Sejjar—Hamah—Mysterious Ansyreeh Sheikh—Mosquitoes again—Valley of the Orontes— Return to Antioch	37
---	----

CHAPTER III.

	PAGE
Antioch—Fellow-lodgers—Murder of Padre—Renewal of acquaintance—Ansyreeh geographer—Ansyreeh lying—The Deacon—Christian legend—Whisperings of Ansyreeh—Visit to Patriarch—Antioch nobility—Bigotry of the Mahometans—Oppression of the Ansyreeh—Prospects of a school—Circumstances favourable to its formation—Cheapness of provisions—Beauty of scenery and climate	68

CHAPTER IV.

Return to Ladikeeh—Long march—Bahluleeh—Indignation of Turkish captain—Ansyreeh fare—Sheikh Ibraheem Saeed—Troublesome curiosity—Theological conversations—Credulous Christian—Turkish colonel—Rows in the village—Pride and vices of the Turks—Site for school—Solemn confab—Exciting scene—Ansyreeh method of cure—Effects of incense—Wonderful Sheikh—Curiosity of Amazon—Legends about our Saviour	94
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Leave Bahluleeh—Illness—Toilsome journey—Diryoos—Intelligent Mekuddam—Wish for schools—A knave—Hospitable Mussulman—Sahiyoon—Mussulman champion—Magnificent castle—Narrow escape—Shemseen—Ansyreeh robber—Ansyreeh tutor—Sheikh Hassan—Ansyreeh cheating—Christian village	
--	--

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
—Infidel priest—Good site for school—Muhailby— Fine castle—Kurdahah—Merry meeting—Ansyreeh dance—Circumcision—Feast—Ain Sukkur—Ansy- reeh bon-vivant	145

CHAPTER VI.

Important visit—Sheikh Hhabeeb Eesa—Jocular old Sheikh—Theological discussions—Transmigration— Want of retirement—Scene for a sketch—Posed by old Sheikh—Castle of Beni Israel—Leave the Sheikh —Simt Kublee—Courtesy and intelligence of Mekud- dams—Blood feud—Conversations on religion—Desire for schools—Crusty old Sheikh—Delightful ride— Forced levy of donkeys—Return to Ladikeeh	192
---	-----

CHAPTER VII.

Greek priest—Answer to objections to schools—Gebilee —Castle of Merkab—Effects of earthquake—Cour- teous governor—Colony of old Mahometans—Castle of Kadmoos—Ismaeleeh, or Assassins—Dreary country —Corrupt faith—Ismaeleeh churlishness—How to find one's way—Bivouac—Battle—Saffeta—Sheikh Mu- hammed Yoosef—His harshness and conceit—Abun- dance of game	220
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Trouble with guides—Monastery of St. George—River of Josephus—Trickery of monks—Ansyreeh pilgrims	
--	--

	PAGE
—Castle of el-Husn—Affable governor—Image of gold—Breakfast with wandering tribe—Plain of Homs—Homs—Violent dervishes—Ancient threshing instrument—Obstinacy of jackass—Ribleh—Amiable colony—Talkative priest—Hermel—Source of Orontes—Remarkable monument—Illness of muleteer—Miss the Cedars—Metawalee Sheikh—Tears of a mother—Return to Beyrout	250

CHAPTER IX.

Report to H. L. Dr. Gobat, Anglican Bishop in Jerusalem—History of Ansyreeh—Religion—Present state—Results of visit—Desire for schools—Expenses of a school—Reasons for hoping for success	280
--	-----

THE
ANSYREEH AND ISMAELEEH.

CHAPTER I.

PLAIN OF LADIKEEH—TRICKS PLAYED ON THE ANSYREEH—ANSYREEH PEASANT—ANSYREEH VILLAGE—FAILURE IN THE KITCHEN—JOURNEY TO SUADEIAH—CHEAPNESS OF PROVISIONS—MISADVENTURE—SUADEIAH—ANSYREEH LITERATI—ANSYREEH FOUND AT TABSUS, SELEUCIA, AND ANTIOCH—PROCEED TO ANTIOCH—TO ALEPPO.

At the latter end of April I left Beyrout for Ladikeeh. I was naturally anxious to have my first look at the little capital of the district which, God willing, was to be the scene of my future life and labours. On the morning of the third day we anchored outside the ancient port which, though small, must have been for the navies of old both safe and commodious. Its present appearance, commanded by an

old fort at the entrance, and backed by gardens stretching up to the town, is very picturesque. Ladikeeh and its port are still decaying, and present a striking contrast to the bustling and rising town of Beyrout. It is surrounded by a vast plain, stamped by all the loneliness of depopulation; and the olive groves in its immediate vicinity, seem to partake far more of the desolate stillness of the plain on which they verge, than of the cheerfulness of the city whose walls they skirt.

Early on the morning after my arrival, I ascended the mount behind the town, once the castle hill, but now crowned by a mosque, recently erected to the memory of a Mussulman Sheikh, from Northern Africa. This mosque attracts the eye, not only as a conspicuous object to be seen for a distance of many miles, but because it appears as the last effort of the decaying religion of a declining country and town. From the top of the mount there is a fine view of the plain, extending for many miles north, south and east, and in the distance gradually breaking into hills, themselves giving way to mountain ranges. In the north rises Mount Cassius, its bare head wrapped round with clouds; on

the south appeared the mountain of the cedars, the northern termination of Lebanon, still "in wintry grandeur towering," although it was the end of April. But what to me possessed more interest than all besides, was the range to the east, inhabited almost exclusively by the mysterious race which I intended to visit. The plain itself appeared dotted here and there by their villages, for they are its sole cultivators. It was the time of spring, before the grain had been reaped and the fierce suns of the almost cloudless Syrian summer had scorched its treeless plains; and the patches of verdure seen at a distance, gave the eye a false impression of the amount of labour bestowed upon them by the wretched peasantry. On a nearer view, are perceived whole tracts of ground lying fallow or producing scanty crops, notwithstanding the fertility of the soil and the numerous rivers which might be made use of to irrigate it.

Although, as I have said, the Ansyreeh, or Fellaheen, *i.e.* peasantry, are the sole inhabitants of the plain, their nearest village is about half an hour distant, none residing in the town, or coming into it, except to bring wood or other articles for sale, and for such like

necessary business. They are too much oppressed by the inhabitants of towns to have any great love for them; not to speak of the contempt in which they are held, and the practical jokes that are played upon them. To these they are particularly subjected in Tripoli, the Mussulmans of which are more bigoted than those of Ladikeeh. In the neighbourhood there is a large number of Fellaheen, and occasionally they are obliged to enter the town on errands. On such occasions, the facetious shopkeepers suspend hooks in the shop windows, which they cause to dangle till they become entangled with the turban of an Ansyreeh, and then, by a sudden twitch, raise it into the air, to the astonishment of the wearer. At other times they put a match within the ample folds of the white cotton liffeh, or turban-wrapper, and set it in a blaze. A respectable Mussulman informed me that he was one day sitting with a shopkeeper, when an Ansyreeh presented himself and asked change for a piece of money worth about 3s. 6d. The shopkeeper took it, put it secretly in a bag and returned a piece of false coin like that he had received, saying, "This piece is a bad one, I cannot change it." I remonstrated

with him afterwards, said my informant, but what was I to do?

But all this is better treatment than that which this poor people experienced some thirty years ago, when whole batches were impaled by the then governor of the town, the notorious Pasha Berbers, who died about the time of the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha.

I had determined to leave my ascent of the mountains till the last, and during the cooler months to visit Antioch and the country to the north of them and the plains of Hamah on their eastern side. While I was preparing for my journey, I saw one morning, in our Arab consul's house, a tall gaunt peasant, who proved to be one of those whose acquaintance I was desirous of making. I eyed him with I know not how much interest. As I wished to see what an Ansyreeh village was like, the consul proposed my taking this man as my guide, and, accordingly, I mounted a donkey, and the huge fellow trudged on before. He looked a thorough clodhopper in his high sheepskin boots, though a white wrapper of vast dimensions round his head, as well as the other articles of his dress, proved him to have but a distant relationship to his brethren in

England. On the way, he condescended to address me, and in a hoarse voice to ask several questions about a matter still fresh in his recollection, for it had left an impression even on his heavy mind. It is a subject which, though it formed no small part of my conversation with the Fellaheen of the mountains and elsewhere, I have thought it right not to speak of more explicitly, and now allude to it once for all. He expressed his own opinion on the question, and then relapsed into his usual state of mental quietude.

The first sight of the village was not prepossessing. It was small, its houses built of rough stones, their walls plastered with cow-dung, which was being dried in the sun for fuel. I contented myself with inspecting the interior of one or two of the better houses, and found them to consist of one room, of which the ceiling was supported by pillars formed of stones belonging to some ancient buildings. The roofs were constructed of timbers loosely placed together, and covered with dried brushwood, which again was covered with earth and mud of a foot or two in thickness. Little light found its way through the single aperture or window, and almost the only article of furniture

I saw was a handmill. I have been thus particular in my description, for the houses of these people in other parts, though sometimes somewhat larger, consisting of one or two rooms, were built in the same way. The most agreeable residences, in summer, are small huts, built on poles, and walled and roofed with the dried branches of trees. I often afterwards found a pleasant shelter, and had a cool night's rest, under canopies thus constructed, and open at the sides so as to allow the breezes to have full play.

I compared what I had seen in this village with the mud villages of the Egyptian peasantry, and I gave the preference to the former, in as much as stone is better than mud. On my return, I asked the consul if the village which I had seen was not a small one, and whether there were not better houses elsewhere. He said that the houses in the mountains were somewhat better, but that this village was, in comparison with others, a large one. And so I afterwards found, for in most places the houses were scattered here and there over a valley, or on a hill side, and I saw no village of any size; and this has led me to propose that a boarding-school should be the first to be

established, in order that the most intelligent boys may be collected from among the scattered population.

Having left Beyrout without a servant, I had to provide myself with one from Ladikeeh, and chose a young fellow who had been with the consul for some time, but had been brought up in the mountains at the back of Mount Cassius. His only recommendation was that he knew nothing, but being of a tractable disposition, might be taught anything. As, at all events, cooking was not one of his accomplishments, I determined at once to commence his education, and a fowl was purchased, which I instructed him how to roast or bake. Fortunately the consul invited me on that day to dinner, and suggested my bringing my dinner with me. Accordingly, the fowl was produced, and looked tolerably brown and tempting; but it soon appeared that through a defect in my own scientific directions, the labours of a raw cook had turned out a nearly raw chicken, and I was glad to fall back on the stuffed cucumbers of my host. As the reader is generally supposed, by the traveller, to take an interest in his kitchen arrangements, it may be gratifying to him to know that my new cook, after many a

failure, at last acquired the art of boiling a fowl (I never again hazarded a roasted one), and subsequently I learnt to appreciate his merits, when condemned, for a long period, to partake of the productions of Ansyreeh *artistes*.

As the Government was seizing all the horses and mules it could lay its hands on, for the service of the troops, who were taking conscripts in the mountains, I found considerable difficulty in obtaining beasts of burden, but at last procured three, on one of which I placed part of my luggage, and perched myself on the top, a situation which proved more elevated than secure. The first day we made little progress, the muleteers declaring that their beasts had become weak from being shut up in dark places, out of sight and almost without food, the secret of the matter being that after four hours or so we arrived at a valley where there was rich pasturage to be had gratis; no wonder, therefore, that they wished to avail themselves of it.

As the place was a pretty one for encamping in, I was not unwilling to spend the night there, and pitched my tent under the shelter of a high bank, by the side of a clear little fountain,

and on the verge of a river running through the valley. On the other side was a hill, beautifully enamelled with the wild flowers of spring. The land by the side of the river was very rich, and without the hand of man produced, as I have said, a rank, but rich pasturage. Here the horses of the people of Ladikeeh were collected and supported for a month or more, at the expense only of the trifling hire of those who tended them. Some of these came to me, and urged me to pitch my tent near theirs, for, they said, "the valley is continually visited by the Ansyreeh from the mountains, and we lost two horses only a night or two ago." However, we had no night visitors, and started next morning on our ascent of the mountains at the back of Mount Cassius.

The scenery which we passed this day and the following was very beautiful, and superior to any I had seen in other parts of Syria. On the left, as we rode along an elevated platform, the Mediterranean was seen in the distance, the eye first resting on valleys stretching to the shore. On the right were hills, continually varying in appearance, clothed with forests of oak and pine, into which at times we entered, passing by many a pleasant spot, where the

water and shade invited a rest during the noon-day heat. These mountains are at times the resort of the Ansyreeh, though they are inhabited principally by Moslems. Travellers have encountered them before now, but it would be seldom that Franks would have anything to fear.

In the afternoon we passed near a village lying high up on the side of Mount Cassius, called Casab. It is inhabited by a large colony of Armenians, and the well-cultivated fields, which have been reclaimed on the hill-sides, testify to their habits of industry. As I wished to push on, I did not go up to the village, which lay a little out of the road, but spread my carpet under a walnut-tree for a little rest. As I was about to start again, a fat personage, who has been honoured by an appointment as English consular-agent, came to press me to spend the night in the village. As he could not prevail on me to do so, he contented himself with getting me to write my name in his book. This village is deserving of remark; for, out of the way as it is, it has been reached by that most important movement which has lately arisen in the Armenian church, through the instrumentality of the American missionaries,

and many of the inhabitants have seceded from their church, and that in the face of persecution. This was not the only place where I found traces of this movement.

After toiling up ascents and along roads, bad enough, though good compared with others which I afterwards encountered in more unfrequented parts of the mountains, and after looking out for that indispensable requisite of a night's encamping ground, water, we at length arrived after nightfall in sight of a village, near which we halted, sufficiently far off to be secure from watchmen and thieves. Here next morning we made a purchase, which will give an idea of the cheapness of this part of Syria, namely sixteen fresh eggs for little more than a penny. In the villages of the Lebanon, near Beyrout, only four are procurable for the same sum, and all the necessaries of life are cheaper in the north than in the south, though perhaps in a somewhat smaller proportion. In consequence, a mission among the Ansyreeh would be supported, *ceteris paribus*, at a much less cost than a mission among the Druses, for instance, especially since those employed in it would be removed from any large town, and would be able to exercise an

economy in dress and other matters, which would not be so easy or desirable in the neighbourhood of Damascus and Beyrout.

Next day the road was still a trying one, rendered more so by some rain which had fallen and made it muddy in many places; moreover, our beasts were becoming tired, and the consequence was, that we had not proceeded far, before the studies I was prosecuting on the top of my luggage were interrupted by the fall of my steed, which, as there was nothing to keep me on, necessarily led to my own overthrow also. However, I mounted again in good spirits, and for a short time everything went on well, till, in one of the muddiest parts of the whole road, my steed began to stick and flounder, and at last down he came, and this time I found myself on my back, with my leg entangled in the folds of rope which had been made to form a kind of stirrup. As I could not extricate myself, and not only myself but my book was becoming saturated with mud, I was naturally anxious for my companions to interpose as soon as possible in my behalf. This they did leisurely enough, and not before they had exclaimed, "There is no might nor power but in God the High, the Great," the

pronouncing of which, and of "Verily we are God's, and verily to God do we return," are said to secure every true believer from confusion in the most trying circumstances. However that may be, it is not calculated to allay the irritation of the victim of the supineness of his muleteers, at the very moment when he is sprawling in the mud.

To day the road lay down gorges clothed to the bottom with trees of the richest foliage. We rested for a little to shoe one of our animals, at a small village, the inhabitants of which were clearly of Turcoman origin. It is singular, in passing through Syria, to encounter in a day's journey, and perhaps in passing from one village to another, races entirely distinct in origin, and kept so by religion or language.

We had now entered on the country where Turkish and Arabic contend for the mastery. Towards the afternoon we gained the brow of the hills looking down on the wide plain of Suadeiah. I was disappointed in the first view, for instead of flowing between lofty banks, I found the Orontes to be a muddy stream, running as far as could be seen through a perfectly flat plain, and forming a delta or

marsh, near the sea. As this was a place where I intended to stop three or four days, I was anxious to find a good position for my tent, and at length pitched it on a hill commanding a view of the whole valley, and a pretty view it was at the time I was there. In the foreground were the houses of the peasantry, interspersed among the trees, with their high slanting roofs, reminding one of our English homesteads. In fact, the whole valley had a singularly English aspect. In the distance was the majestic form of Mount Cassius running sheer down into the sea from a height of 5000 feet, and forming one of the most magnificent headlands in the world.

As the peasantry here and as far as Antioch are principally Ansyreeh, I wished to remain a short time, with the view of considering how far the place might be a desirable one for the establishment of a school for the northern section of that people. There are some reasons which would give it a preference to Antioch, which will appear when I come to speak of that place, but there are others which would render the establishment of a school here less desirable than I had thought when at a distance. In the first place provisions are dear,

and the people have learnt to be exorbitant in their demands from the residence of some English families among them. The climate also, as far as I could hear, is on the whole, not healthy. Though the weather was delightful when I was there, in the summer there is great heat, and in the winter a nearly continuous blustering wind; and though the people have had the credit of being well disposed and not given to the thieving practices of the majority of their tribe, this year, as I was afterwards informed by an English lady, who spent the summer there, the place forfeited its good character for security. Numerous robberies took place, and the house where she resided and most others were visited. In one case they were carrying off a horse, which was rescued from them, and in another they seized the treasury of a poor woman, by cutting off those plaits of hair hanging down the back, in which the Syrian women carry no small amount of property, making a jingling as they go, which is doubtless most soothing to their money-loving husbands and lovers. And the wretches were not content with robbery; no less than three murders were committed in the country between Suadeiah and Antioch, and as the

lady passed, on her way to Scanderoun, the spots where the poor men had been buried were only too evident from the horrible stench that was emitted. I heard of robberies, also, when staying at Antioch, and for a long time the country has not been in such a disturbed and unsatisfactory state as at present. Franks have to be thankful that their dress is generally sufficient to secure them from all molestation.

At Suadeiah there are few of the literati of the Ansyreeh. I was told of one who knew Hebrew, &c., but I believe that I saw him afterwards at Antioch, and as usual found that his fame outstripped his deserts a hundredfold. For the fact is that the Ansyreeh, like most ignorant people, have the greatest conceit about the little knowledge they possess, and a man may easily become a star in the literary world, without any fear of having his splendour eclipsed by a brighter luminary.

Two of them came to my tent, one of whom had just returned from Crete. In the time of Ibrahim Pasha, he and two brothers had been seized by a well-planned expedition, and sent to different parts. He was an intelligent man, and, as I observed was the case with all who had had an opportunity of seeing some little of

the world, he had profited by doing so. He had some knowledge of reading, and gladly availed himself of a copy of the Psalms lying in my tent, to practise himself in that art. Wherever I went I found, both among young and old, the greatest desire, not only to show off, but to improve the little knowledge of reading which they possessed. In the case of this man that knowledge was but small, and though he stumbled over the words in a manner not pleasing to his hearers, he persisted in doing so for a long time, apparently much to his own satisfaction. He spoke of a Padre in Antioch, whose unhappy fate I shall speak of hereafter, as having been a man of the highest attainments, and, indeed, the poor man seems to have made himself respected and beloved, not only by the Fellaheen, but also by the Greeks. In Suadeiah there are many members of the Greek church, and when I spoke of the project of establishing schools for the Fellaheen, they expressed a wish to avail themselves of any which should be formed near them, for at present there is no school; and I may say, once for all, that whatever might be thought of the propriety of confining any mission which might be formed exclusively to the

Ansyyreeh, a prosperous school among them would not fail of acting as a spur to others.

One poor Greek complained to me bitterly of the hardness of the times, and the twenty piasters (3s. 6d.) which the Sultan had been compelled to impose this year, as an additional poll-tax on all his subjects. The feast day of St. George fell when I was there, on which he had, heretofore, been able, according to custom, to kill a sheep. The priest, on such occasions, gives his blessing, and is presented in return with a choice portion. My servant asked him why he was not joining with others in the festivities of the day, and he replied that this year his poverty prevented him from doing what he, poor fellow, looked on as almost a necessary religious act, and wept to think that the priest would pass his door without being called in, and to avoid seeing him he had come to my tent.

On the northern side of the valley of Sudaiah on the sea coast, lies the ancient town of Seleucia, mentioned Acts xiii. 4. There are many traces of its former greatness, and among the tombs, hewn in the rocks, is one which would deserve inspection even in Egypt. The remains of its once fine docks, or harbour,

are still distinctly visible ; and in viewing them the mind is carried back to the time when Barnabas and Paul came down from Antioch, and took ship for Cyprus on their first missionary tour among the Gentiles.

Two or three days to the north is Tarsous, the ancient Tarsus, and this is the northernmost point where a colony of the Ansyreeh is found. I have said a colony, for many of them are occasional residents at Constantinople, and some of them have risen there to high rank, though of course only because they are successful in concealing their religion. A Mahometan Sheikh assured me that he had seen men there, in a high position, who, he was sure, were Ansyreeh, for he saw continually in their company Ansyreeh from Syria. There is also a colony at Arsous, on the coast north of Suadeiah. From Tarsous they come to Suadeiah for the purpose of traffic. Thus a communication is kept up between them, which is cemented by the freemasonry of a common religion, and by the suffering of common oppression from the Mussulmans. This I have alluded to in my report to his Lordship the Bishop of Jerusalem, as one of the causes which would be favourable to the progress of a re-

ligious movement among them. For an An-syreeh, in travelling from place to place, quickly finds out those of his own tribe, and naturally prefers to take up his abode with them. Thus I was struck more than once at the quickness with which the intelligence of my movements was conveyed from place to place, which, I should have thought, had rarely, if ever, communication with one another.

This northern portion of the tribe occupy a region which throws an interest around them, as its principal inhabitants. I have already spoken of their being found at Suadeiah or Seleucia in great numbers, and at Tarsous. At Antioch they form more than a third of the population, and Antioch is a place only second in the sacredness of its associations to the land trodden by God incarnate. Let but the present heavy weight of oppression be lifted from the shoulders of the miserable Fellaheen, and schools be established for their benefit, and we may yet see prosperous churches arise in Antioch and her almost depopulated environs.

Before leaving Suadeiah, I would allude to a circumstance which I heard from Mr. Barker (our vice consul at Suadeiah, and son of our former well-known and universally respected

consul-general in Egypt), for it will show that the Ansyreeh are not so fierce and treacherous as most travellers who have alluded to them have made them out to be, inasmuch as they can distinguish friend from foe, and that too at a time of disorder arising from war. In the time of Ibrahim Pasha, several hundreds came down from the mountains to Suadeiah, but they left the property of the Barkers entirely unmolested.

Mr. Barker, whose long connection with those of Suadeiah makes his opinion of value, has told me that he considers the Ansyreeh peasantry at least equal in intelligence to that of any country in Europe, and all the intercourse which I had with them led me to the same conclusion. For small as the opportunities must have been which most of them have enjoyed, and consequently small the progress which they have made in knowledge, yet they have learnt to long after further advances in it. As is generally remarked in the East, the boys are very intelligent, and there is little doubt that they would form intelligent men, were it not for the stupifying, crushing atmosphere in which they breathe.

After spending a quiet Sunday at Suadeiah,

I started for Antioch on a beautiful morning in spring. The road gradually rises, and passes over bare heaths of myrtle, requiring only the atmosphere of freedom and security to become, instead of a desolate wilderness, as the garden of the Lord. At length, after some four or five muleteer hours, from the verge of high table land appeared the wide plain of Antioch, and the lofty cliffs behind the town, still crowned by some remains of walls and forts. On we rode towards the town, my mind filled with those thoughts which naturally suggest themselves on approaching such a place, when down came my canteen in the road from the top of the mule on which it had been insecurely fastened, and the mind was immediately led to calculate the probable amount of damage to the crockery, and the extent of the injury caused by the olive-oil, of the effusion of which evident tokens appeared on the exterior. And it was not till the box was opened that the mind was soothed, at finding that only half the small stock of crockery had gone to pieces.

As it is not my intention to weary the reader with the description of places which are familiar to him from the writings of former travellers—my desire being to give him a first

introduction, it may be, to some of the individuals of the race in which I wish to excite his sympathy—the little I shall say of Antioch I shall reserve till my return to it from Aleppo and Hamah. I had intended to stop but a night, but finding the place very agreeable, and hearing that the Ansyreeh were in considerable numbers, I extended my stay this time to a week. In the interval I made some slight inquiries about them, and it was quickly noised abroad that there was an Englishman taking an interest in them. I first pitched my tent at the extremity of the cemetery, outside the town, and then removed to a spot inside, on the very verge of the Orontes, which was more secure and convenient for a stay of several days. Here I soon received a visit from two of the Ansyreeh, one of whom had been in the service of a Mr. Hayes, formerly consul at Scanderoun, and knew something of Italian. He told me that the Ansyreeh had been speaking about me in the bazaars, and had asked him to go to me, and hear what was my object in coming. I explained to him my idea of forming schools among the Ansyreeh, either at Antioch or elsewhere. He was pleased, but evidently knew the difficulties which there

would be in establishing one at Antioch, or rather the difficulty of finding any who would have the courage to send their sons to it, and that for reasons which I shall explain hereafter. "But," he said, "I for instance shall send my sons, others will take courage by my example, and soon there will be twenty schools formed." Another day a man looked in and asked if I had succeeded in buying a horse; he then asked me the reasons of my coming, and when I hinted something of wishing to ascertain the state of the Ansyreeh, he became much interested, entered my tent, and spoke to me earnestly about my plans. A companion was evidently in a state of disquietude; he walked about outside the tent, and continually urged him to rise and go. This man had been to Constantinople, where, he said, there were several Ansyreeh, who took care to conceal their religion. It is generally said that one of them once came as Pasha to Syria.

Since the town was evidently an important one in relation to the Ansyreeh, so many of them being congregated in it, I determined to make a more prolonged stay on my return from Hamah. My intention in going to the latter place was to have a sight of Aleppo in

the way, and to see something of the country on the other side of the Ansyreeh mountains. As I did not wish to be mounted as I had been on the journey from Ladikeeh to Suadeiah, and had brought a Frank saddle with me from Beyrout, which only required a hack on which to be fitted, I obtained the services of our consular-agent in the purchase of one. There is a horse fair every Thursday, to which the neighbouring Turcomans bring their horses; and, as they speak Turkish, I was obliged to employ an agent, though in this case I did not place much confidence in him. It is unfortunate that we should have an agent here who, from his character and appearance, is so little respected; for if a school were formed at a future time, his good offices would probably be required some time or other. It little matters to the millions forming the public at home, whether our Arab consular-agents, at such a place as Antioch for instance, are men who could act on an emergency or not; but it is often of great consequence to the solitary English traveller, or the solitary English denizen of such and such a particular locality. Michael Adeeb, our representative at Antioch, is dirty in his person and in his home. Of two

several parties of English travellers who took up their abode in his house for a short time when I was at Antioch, one party held their position for two or three days; another, an English gentleman, came to breakfast with me the day after his admission, and, leaving orders with his dragoman to pitch his tent in some spot near the town, and remove his luggage to it, never again entered Mr. Adeeb's house. The swarms of bugs which appeared at night from every crevice, and scaled the legs of his iron camp bedstead, were more than he could stand out against, though he found that his enemies did not turn back from a flying foe; and it was two or three days before he completed the work of extermination of those which he had carried away with him. However, the worthy Mr. Adeeb engaged willingly to bargain for a horse for me, and as the price of a horse was too small to leave a large margin for cheating, I availed myself of his services, and, after some apparently hard bargaining, a very tolerably-looking animal became mine, for the reasonable sum of 4*l*. Mr. Adeeb's friends, as it was afterwards being led through the bazaars, asked him what he had given for it, and on his mentioning the price, declared

it to be bellash, a mere song. To do the animal justice, he not only looked well in his spring coat, but proved, after a long trial and ride of many a mile, to be perfectly sound in wind and limb.

This important purchase being completed, the next thing was to procure luggage mules, which was rather a difficult thing, for I had made the acquaintance of the Sheikh of the Muleteers, one of the Ansyreeh, a good-looking old man, who, with a mixture of good humour and drollness, combined a vast amount of cunning. He was charged with the procuring mules for Government; and when he came to my tent, outside the town, it was amusing to see how the peasantry, who were coming into town with loaded mules and donkeys, suddenly stopped on catching sight of him, and turned back. With a cunning twinkle in his eye and smile on his face, he used to call to them to fear nothing, as the seizure was over for the day; but it was some time before they would believe the artful old gentleman. I wished to make a bargain with some one, without using him as a go-between, for I knew he would both rob me and the owner of the mules; but this was not easy, as he was always on the watch.

One man who had been informed of the day of my departure, was coming to me, when the old fellow assured him that I had already left for Aleppo, but even *he* blushed slightly when, a little after, this man came to my tent and found him in conversation with me.

On the day of our departure the old man went some way with us, giving directions about some trifling thing to a son who was to accompany our party. It turned out that the son wished to do something which the old man did not like, and he began to storm, strike his breast, and make as much ado as if his son had been guilty of a capital offence. The son bore all this for some time, but at length he too got enraged, and in no measured terms swore that he would not go at all, and in fact remained behind. I mention this as one of the many proofs of the want of respect shown by the children of this people to their parents.

After emerging from the town, and traversing the rich gardens which occupy the greater part of the site of the ancient city, we passed through the picturesque gate of St. Paul, into the open country. For the first few hours the road lay over the plain, watered by the Orontes, and which, if properly irrigated and culti-

vated, would yield a rich return to the labour bestowed on it. But where are the hands to bestow that labour, or what inducement has the wretched peasant to toil for that which will be wrested from him, or ever it reach his lips? In this part of Syria, and especially at Sua-deiah, plants of nearly every climate live and flourish, some more, some less; and the mulberry plantations yield a large revenue to the lords of Antioch.

After some four hours, I arrived at the Jisr-el-Hadeed, or iron bridge over the Orontes, the scene of a battle in the time of the Crusaders, where the river suddenly turns to the south. Being in advance of my luggage, I rode into the midst of the little assembly of houses near it, and was meditating whether I should dismount for a short time, when a man came out of one of the houses, and smilingly urged me repeatedly to do so. He was a handsome, middle-aged man, of a florid complexion, and with the fine, but most peculiar eyes of the Ansyreeh, which, though very many of them have them not, yet appear to be possessed by the people of no other race in Syria. These eyes have a mixture of cunning and quiet sarcasm, not without a touch of good humour.

I yielded to the pressing invitation of my friend, though I was at a loss to know why he should be so particular in his attentions, and entering his shop seated myself by the window and partook of some new bread and milk which he brought me. He and others in the shop continued smiling, and he addressed to me some enigmatical sentences. I began to guess his meaning, but urged him to speak plainly, for that my knowledge of Arabic was still too limited to enable me to understand such ambiguous hints. He then said that he had known that I intended to pass that way, having heard of me from a son who had come from Antioch. He talked about the conscription that was being taken in the mountains, and expressed his opinion that there would be resistance; and on my leaving he walked with me some little distance and said, "We are strong; a little assistance, a little assistance is all we want." I took care to assure him that all this was no concern of mine, nor of the English Government, and so left him, with a request from him that I would go and see a friend of his in Hamah, who was, he said, a great man among the Ansyreeh there.

The road still lay over a fertile plain, but so

mountainous, that I hardly thought we should meet with an agreeable place for spending the night. But as before—in the most weary “desert of the wanderings,” after a whole day’s slow motion, over ground covered only with pebbles, brown and dry as from eternal heat and drought—in the evening one used to find some little valley or gulley containing fine odoriferous herbage and juniper trees, under the lea of which the tent was pitched; so now I was agreeably surprised at coming to a rivulet of clear water, on the farther side of which was a nice looking farm house. The place and village is a cheflik, or farm, belonging to a Turk.

We pitched the tent, and my servant was preparing the evening repast, when all of a sudden, the muleteer, in a fright, cried out that the mules had disappeared. I soon found that my horse had gone with them, and it turned out that the muleteer had in the twilight left his mules to roam about, and crop a little grass before securing them for the night, and then taken a nap, during which they had strayed; and my horse, which unknown to me my servant had left loose, had taken himself off with them. The Eastern despair of the muleteer may easily be imagined, when after

a search for some time, the mules could not be found, for the plain was a perfectly open one, and it was getting quite dark. At last he found his mules, to his great joy, but not to mine, for my horse had not been found, and I was sure that he would give himself no further trouble in looking for it, and in fact he declared that there was little or no hope left of finding the horse that night, and that it would be better to defer all further search till the next morning. And in truth, considering that it was a young animal which I had ridden for the first time, and that he had been brought from the Turcoman tribes whose tents were scattered about the plain, there was every reason to think that he would make off to his former master, or any other familiars of his youth, tents, dogs, and donkeys. While, therefore, my servant was in search of him, I was occupied in meditation on how I could dispose of myself among my luggage for the remaining two days of my Aleppo journey. I had ample time for indulging in disconsolate thoughts at having so soon lost my charger, and being again reduced to ride a beast of burden, for he was absent for an hour or two. At last he made his appearance with the horse, having found him

at a long distance off in the plain, in a ruined house in which he had taken refuge, or into which I strongly suspect he had been popped to await the event of his owner's search for him.

My man paid for his carelessness by a considerable fright. The muleteer had warned him of some caves in the neighbourhood, the resort of thieves, who had committed such and such robberies, and counselled him not to go near them. He took my pistols with him, and on approaching the ruin fired off one, to show, I suppose, that he was not unarmed; and on his return he had to use the other against a dog, which made an onslaught on his leg, which was only saved by his wide breeches, which baffled the assailant.

The next day was a tiresome one, over hot plains and low hills, past the remains of places which showed how much more frequented the road once was. We were joined by a Jew and Jewess with some young children, who were glad to avail themselves of the escort of a Frank, for the poor Jews of Syria are great cowards, or rather they have good reason to be afraid, for it is no uncommon thing to hear of the robbery or murder of a Jew, especially in

times of commotion. Passing Dana, and leaving the wild mountain on which Simon Stylites erected his pillars on the right, in the evening we arrived at a cistern of water, where we determined to pass the night, as water was very scarce on the road. This water, as that of all the wells on the latter part of the road to Aleppo, was full of little red worms, to get rid of which I strained it through my handkerchief; as it was a clean one, and the Jews seemed not to be up to this rather obvious expedient, I offered it to the woman, being more disposed to do so from the thought that she was one of a persecuted race. But I was rebuked for showing sympathy where it was not required, for she coldly replied, "We have lots of handkerchiefs," and preferred using a rag of her own to accepting the proffered loan.

Next morning we started at four, and after six hours' riding over hills and plains, if possible still more monotonous, with not a tree, and crops only here and there, we arrived in sight of Aleppo. I had been wiling away the monotony of the road by reading the 'Thousand and One Nights;' but as I drew near to the city, the rays of the sun reflected from the sandy soil so dazzled my eyes that I could positively see the

print no longer. In after journeys, as the summer advanced, I found that it was impossible, under the heat of the sun, to do any thing but sit still and bear the melting heat, for the bright sunlight on the page rendered reading painful and very hurtful to the eyes; but as it was difficult to reconcile oneself to losing a whole day's work, while progressing slowly over a dreary plain, I used, generally, to recur to the solace of a book during the cooler hours of early morn, and when the rays of the sun began to slant.

CHAPTER II.

ALEPPO—INLAND ROAD TO HAMAH—THIEVISH WATCHMEN—
BULLYING KURD—STORIES OF THE IRREGULAR HORSE—EN-
CAMP IN THE FIELDS—SECOND POMPEII—GUARDIAN OF WELL
—CASTLE OF EL-MEDEEK—PLAGUE OF MOSQUITOES—CASTLE
OF SEJJAR—HAMAH—MYSTERIOUS ANSYREEH SHEIKH—MOS-
QUITOES AGAIN—VALLEY OF THE ORONTES—RETURN TO
ANTIOCH.

I WILL not detain the reader at Aleppo. As there were no Ansyreeh in the town, or near, there was nothing to keep me there after I had, through the kindness of Mr. Barker, seen the bazaars and walls and other objects of interest. Descriptions of the town, no doubt, abound; I will content myself with saying that I have seldom seen a place where I should like less to reside. It reminds one of Cairo as being a large city situated on the edge of a desert; but on many sides of Cairo, there is abundance of verdure, while Aleppo has only its gardens, beautiful, indeed, as abounding in trees which displayed the most exquisite foliage when I was

there, and appearing still more beautiful as contrasted with the surrounding wastes, but concealed in great measure from view in the winding valleys in which they are situated. Once Aleppo was surrounded by forests of trees, but these are reduced, as far as the open country is concerned, to groves of the pistachio and the olive. The bazaars are the best built in Syria, but one must be fond of town life indeed to be content with them, without an occasional walk in the suburbs, especially when the city is but of moderate size. But at Aleppo, if there were greater attractions than there are to lead one to indulge in country excursions, they would lose much of their sweetness, from the insecurity nearly always attending them, for the Arabs of the desert sometimes rob and murder to the very walls. The climate, as a gentleman described it to me who spent a winter there, was continually wet ; and while the summer is very hot, the winter is proportionably cold. When we add to this the famous boil, known generally as the Aleppo button, which attacks nearly all those who remain a short time there, and lasts for a year, it will appear that there are other places in the world more inviting than Aleppo to those who

are in search of a pleasant residence. Antioch is infinitely superior in climate and in the beauty of its situation and environs.

Since the direct desert road from Aleppo to Hamah was rendered impassable by the quarrels of the Arabs among themselves, I had no choice but to take the inner road; but as this road was only a day longer, and passed through a most interesting country, I should, in any case, have chosen it. The last view which I had of Aleppo was the most pleasing, for the sun was rising over the mound and castle, and the sight of a great city is always attractive when the first rays of morn are awakening its slumbering population.

Our road lay inconveniently near to the desert for the first few hours, and afterwards took a more inland course, through smiling corn fields. My new muleteer, who seemed to have as little notion of what was due from him to his fellow-men as any man I have ever known, had evidently accustomed one of his animals to gain his own livelihood, by declining on either side of the path into the fine crops of wheat and barley, and there eating his fill. Sometimes, when I ordered my servant to drive the beast into the path, he, for very shame,

helped him in doing so ; but he generally kept far enough behind to be able to say that the mule was trespassing without his knowledge, if any one should happen to see the damage done, or have courage to complain.

On arriving at the village where I intended to spend the night, I found that the fellow had deceived me, and that the mules with him were not his own, but that he had calculated on my stopping at a village an hour and a half off, where he had intended to change them. He wished, moreover, to extract a promise from me to take an additional mule, and finding me resolved not to do so, he laid hold of my luggage and called to his partner to help him in reloading, saying that he would go back to Aleppo. I was compelled, therefore, to resort to strong measures, and his conduct was considerably improved all the rest of the journey.

When pitching the tent, in a little cemetery outside the village, the people came to urge me to spend the night in a house, and not in the tent, since the place where I was was dangerous, on account of the Arabs. As the Arabs were far enough off, I did not listen to their advice, and thought that I had got well

rid of them at last, when down came the Sheikh, a well-dressed man, with several others, and finding I was not yet asleep, came into my tent and spoke of the necessity of setting guards. I quietly got into bed in his presence, and told him to excuse my doing so, and paid little attention to what he said, for one always feels annoyed at the setting of guards round one's tent, knowing that they all intend to be asleep in a short time, and that the protection derived from them is the abstaining of their friends from petty pilfering, in order that they may obtain a bahlsheesh in the morning. The Sheikh was not to be repelled by my coldness, and called out to five of his men, by name, to keep a strict watch, and on no account to sleep.

Next morning they had all retired to the village, but we found that the handle of a saucepan, in which my servant had left a chicken to boil thoroughly for next day's consumption—relying on the vigilance of the guards—had disappeared. Of this I was secretly glad, as the article taken was of no value; and when the Sheikh came in the morning, I immediately told him of the circumstance, adding that I had travelled in

Egypt and the north and south of Syria, and had slept constantly in a tent, but that this was the first time that I had lost anything, and I insinuated that it was because I had had watchmen. He was considerably ashamed, heaped curses on the thief, and took himself off, without having the confidence to ask for a present. As we were leaving the village, the handle was restored, so beneficial a dread have the people generally of the consequences of taking anything from a Frank.

It was late before my muleteer arrived with the new mules, and this was the more annoying as we had a fair day's journey before us, and there was a place where I should have liked to have spent some hours. This was the mountain of the Arbaïn, or Forty Saints as it is called, and as it was, I had only just time to run up to enjoy a delightful view of extensive olive groves. The road then lay through an exceedingly pretty country, hilly, and finely wooded. We passed several villages, all of them Mahomedan, as are all the villages on the road as far as Hamah. The people were a rude set, still retaining a large spice of Mahomedan bigotry and impertinence. In one place, as soon as we were got over the brow of

a hill, they commenced throwing stones at us ; and in another village, on my servant asking the name, they facetiously replied, " Eat and drink." In fact, the country is wilder and more untrodden than most parts of Syria.

Being at one time at a loss for the road, my servant espied two women ahead, and called after them to inquire the way. They paid no attention to him, but walked on faster than before. He rode after them, and again asked them, when they declared that they were going to Hamah to see their children, who had been taken as conscripts, and reprimanded him for calling out to Mussulman women. He told them that all he wanted from them was a simple answer ; but, as it seemed, they were not satisfied with his excuses, for after we had proceeded for an hour or two, I suddenly heard an altercation behind, and looking back I saw a fellow, armed to the teeth, railing at my servant in Turkish. He had hardly courage to give the man an impudent answer, for, as he afterwards told me, he expected a thrashing, and no doubt would have had it, had he not been accompanying a Frank. It turned out that the new comer had been told by the women that they had been insulted by my servant,

in being accosted by him, and he had willingly taken up the quarrel, in order to indulge his appetite for bullying. Judging from his face, he was a Kurd, one of the irregular horse, of which many are of that nation ; and I never but once saw a more dark, scowling, and repulsive face, and that once was on the other side of the mountains, when I again encountered one of his species, who was collecting taxes in an out-of-the-way place.

Such fellows are the curse of the country, and give one a far greater sense of insecurity in travelling than any apprehension of robbers themselves. At least this fellow's face left an unpleasant impression upon my mind for some time afterwards. Instead of rendering the country so secure that one can dispense with carrying arms, which are an encumbrance to any one, and especially unsuitable as a part of a clergyman's travelling gear, I never trusted myself, being alone and having only myself to depend upon, without a pair of pistols ; and I am quite sure that the mere sight of them often secures one from being insulted. On the present occasion the fellow addressed himself to me in a cool way, and asked me whether I was going to stop for the night at such and

such a place. I contented myself with merely a sharp "No." "What then?" said he, drawing out the words with a snarl. I did not reply, and he took himself off, to my great relief, for with such a companion one does not know how soon one may have to act on the defensive. Some few years ago, I expect, my servant would have had a drubbing, when I should have had to interfere. The fellow solaced himself at being balked of his bullying by venting his spleen, in a conversation with the muleteer, on the late events in Aleppo, which had shown that the native Christians could not be murdered without some compensation. But, as my servant forcibly expressed it, in the villages which we passed, even now a Christian is not valued at two mites.

As an illustration of what I have said of the irregular horse, who are made use of to worry the poor peasantry into paying their taxes, I will mention a case or two to show that they are as much to be feared, at least by those who have no means of redress, as downright robbers. One case occurred in the part of the country in which I was now travelling. Two Bedouins, having robbed some peasants, were seized by some irregular horse, and bound by

them to be taken to Aleppo. After a time the captors got tired of leading them along, and having stripped them, let them go. Of course they did not restore anything to the unfortunate peasants. This was told me by a French gentleman who was present at the time.

My servant heard of the other case, when, afterwards, I was present at a merry meeting of the Ansyreeh in the mountains. One of the irregular horse pointed out to him one of the guests, a forbidding-looking fellow, and told him that there was no greater robber in those parts. He asked him how he came to know this, and the man then told him the following story:—He said that being once stationed at the above man's village, he used to stable his horse near his house. On rising in the morning he was continually surprised at finding the horse very much heated and tired. He asked the man how it was. "Oh," he said, "the place is warm, which makes the horse break out into a sweat." This did not satisfy him, and one night he feigned himself sick, and asked the man to give his horse a feed, and then remove the nose-bag. This he promised to do; and anticipating that the owner would soon be

asleep, he took the horse and was about to ride off, as he had been in the habit of doing, to a distance of some hours, returning before the morning with his spoils. On seeing this he hailed him, and asked him where he was going. He replied, "I was only going to a merry-making at the house of a friend of mine." However, being pressed, he confessed that he had been in the habit of taking the horse in his marauding excursions, and urged my servant's informant to accompany him. "This," said he, "I did for some time, and I remember on one occasion we arrived at a place where there was a wedding, and all the people had left their houses. We entered them, and hastily putting everything of value which we could meet with on some horses, which we found there, made off with it." This, by the way, is the mode in which the Ansyreeh rob. They ride long distances, tie together three or four oxen, for instance, and then drive them before them so as to return before daybreak. This, as the man told my servant, is not without the connivance of the chiefs of the district. "At length," said he, "I repented of this way of making money, and have ceased to go on these excursions." When those who are placed to

guard against robbery join in it, judge what must be the state of the country.

But to return to the road, as it is growing late, and the sun is going down. There was a place where I especially wished to spend the night, as there were ruins to be inspected, and I should have to be off next morning, but unfortunately, when not far from it, we took a wrong direction, and after wandering over the hills till long after dark, guided only by the fallacious sound of the barking of dogs, we were obliged to encamp where we were, though we had no water for our horses, and little for ourselves. However, conveniently for the muleteer, there were some cornfields near, into which he turned his mules when I was asleep. It was too much trouble to pitch the tent at that time ; so opening my iron bedstead, and pulling my luggage about it, I lay down and was soon asleep, under the cloudless canopy of the starry heavens, and many a night did I afterwards spend in this way, when we were too weary to pitch the tent; for, when far enough from a village to be undisturbed by intrusion, there was a kind of romance in thus sleeping, with the stars twinkling overhead, and the night breeze blowing gently

over the plains, and perhaps in many cases there was more security from robbery, which is often effected by inserting the hand under the tent. In some places I did not feel very secure; for though my servant talked of being on the alert, I knew that the thieves might almost carry him away bodily without his awaking, and I was not much better, so that all I could do when I turned in for the night was to hope for the best.

Next morning we were away, before the sun rose, towards the village which we had missed the previous night. We found it near, and the first thing we did was to draw water for our horses. While doing this I sent my servant into the little ruined assemblage of houses which form the modern village of El-Bara, to get some bread and milk, and any other thing he could procure for love or money. However, neither love, money, nor fair words were of much value. He wandered about from house to house, being told wherever he went that there were only old men or old women or children in the houses, and that they had positively nothing to eat, much less to sell. At last, however, he espied in an old woman's hut a kettle on the fire, which he

found to contain milk, and requested her to sell it. She declared that she could not, that it was the only thing that they had to subsist on, and so forth. My servant represented that we had spent the night in the open country, and asked if we were to be left to die of hunger; and at last she spared some of the milk, on which, with some bread which we had with us, we broke our fast.

Near the village are some wonderful remains of an ancient town. Pompeii I had seen, but here was a city whose inhabitants had passed away, whose history was forgotten, but whose buildings have remained for ages above ground, in astonishing preservation. This whole region abounds in ruins, and would well repay the visits of antiquaries.

Our day's journey lay over wild hills, through numerous small villages, built of huge stones, the remains of towns with which this part of the country was studded in the times of the Romans and later Greek empire. On the right is the valley of the Orontes, bounded on the west by the Ansyreeh mountains, and to the east are the vast plains of the Euphrates, stretching far away to Haran and Ur of the Chaldees. In the afternoon we

passed a well at some distance from a village, and the muleteer, feeling thirsty, removed the stone and prepared to let down his small skin bucket for a draught; but his intention was no sooner perceived, than a man came down to prevent him, storming with rage. The muleteer, as is always the case in Syria, especially when a man is in the wrong, opposed bawling with bawling, and at length effected his purpose, having silenced the man's clamour by declaring that I was chief physician of the Basha of Aleppo.

Towards evening we arrived near one of those fine castles in which the north of Syria abounds, the inspection of which alone, if better known, would be sufficient to induce the lovers of what is associated with feudal times and the age of the Crusaders, after having visited the Holy Land, to extend their tour to the north. Setting aside the overwhelming interest which the south of Syria possesses, from its connection with the mysteries of revelation, it is far inferior to the north, as far as scenery and ruins are concerned. The castle of which I am speaking is not situated on one of the artificial mounds so common in the north of Syria, but crowns the summit of a lofty hill, encircling it with its wall, which

frowns on the traveller over the plain at its base. Nowhere does one meet with castles which more vividly call up the ideas one has formed of feudal times. This castle commands the valley of the Orontes, one of the richest in the world. I never had seen such enormous thistles as those growing just under the castle hill, on the edge of the corn-fields. The precincts of the castle are now occupied by a village; and another singular little square-walled village, with its mosque, lies beneath on the side of the mount, and in the plain is an immense khan built by one of the Turkish Sultans, and secured by enormous iron-cased gates—a necessary precaution, as not far distant across the valley are the dark hills of the Ansyreeh, and many a tale do the inhabitants of the place tell of robberies committed by them. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the gloomy look of these mountains, as the sun sets behind them and casts them into shade. They are of volcanic origin, and look singularly forbidding as night casts its mantle over them. I could not help feeling somewhat uneasy at the thought that I had still to visit them; for though there was no good reason for fearing anything serious, yet the constant accounts

given by travellers of the fierce treachery of their singular inhabitants, enhanced by the character everywhere given of them by the people of the plain, left an unpleasant impression on the mind.

The castle is now called Kulat-el-Medeek, and is near the site of the ancient Apamæa, the seat of an archbishopric. It was taken by the Crusaders, but nearly destroyed by an earthquake, A. D. 1157. Close to the castle hill are large ponds, stretching away to the Orontes, in which, in the winter, are found incredible numbers of a peculiar kind of black cat-headed fish, called the sellure, which are salted and sent all over Syria, yielding a large revenue, which is farmed by a Turk in Aleppo. On the grassy verge of the water I pitched my tent, but had only just done so, when some of the villagers came and expressed their surprise at my choosing such a situation. I thought that, as usual, they were alluding to danger from marauders, but soon found that they had good reason for astonishment, for no sooner had the sun set, than there appeared a host of enemies, far worse than any plunderers, inasmuch as they were enemies against whom no precaution could be taken, and whose

numbers utterly precluded the hope of exterminating them. These were mosquitoes, of a larger size than I had ever seen, and with stings correspondingly sharp, which not only attacked our hands and faces, but settled on the horses and stung them through their thick coats and skins. An end was put of course to anything like enjoyment; and as it was impossible to exclude them from the tent, the ceiling of which they covered, my last resource was to get into the bag known to the readers of Murray's Handbook of Egypt, as "Levinge's apparatus." It was the first time that I had taken the trouble to use it; and whether from awkwardness, or otherwise, contrived to admit some of my enemies, which, under the circumstances, it would have been very difficult to have been so agile as to exclude. And in avoiding one calamity I fell into another, for my hands being entirely confined, I could not pull my coverlet over my chest, and, consequently, got a cold, which was very unpleasant under a hot sun. In the morning, our redoubtable enemies had disappeared, with the exception of a few which still clung to the poor horses, which thus, neither night nor day, got any respite, the

flies keeping their heads and tails in a continual motion during the daytime.

We started at a good pace, having before us some ten hours' riding over a hot plain. Midway we came on the Orontes, in a spot where it emerges from a narrow gorge commanded by the castle of Sejjar, which though not so striking as Kulat-el-Medeek, is nevertheless very picturesque. Espying a cascade of water falling from a rock a little out of the road, I made for it, and to my delight found hard by it a cave, in which I had a most agreeable rest during the noontide heat.

Then again we started, and skirting the frowning castle-wall for a long distance, we once more emerged on a wide plain, with neither tree nor shrub, but here and there some black Arab tents, or a village of mud-houses, like ant-hills. In the evening we arrived at Hamah, "Hamath the Great," of Scripture, at the entering in of which was the north-eastern appointed boundary of the Holy Land. I had been recommended to pitch my tent in an open space outside the town, near the barracks, and accordingly did so, though with much difficulty, for it required much labour to make

the wooden pegs take hold of the well-trodden ground.

Next morning I sallied out to pay a visit to the acquaintance of my friend of the Iron Bridge. I found that the quarter of the Fellaheen lay at the other end of the town, and it was only after many inquiries, which excited considerable curiosity, that I found that it consisted of a collection of miserable houses, or rather small caves, excavated in the sides of the loose hills through which the Orontes flows, each house having a small enclosure before it. The object of my visit, I found, was not at home, but I left word that my tent was pitched in such and such a locality, and that if he pleased to come I should be glad to see him. However, I was rewarded for my walk by a sight of the beautiful gardens laying on each side of the river, and abounding in fruit trees of every species. On returning to my tent I found that it was, for the day, by no means an agreeable residence, for there was a pretty high wind, which raised the loose sand and dust, and drove it into the tent, covering books, dress, and food. I thought that anything would be preferable to this, but the next day there was no

wind, and the sun beat down upon the tent till the heat exceeded anything I had ever felt, and I longed for the wind. It is only at some periods of the year that a tent life is very agreeable. In the heavy rains of winter the light tents of Syria afford no protection, and in summer the heat in them is almost unbearable. It was, then, an instance of suffering endured in faith, that Abraham lived in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the like promise. Those who have travelled in the desert, even in spring, know what it is to be exposed to the heat by day and the cold by night, the transition from heat to cold being far greater than anything of the kind in England.

In my tent I was visited by a man whom I had at first taken to be the Sheikh I had been in quest of, but I found that the latter had already been to my tent, and sat some time, but finding others there he had not liked to discover himself to me. My new visitor was a mysterious kind of a personage, with a thick low voice, either natural or habitual. The conversation turned on the learned men of the Ansyreeh, and it appeared that he had come from Saffeeta, on the other side of the moun-

tains near Tripoli. He gave a glowing description of the talents of the chief Ansyreeh Sheikh of those parts, of whom he declared that he knew astronomy and astrology, and had in his possession twenty or thirty astrolabes of wood, brass, &c. Moreover he knew one hundred and seventy languages; pupils resorted to him from the distance of two days; and he endeavoured to excite in them a love of learning by playing chess with them, using this, in some incomprehensible way, as a medium of imparting to them lessons in science and literature. This was an instance of the conceit and shameless exaggeration of the Ansyreeh in exalting their learned men, for I had an opportunity of sounding the learning of this great man when I afterwards visited his village; but I will reserve what I have to say of him until I arrive there. My visitor used a kind of divination, called rumul, to ascertain whether I should have a prosperous return to Antioch, and gave into my hands the result of his calculations, a bit of paper covered with small dots, arranged with a certain degree of order.

Being at length driven by the heat from my tent, I took a volume of Thomas-a-Kempis, and sat under the shade of a wall hard by. Near

me was a group of Arabs of the desert, who in the summer resort much to Hamah and its environs. I had an opportunity of listening to the wit of these children of the desert, and found that although it was attended with a vast amount of chattering and laughter, it was of a very meagre description. They passed the time in pelting one another with pebbles, smoking, and sleeping; the most amusing piece of practical wit being the hailing, in the gravest manner possible, an Arab who was passing on a raw-boned charger, begging him to stop, as the consul, meaning me, was struck at the noble appearance of the animal, and wished to treat for its purchase.

Their festivities seemed to be of an equally poor description. There was a marriage procession, the principal part of which was a man mounted on a camel, who gave a dancing motion to two cross sticks, on which was hung a woman's dress, the appearance of which, from a distance, when moved about, was ludicrous enough. Their tribe roam over the deserts as far as Bagdad, and if I had wished to have gone to Palmyra, they would have taken me there, as they are accustomed to spend some part of the year there, and gave a description

of it which lost nothing for want of exaggeration. Their name I cannot supply, for when I asked it of them, they facetiously but irreverently replied, "Djar Allah" ("neighbour of Allah"). After sitting by moonlight on a courteous Mussulman's pretty balcony, overlooking the bridge, river, and water-wheels, and walking through the bazaar and listening to the tale of Antar, read by a man mounted on a platform to an audience smoking pipes and drinking coffee, I returned to my tent, and closed my last day in Hamah.

On the Monday I started on my return to Antioch by the valley of the Orontes. The first day's journey was over the plain which I had before traversed from Kulat-el-Medeek. Again I took refuge near the cascade, and enjoyed a refreshing nap, and then rode on to the scene of my former sufferings from the mosquitoes. My hands had not yet recovered the effects of their bites, and I was most averse to a fresh attack. I determined therefore to stop for the night before arriving at the place, and to encamp on the side of a hill some half-mile from it. Here I expected to have a quiet night; and having sent my servant off to the village for provisions, watched the sun as it

went down behind the dark mountains of the Ansyreeh. For some little time it seemed that my hopes would be realized, but as it grew darker I began to hear a buzzing about my ears, and to see the forms of my deadly foes flitting before my eyes. I was almost in despair at the thought of fresh stings being added to those I had already received, which, combined with the heat, had put my whole skin into a state of irritation. We had not pitched the tent, and I therefore quitted the spot in which I was, and mounted higher, higher, higher, with the hopes that I should reach an elevation where the numbers of the enemy would decrease ; but they either followed, or abounded everywhere, and were seemingly not a whit less numerous than on the shores of the ponds. The fact was that in the bottom was a small stream of water, and the sides of the valley were clothed with a rank vegetation, acceptable feeding to our horses, but harbouring these venomous insects, which were only waiting the coming on of night to make their appearance. As it was of no use wandering about, I returned to my bed, and buried my hands in my pockets, and myself under the blankets, choosing rather to be half stifled than be con-

tinually bitten. I emerged, for a little, to eat something, but it was with very little appetite, for by the light of the moon the shadows of the mosquitoes came between my eyes and the plate, and every morsel I put into my mouth seemed accompanied by their bodies, which, with all my hostility, I did not wish thus to destroy. At last I buried myself again under the clothes, and wished for the day, which no sooner broke than they all disappeared as quickly and mysteriously as they had come.

The journey next day was to be along the valley of the Orontes, which was known to abound at that time of the year in a species of fly, as formidable to the horses as the mosquitoes were to ourselves. Moreover, I did not wish to hazard another night in the plain, with the prospect of fresh miseries from the latter. But it seemed fated that we should encounter delay. After having loaded one of the mules, the whole attention of the muleteer and my servant was directed to the others, when it was found suddenly that the loaded one had gone off. As we did not know which direction it had taken, it was necessary to search for it, and it was a long time before the muleteer discovered and returned with it, when, lo! my servant had

started in another direction over the plain, along which we had come the day before. I started in pursuit of him, but could not see him, and went back, not wishing to be in my turn an object of search. It was a long time before he returned, having been lured on by mistaken information or appearances. Thus the sun was up an hour or two before we started. As I have said, the mosquito stings and heat had excited an irritability all over my body, an irritability which I felt at intervals the whole summer, and which was all the more disagreeable, as it was continually liable to be aggravated by the attacks of fleas and the other pests of Syria. The prospect, therefore, of a scorching sun, with no place of shelter, caused me to set out in anything but good spirits. But it is constantly the case, when the worst is dreaded, that everything turns out better than was expected. Inconveniences, which in a different state of mind would be thought intolerable evils, become as molehills.

At first the road lay under the hills which I had traversed in coming from El-Bara, from the foot of which gushed out numerous rills of the purest water, always a most pleasing and cheering sight in a country like Syria. As the

sun's rays became more perpendicular, the heat increased, and the flies attacked the poor horses without mercy, actually covering their neck with spots of blood. Again, to my delight, when debating whether to continue riding or to repose for a little on the hot ground, which would have been the most painful of the two, I was told of a kind of excavation in the side of the hills, before which clear water bubbled out. We arrived at it before noon; and in the enjoyment of its shade one could enter into the meaning of the beautiful similitude of the prophet, which compares the Saviour to the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Here I got an hour or two's sleep, our enjoyment being only disturbed by the entrance of our beasts, who were as glad to get out of the sun as we were, but were not content till they had rolled on the ground and covered us with dust. Towards the afternoon we again started, and did not halt till sunset, when, after making a slight repast, I laid down on my carpet with my head on my saddlebags, and got a nap of an hour or two, having determined, as the night was a beautiful moonlight one, to proceed over the plain, being led the

rather to do so, since the place where we were was not free from mosquitoes, though they did not abound as on the previous night.

We therefore started again after a little, and having about midnight crossed the Orontes at Djisir-el-Shogher, where one or two important roads meet, and which, I should think, must be a pretty place by daylight, we continued our journey over the hills on the left bank till two o'clock in the morning, when, having pitched the bedstead, I was soon asleep, and did not wake till the sun had been looking me in the face for an hour or two. Near the spot was a basin, formed by the continual dropping of a little stream, and into it I jumped and got a most refreshing bath.

Our road lay for the day over Gebel Akraad, or the mountain of the Kurds, so called from a colony of Kurds which at some time or another had established itself in those parts. The scenery was nearly as fine as that on the other side of the mountains, near Mount Cassius. We passed a prettily-situated Christian village, only remarkable as having been the resting place for a night of an English gentleman whom I met afterwards at Antioch. He

told me that he was induced to sleep in one of the houses, and in the middle of the night woke in a fright, imagining that he had been seized with fever, but after a little consideration, he found that the heat which he experienced had been caused by the bites of innumerable fleas. This night we encamped in the open country, far from any village, and had to draw on our stores for the night's repast. There was good pasturage for our animals, but I was afraid to let mine go far from the tent, as that part of the country was none of the safest; at least, so said some men who were engaged in the neighbourhood in guarding their crops from the depredations of wild boars. They went so far as to declare that they saw armed men roaming about in the neighbourhood, and my muleteer asserted that he had seen some sitting for a long time near my tent. However, he went off to feed his mules at some little distance, and left me and my servant to take care of ourselves. Knowing that I could only watch part of the night, and that my servant would not keep awake during the other part, I made a virtue of necessity, and piling the luggage in the

centre of the tent, got into bed, and did not awake till the morning of the next day, which, after some six hours' riding, saw us at Antioch.

CHAPTER III.

ANTIOCH—FELLOW LODGERS—MURDER OF PADRE—RENEWAL OF
 ACQUAINTANCE—ANSYREEH GEOGRAPHER—ANSYREEH LYING
 —THE DEACON—CHRISTIAN LEGEND—WHISPERINGS OF AN-
 SYREEH—VISIT TO PATRIARCH—ANTIOCH NOBILITY—BIGOTRY
 OF THE MAHOMETANS—OPPRESSION OF THE ANSYREEH—
 PROSPECTS OF A SCHOOL—CIRCUMSTANCES FAVOURABLE TO
 ITS FORMATION—CHEAPNESS OF PROVISIONS—BEAUTY OF
 SCENERY AND CLIMATE.

ON my return to Antioch, I received intelligence by letter, from Ladikeeh, that the construction in the mountains would not be over for a month or two, and advising me to wait till it was completed before I made my visit. I therefore determined to remain where I was for that time, both because the climate of Antioch was far preferable to that of Ladikeeh, and because there was a large number of Ansyreeh in the town and neighbourhood. As, for many reasons, it was undesirable to remain in my tent for so long a period, my first step was to look out for a house, and I

quickly procured one into which I removed my luggage and self. It had been unoccupied for some three months since the death of its owner, and had rather a melancholy appearance at first sight, but one soon got reconciled to it.

The reader must not suppose when it is said that the house was unoccupied, that anything more is meant than that it was unoccupied by human beings; with other beings it was thickly populated, and of visitors there were plenty.

In the first place there were the ants. The house consisted of one large room with several windows without glass, a tolerably large paved court, some dilapidated outbuildings, and a long passage leading from the court to the street, for the house was perfectly secluded. My camp stool had become rickety, from exposure to the sun, and my light iron bedstead had never been made to sit upon. I spread my carpet on the earth floor, and placing my mattress on it, sat *à la Orientale*. Now the ants had been in possession long before me, and did not confine themselves to the court, but entered at the several windows, and made roads for themselves across the floor and up the opposite walls, on which they travelled night and day. It was in vain that we en-

deavoured to intercept the communication, by placing ashes, &c., across their path. It was only giving them a little more trouble, without in any way benefiting ourselves. At last they had the impertinence to establish a road over my pillow, but as that was removed continually, they could not maintain their position.

There were no less than five species, forming quite a study for a naturalist. A large black ant, which confined its operations principally to walking off with the horse's barley, while he was engaged in eating it; a large red ditto, called the Persian ant, which seemed of a weakly constitution, and appeared but in small numbers; a small black ditto, with largish head and short thick body, whose bite was so venomous that my servant, having happened to sleep outside one night, was ready to cry from the pain of their bites when he awoke; a small black ditto, with longer and thinner body than the other, which was harmless to our persons, but then it carried our cupboards by storm, one after another, till at last it discovered and entered the last refuge of our eatables; lastly, a very minute red ditto, which seemed to come from nowhere, and covered the sugar, &c., with its swarms. Not less

numerous than the ants, and still more immediate enemies, inasmuch as they attacked our persons, were the fleas. They were swept off the floor every day, but of what use was that, springing as they seemed to do out of the ground? It was of no good to kill them, one only wearied oneself and interrupted one's studies. However, they were not in such force as I have seen them in the Lebanon, where in one of the best rooms in one of the best villages, I used to find four of them at one time in my sock, and as soon as I had pitched the intruders out of the window, and replaced it on the foot, I found that another of the tribe was performing his gambols in the same place.

Inferior in numbers, but superior in size, were the cats. True they did not live in the house, but they were always on the watch on the tiles, and the moment my servant was gone on an errand to the bazaars, they would descend to the court, and quietly enter the door or windows of the room, and make off with anything they could lay paw on. Once or twice, impelled by hunger, they made a bold dash and seized the food almost from our very mouths. At length, however, I began to bestir myself, and every time a cat made its

appearance, it was saluted with my boots, or other available *matériel* of war, of which I took care to have some within reach of my hand, and latterly it was ludicrous to see the disconcerted look which pussy gave when she saw me, putting back her ears to mark her disgust, and then, after momentary reflection to consider whether an entrance could be effected, making a precipitate retreat, before the weight of my vengeance reached her.

As were the cats by day, so were the rats by night. My servant had placed his wrapper in an elevated position to be out of their way; but to his dismay, when he took it down after some little time, he found that they had eaten no small part of it.

Of the cockroaches, centipedes, huge spiders, and bugs, of course there were representatives, though fortunately they were scarce; indeed I do not remember whether there were any of the last, but I had subsequently ample opportunities of studying their natural history.

To conclude. On coming home one day, I found that my servant had had a battle with a snake of a very venomous kind, which had somehow or other got behind the door, and had not been killed without some danger to his

naked calves, Of snakes at Antioch there are plenty, lurking under its ruined walls; and one day that I was sitting on a fragment of them, I was startled by seeing a snake eyeing me at a little distance, which no sooner saw me turn towards it than it darted off into a hole hard by. It is necessary to be careful in selecting one's seat in such places, or one may find one's self in unpleasant propinquity to a snake or scorpion.

Among the visitors to my house I have not mentioned the vultures, which eat the offal of the tanneries, and used to let down their huge forms upon the tiles; and, among the many disagreeables, I must not forget to speak of the beautiful ringdoves, which used to coo about the courts and strut about the room.

Having provided myself with a house, the next thing was to get a master to direct my Arabic studies. I wished, if possible, to read with an Ansyreeh Sheikh, if one could be found knowing enough for my purpose, which I at the time thought possible. There was a man of their body who was generally employed by travellers and Frank residents in Antioch to get their letters from the post and manage other little matters. As he did not come to

shortly after I left, news came that Omar Effendi had been convicted of the murder, and as a punishment, he and all his family were banished for ever from Antioch. He was sent to Bagdad, and compelled to pay a fine of some 4000*l.* to defray the expenses of the trial, leave being given to the French to build a convent over the spot where the poor man was murdered. As I was living alone, like the Padre, most of them were afraid to come to me, as some of them afterwards told me. However, I was not without visits from them.

One day, when walking in the bazaars, a young man came up to me and began to wink violently, at the same time asking me whether I had been to Hamah, and whether the people there were all right. At first I did not know him, but he told me that he was a son of the man whom I had seen at the Iron Bridge. As several persons near were listening to our conversation, I brought it to a conclusion, telling him my whereabouts, for he expressed a great desire to come and see me. The same evening he and a brother came after dark, and after he had expressed the great love and affection of his father for me, who was in fact dying to see me, he began to talk much in the same way as his

ar
id
re
it
f

father had done. I quickly put a stop to this, and afterwards his brother spoke in a more sensible way, complaining of the grievances which they suffered from the Turks, without a hope of redress, such as the taking from them more than the legally assessed taxes. This was not their only visit; they continually came afterwards, one on one day and the other on another, bringing me milk, or leban, and offering to bring me anything else I wanted; though I was not desirous that they should come at all, for I wished to go on quietly, without making an unnecessary stir. Among their presents was a pair of very small chickens, which I allowed to fatten in the court-yard, and then restored to them.

One night they came to me with a man of whose attainments they had previously spoken highly. The night before they had come and found the door shut, and were afraid to knock. I asked them why they came at night. They said, that it being the time of Ramadan, no notice was taken of any one's being about at night, and that they were afraid of being noticed by day. Of my new visitor I had been told that one of his wonderful accomplishments consisted in his being able to tell all

with the music of broken pottery. The ditty may be freely translated thus :

“ Fie on thee, Deacon ! fie !
Here 's pretty fish to fry ;
He has shaved off his beard, the cunning fox,
To marry the maid of the raven locks.”

It may be necessary to inform some that the beard is a mark of the clerical order in Syria, and the want, or rather disappearance of it, in his case, led to the familiar soubriquet of “ Beardy,” on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. Nevertheless, he was an intelligent man compared with most others of his church in Antioch. He was a member of the Greek Orthodox church, as distinguished from the sect called the Greek Catholics, who acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. A little while ago there was no representative of the Latin church in Antioch, and when an Armenian Catholic endeavoured to establish himself there, the Orthodox Greeks did all they could to prevent his getting a house to reside in. They have the reputation of being very ignorant and intolerant, and there is a great contrast between them and those of the same church.

in Ladikeeh, who have more intercourse with Europeans.

When I was at Antioch they were busily engaged, Sundays and week days, in building a new and handsome church within the walls, for which they had got permission, and were burrowing in the ground to get stones, making some interesting excavations on the site of the old walls. They were building in a very substantial way, when the governor suddenly interfered and stopped the works, saying, that they had indeed leave to build a church, but not to build a castle. This was only to get a little more money, of which large sums had already been given as the price of the permission. Nevertheless the church progressed, and will be a new feature in the town where the disciples of Christ were first called Christians, for previously the only place of worship was in the hills outside the walls.

During my stay also the patriarch, who usually resides at Damascus, made his first official visit to the place from which he takes his title. Being desirous of seeing the descendant of the once-renowned patriarchs of Antioch in his own see, I accompanied our consular-agent to his levee. We found him

still enjoying his midday nap, but were courteously received by one of his clergy, who is a man of great intelligence and a perfect gentleman, whom I afterwards met again at Ladikeeh. After a little, we were admitted to the presence of the patriarch, and found him to be a man of middle age, dressed in the cylindrical cap and long black robe of the Greek clergy, with little to distinguish him from an ordinary priest. Without going through the many and profound genuflections and kissings of their own and his hands, in which my companions had been instructed, and which they went through with the utmost precision, I made my obeisance, and was seated by the side of his eminence. He knew little Arabic (all the higher clergy being Greeks by nation), but was very courteous; the conversation turning on quite indifferent subjects, for of course I did not allude to the reasons of my visit. He was described to me as a good and studious man, the definition of his character being closed by saying, *miskeen*, that is, literally, "poor fellow," which is always used in Syria, not of a man who is a good sort of a fellow but rather wants education or intellect, but of one who is scrupulous and does not look out sharply for his

worldly interests. He was anxious for the establishment of schools, and told the people of Antioch that they would remain donkeys to the end of their days if they continued to grudge a little for the education of their children. That the standard of education is not in general very high, will appear from a story which I heard from my master, who, I have said, was the principal preceptor of the Christian youth in Antioch. It was told to me as if it was to be found somewhere or other in the Bible. It was this :

The people of Antioch being idolaters, our Saviour sent two of his disciples to preach to them. On arriving at the city they presented themselves at the gate, and on being asked their profession and from whence they had come, they said that they could cure the sick and blind. On coming into the town they preached the gospel, but on the prince hearing of it he ordered them to be imprisoned. St. Paul, hearing of this, came to Antioch, entered by the gate still known as St. Paul's Gate, and brought with him images for sale, thus giving himself out as an idolater. Having ingratiated himself with the prince, he desired him to allow the persons who had been put in

prison to be brought before him. This was done, and St. Paul expressed at first his disbelief in their powers, and was not satisfied at their restoring the blind to sight, but required them to raise the dead. This they did, and St. Paul declared himself convinced and ran and demolished the idols, in which he was joined by the people, and the religion of Christ was generally received. This story, with some slight differences, will be found by the reader in Sale's translation of the Koran, in the notes to the thirty-sixth chapter, in which Mahomed refers to this idle tale, which he probably heard from the Christians. The biblical knowledge of the narrator may be judged of from the strangeness of his chronology.

To return to the Ansyreeh. Though not many came to my house, they often spoke to me when out walking. One evening, when taking my usual walk to a picturesque old bridge, at some distance from the town, in the hills behind it, one of them came up to me, and entered into conversation. He made some sensible remarks on the ancient town, and said that in the winter evenings they were accustomed to read to one another books in which it was mentioned. He asked why I was walking

in such a retired place, at such an hour, and advised me to return; and often as I was walking I was asked: Why are you walking in this or that direction? I used to reply: If I was to sit still in my house you would ask me, why are you always sitting still? and this used partly to satisfy them, though they could scarcely bring themselves to believe that I had not always an object in view in my solitary walks.

In the bazaars my servant heard them continually speaking about me. One man called to him several times from his shop, and asked him to tell his master that if he was ready to take their names he had but to inform him, for he knew every one, and he would bring them to me, for they were all ready to write themselves English. Two he heard saying that they would not come to me since my intention was to change their religion, for they had heard of the Protestant movement which had taken place in Casab. On the whole, my stay created a considerable stir among them, for they at first conceived that I must be some agent of the English Government, and it was some time before they were undeceived.

But we have spent time enough in Antioch,

It now remains to consider what would be the prospects of a school, and first for the obstacles or obstacle to its formation. This is the exclusiveness and assumed bigotry of the rich Turks, who encourage for their own purposes the fanaticism of the lower orders. I have already mentioned the reason for which they dislike the coming of Franks among them, and this dislike was illustrated while I was there. An English gentleman had come from Aleppo, with the design of residing some time in Antioch, and was desirous of obtaining a house. At first he seemed likely to be successful, as a Mahometan agreed to let him his house, until others, hearing of it, forced him to withdraw from the engagement. Finding other means useless, he presented a letter from the Pasha of Aleppo to the Governor, and also obtained an introduction to one of the chief men, but for a long time he was without a house. Though coldly polite, the rich men secretly detest all Franks, or at least eschew them as neighbours.

To give an instance of the Mahometan impertinence, of the lower orders, to a native Christian. When one day my servant had taken bread to the oven of an Ansyreeh baker, he happened to sit on the edge of the shop

window, and was immediately accosted by some Mahometans with, "You infidel, how dare you sit where the bread is thrown, and pollute our food?" He thought it best not to retort, though he was only occupying the place where they wished to sit. Of course, they would not have said this to a Frank.

The poor Ansyreeh are cruelly oppressed. They have to pass themselves off as Mussulmans, and fast with them in Ramadan; but with all that, they and their religion are reviled, the word Ansyreeh being cast in their teeth. During the fast, the Mahometans used to go to an oven kept by an Ansyreeh, and eat and drink in secret, knowing that the Ansyreeh dared not say anything. If one of the Ansyreeh, on the contrary, had been caught doing the same thing, he would have had to pay for it. What they cannot say openly, they lose no opportunity of giving vent to in secret, and curse the Turks with curses loud and deep.

Most of the Ansyreeh are under the protection of one or other of the chief men of the town, who use their power in a most tyrannical way, taking from their poor clients the best of everything to be found in their possession.

Hence, the aversion of these tyrants to any-

thing European would be a serious impediment in the way of a school, especially among the Ansyreeh, which more than anything else would excite their suspicion and opposition. Their pride, however, must have been somewhat broken by the punishment of their chief man, who was in the highest reputation among them, as being a doctor of their religion. The times are past when they could do just as they pleased, and do what they will they cannot prevent Franks from residing where they choose. In fact, when the north of Syria becomes better known, they will be overrun with travellers, several parties of whom passed through Antioch while I was there.

With respect to the lower order, they are proverbially a surly set. They generally know both Turkish and Arabic, and it is said of them that if any one ask them a question in Turkish, they will reply in Arabic, and *vice versa*. It would, of course, not be pleasant to live among such people, as it were, on sufferance, and there might be some little danger in doing so for the object under consideration; but if a missionary were not willing to run some little risk, he would not deserve to be called a missionary. Besides, he would have

the whole Ansyreeh population on his side, and it would be a great pleasure to give them all possible support, treated as they now are like dogs, rather than men. All the Ansyreeh whom I saw were remarkably civil, and I encountered no disturbance from the Mussulmans, who, many of them, have learnt to like as well as respect the Franks. True, on the first night in Ramadan there came a great knocking at the door, accompanied with cries, which awoke me with a start out of my first sleep; but it turned out to be only a visit from those who go about to awaken the faithful, to watch, eat, and drink, previous to the first day of the fast; my house being in the Mahometan quarter, they took its inhabitants to be one of themselves.

On the other hand, the circumstances favourable to the formation of a school, and inviting the labours of a missionary, are, in the first place, that in no other spot is there so large a number of the Ansyreeh collected together. Her Britannic Majesty's consul in Aleppo, Mr. Werry, kindly wrote to our agent in Antioch, to request him to do what he could to obtain the number of the Ansyreeh population; but he told me that he could do so in no other way

than by sending for the Sheikhs of their quarter to his house, and I begged him not to do so, as it would have given rise to all kinds of reports and false suppositions. However, their number is put down as four thousand, and the Ansyreeh themselves were continually speaking of their importance in the place, saying that the greater part of the trades was in their hands, and this was in great measure the case. Moreover, they are somewhat more polished and better informed than their brethren elsewhere; and though they would be afraid at first to send their children to a school, as one of them said, whose words I have before quoted, yet it is probable that they would soon take courage, or at all events the trial might be made, without incurring any unnecessary expense till the result was seen; and if it was unsuccessful, the school might be removed to Suadeiah, so as still to be accessible to, and exert an influence on the Ansyreeh of that part of the country. That the Ansyreeh themselves would soon come to look on it as a great boon I have no manner of doubt. Many of them do so now, and the man to whom I have before alluded, spoke of it as such, referring to the example of an English gentleman, who

sent his children to school in England at a great expense, because he knew the necessity and advantages of education; and he declared that he believed that his own people would also soon be alive to them.

Another circumstance favourable to the establishment of a school, and the residence of a missionary, is the great cheapness of the place. I will content myself with mentioning the prices of two or three articles, such as meat, about 6*d.* for 5½ pounds; eggs, from 10 to 15 for a penny; fowls, 4*d.* or 5*d.* a-piece, and everything else in proportion. Fruit and vegetables there are in abundance; the only drawback, as far as provisions are concerned, being that the rich Turks get the best of everything, and at the time of the fast of Ramadan, the Mussulmans leave little for others. It is, without controversy, the cheapest place in Syria, and a married man might live and keep a horse there for 100*l.* a-year, provided he was moderate in his expenditure and wants, as regards articles coming from Europe. Thus the whole expense of a missionary and school need not exceed 150*l.* a-year.

As respects the missionary himself, as a man of education he would not be insensible to the

beauties of the surrounding scenery ; for, as there are very few who are indifferent to such charms, he would have to fall back on them as a make-up for the lack of anything in the way of society. Having now seen the whole of Syria, I can say that there is no part more beautiful, and none which more improves on acquaintance. Many a delightful ride did I have in the neighbourhood, either through the beautiful lanes to Daphne, or the no less beautiful lanes in the vicinity of the town, over-arched with the pomegranate, vine, and fig, forming a canopy of the richest foliage. One view of the town, from an old church excavated in the mountain sides, and stretching over the gardens and plains to the dark mountains in the distance, is not surpassed in beauty by the celebrated first view of the plains of Damascus. Mount Cassius, well termed in Arabic, the "bald-headed," never lost its interest, as it was seen in different states of the atmosphere, with its summit standing out in all its nakedness, or shaded with clouds ; and on returning to the town, as the shadows of evening fell on the landscape, the view of the river, bridge, town, and cliffs in the background, never failed to interest and please the eye.

As regards the missionary, too, there is another consideration still more important, as affecting his happiness and usefulness, namely, the climate. That of Antioch is, I should say, superior to that of any part of Syria. True, in winter it must be cold, and the rains are very heavy; but a Syrian winter soon passes.

I have spoken thus at length of the place, in the hope that these remarks may meet the eye of some clergyman of the Anglican church, not otherwise employed, who might be led, even without any other consideration, to choose as a residence a place possessing so many natural attractions, and a place, to a Christian, of such soul-stirring associations.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURN TO LADIKEEH—LONG MARCH—BAHLULEEH—INDIGNATION OF TURKISH CAPTAIN—ANSYREEH FARE—SHEIKH IBRAHEAM SAEED—TROUBLESOME CURIOSITY—THEOLOGICAL CONVERSATIONS—CREDULOUS CHRISTIAN—TURKISH COLONEL—ROWS IN THE VILLAGE—PRIDE AND VICES OF THE TURKS—SITE FOR SCHOOL—SOLEMN CONFAB—EXCITING SCENE—ANSYREEH METHOD OF CURE—EFFECTS OF INCENSE—WONDERFUL SHEIKH—CURIOSITY OF AMAZON—LEGENDS ABOUT OUR SAVIOUR.

At length I turned my steps towards Ladikeeh, taking the direct road to it from Antioch that I might see the scenery of another part of the mountains. Passing Daphne, without stopping to drink of its cool waters, we halted a little further on, under the shade of a castel or stone fountain, and then travelled over a rich but desolate country till noon, when we arrived at the village of Ras-esh-Sheikh, half way to Ourdi, which was to be our quarters for the night. Stopping under a beautiful walnut tree, near a cistern in which the Mahometans of the village were performing their ablutions,

previous to the midday prayer, I enjoyed the shade, while my servant collected a few sticks to prepare the usual cup of coffee. The people of the village were very unobtrusive and civil, which gives me an opportunity of remarking on the great difference which there is between different villages in Syria, even when within an hour or two of one another, and perhaps inhabited by men of the same creed. In the one place one may stop for the night, without fear of molestation, and receive every civility; while in the other one may feel uncomfortable, from the rudeness or thievishness of the inhabitants. In fact, Syria is still what England must have been in feudal times, when every castle had its village nestling under it for protection.

Towards evening, after a twelve hours' ride, we arrived at Ourdi. The road had latterly been very beautiful, the view from the table land, from which we descended to the quasi valley of Ourdi, being most magnificent, embracing as it did hill and dale, richly wooded, with the majestic form of Mount Cassius towering in the distance. There was also an abundance of fountains, with water not only cool, but chilly cold. Ourdi is a village

of some importance, having a governor sent to it from Aleppo. As my servant's mother resided here, whom he had not seen for some time (having been obliged to run away from his Turkish master and place himself under the protection of the English consul in Ladikeeh, from whose house I took him), I quickly dispensed with his services, promising to watch till he came back. But I soon got weary of winking at the stars, and, laying down, was asleep in a trice, having first taken the precaution of covering myself well up with blankets, which was wise, for next morning I found that the mountain dews had descended upon me like rain.

There were still fourteen hours before us to Ladikeeh, which I hoped to accomplish in a day, for there was nothing to attract me on the road, which was the same that I had traversed to Suadeiah, two or three months before. It had since lost much of its beauty, under the burning sun which scorched me as I passed, as it had been so long scorching everything else.

The sun went down long before we approached Ladikeeh; and my muleteer, a big Armenian, began to grumble at every step. Still I went on, leading my horse, determined at least to

spend the night at the garden of the consul outside the town. At length it became so dark that we could not discern our whereabouts, and notwithstanding the directions which we received from the Ansyreeh peasantry, who, under "lodges in the gardens of cucumbers," were guarding their water-melons from the depredations of the foxes and jackals, we wandered about to no profit. At length we arrived at a field of cotton which I was unwilling to trample down, and gave orders for encamping where we were, under the open canopy of heaven. Next morning, having changed my travel-soiled garments, and performed my toilet in the midst of the open fields, we made for Ladikeeh and the house of the consul.

Being desirous of escaping as soon as possible from the heat and gnats of Ladikeeh, I speedily completed my preparations for my trip to the mountains, being anxious also to commence what I had always looked on as the most important part of my tour. These mountains are the proper seat of the Ansyreeh population, and are well called by their name, since very few of any other religion are to be found in them. I declined the offer of the English consul and his brother to go with me

in person, or to send an interpreter from the consulate, thinking it would be best to rely on myself, and to go to work as quietly as possible. However, I took their advice to go first to a village about four or five miles off, to the north-east, on the verge of the mountains and the plain, and at the extreme north of the Ansyreeh range. There I determined to stop a fortnight, as a place whose inhabitants, from their contact with the people of Ladikeeh, were somewhat more civilized than the rest, in order that those in the mountains might hear something about me before I visited them. I should thus also be able to make a sweep of the mountains to the southward, and then return to Ladikeeh.

On July 29, being provided with letters from the consul to the different Mekuddams and religious Sheikhs, I started on my expedition. The usual difficulty of procuring beasts of burden on reasonable terms delayed me till the middle of the day. The road of four hours lay over an uninteresting plain, now scorched by the rays of the sun, which glared mercilessly on us. The overpowering heat, the dreary plain, a sulky muleteer, and the companionship of a servant at all times dead

to everything but the dullest common places, and now wrapped in noontide drowsiness, combined to make my reflections of a most gloomy cast ; to which they were predisposed by the thought that I had left for the time a society which, however dull, was superior to the rude ignorance of an oppressed peasantry.

But I had not time to indulge in these thoughts long, for soon we came to the hill on which stands the village of Bahluleeh, as it is called. At a little distance, the whitewashed houses, and a few trees clothing the slope below, looked cheerful and attractive. Soon, however, we had a nearer view, when we came to the heaps of filth piled outside the village, and wound through a narrow alley to a little open space in the centre of the village, which proved to be the *great square*. My first object was to find the house of one of the Mekuddams, at which to land myself and my luggage. Our coming and our inquiries for the Mekuddams excited no little surprise among the idlers assembled in this, the place of gossip, and we were met with the ever-ready lie, both the Mekuddams were in the mountains. While meditating what I should do, two or three Turkish soldiers, with their usual cool forward-

ness and bad Arabic, urged me to alight, which I did, when I found that I was actually at the door of one of the houses I was in search of, which formed one side of the square. I had my luggage piled on one side, while they were civilly sweeping a place on which to spread my carpet on the other. There I sat as if quite at home, while some ten or a dozen wanderers stood or sat near, at a respectable distance from the edge of my carpet.

At length a fat, short-necked man, who proved to be the Mekuddam who has chief authority in the district, of which Bahluleeh is the little capital, came and sat near me, and after a little, a nargileh and cup of coffee were brought, of which, as usual, I accepted the one and declined the other. These were handed to me by a lad of some thirteen or fourteen years old, very intelligent and prepossessing, who proved to be a son of the Mekuddam, and eyed me with at least as much attention as the rest. The first thing was to find a place for pitching my tent, and the Mekuddam quickly found me one, though in a position which to English ears will appear rather peculiar, the top of a house. However this, for many reasons, was the best place in the village, as being

tolerably free from fleas and dirt, comparatively inaccessible to thieves, and, because it was the highest house-top in the village, commanding a view of all the lower roofs and of the country beyond.

No sooner did they begin to drive in the stakes than it was found that a man cannot always please himself without annoying his neighbour. A Turkish captain, whose company was quartered in the village and the surrounding district, collecting the tribute, happened to be quartered in the room below, and the first blows of the mallet caused the earth of the roof to rattle down on his ears. He immediately, by a messenger, expressed his displeasure at this, not to speak of the indignity of placing a Christian over his head. The Mekuddam quietly said, partly to himself, "The place is my own, and I shall do what I like with it," and the tent was pitched, some of the soldiers giving the benefit of their experience in this kind of engineering.

The Mekuddam sat with me a short time, and then descended; and when my servant was about to prepare dinner, a large flat basket was brought, on which were two or three bowls of rice mixed with butter, and of sour milk or

leben. The basket was placed on the ground, and a few loaves, large, round, and thin, were thrown round it, partly resting on it and partly on the ground. These loaves are baked by the women with wonderful dexterity, in two or three furnaces in the outskirts of the village, which resemble inverted coalscuttles placed on end. They are heated with blazing brushwood, usually of myrtle, which grows in abundance on the hills and plains of Northern Syria. Then the cakes are stuck on its sides, and baked in a few moments, and when fresh are tolerably palatable.

The Mekuddam dined with some other of his numerous guests, of which, since the village is on the high road to Aleppo, there are always some in the shape of travellers, and at the time I was there he had to feed a band of hungry soldiers, besides his own hungry dependants, who, as in feudal times, are always invited to eat of his fare when in the village. I thus dined by myself, to which I was not averse, but was not always so fortunate. Five or six persons sit together round one of the baskets, and when one has finished, another takes his place. I often found myself in such company, being as well as the rest provided with a

wooden spoon and a thin cake of bread, which I used as a plate. Sometimes I was fortunate in having placed before me a bowl containing goat's flesh or chicken, which was respected for a while, and hence I was able to satisfy my appetite before the spoons of my companions invaded my territory. At other times, when everything was in common, and each man dipped his spoon into the bowls and elevated it rapidly to his mouth, I at once abandoned the liquids to those more accustomed to this kind of eating, and kept to a corner of the bowl of rice or boiled meat which was nearest me, and continued to make a hole in it till the excavations of my companions approached mine, when I retired from the contest, and contented myself with some water-melon, or grapes, which I eat with that part of the bread which had had least contact with the ground.

They used to invite my servant to take his place at the *table*; and occasionally, when to do otherwise might have made them think me churlish or unnecessarily proud, I gave him a hint to do so, as I always did when pressed for time and about starting on a journey. However, he knew that I had some little prejudices, and abstained as far as possible from

meddling with the mess which I might be discussing.

In the evening the Mekuddam and his son came with several others, who seated themselves in the partly-open tent, and a small lamp being put in one corner, the little fellow seated himself on the edge of my mattress, and read a story of the 'Arabian Nights' for the amusement of the company. He read tolerably well, and chanted the poetry rather prettily; but of course he was not perfect, a thing not to be expected, considering that very few of the present population of Syria can read prose without numerous blunders, much less poetry, which, though they fancy they understand, as it jingles in their ears, must be, for the most part, quite unintelligible to them. He had read with a Sheikh residing at a short distance, my visit to whom I am about to describe.

July 30.—To-day I paid a visit to this Sheikh, whose name is Ibraheem Saeed. He is one of the two principal Sheikhs of this portion of the Fellaheen. The other, who enjoys still greater reputation, is his cousin, and lives at the other extremity of the mountains. I was provided with a letter to him, and my proposed visit having been announced, I rode up to his

house with the son of the Mekuddam and his son-in-law. This last was a tall, gnarly, rough-hewn fellow with a huge turban, slightly set on one side of his head, which, with his staring eyes, gave him the appearance of a regular Tartar; and if report says true, he showed himself such in the troublous times which followed the first coming of the troops of Ibrahim Pasha into the country.

The road lay past a building conspicuous from the village, situated on the top of a hill, beyond which is the Sheikh's house. It is well constructed of hewn stones taken from some ruins near, and in the form of most of the chief tombs of the Ansyreeh religious Sheikhs of repute, square, whitewashed, and surmounted by a dome. There was another conspicuous from the village, and such like tombs abound, occupying invariably the summit of the highest hills, being thus visible at a great distance. The father of Ibraheem had been rather a distinguished person, having exercised considerable hospitality, and connected with his tomb was a second dome-crowned building, with an arched chamber underneath. The Sheikh's house crowns the top of a still higher hill, from which is a fine view of the

valley of the Nahr-el-Chebir, or Great River, which takes its rise in the mountains at the back of Mount Cassius, and in the winter is a considerable stream, bringing down with it large trees from the forests at its source. The sea was to be seen in the distance, always a most agreeable object to an Englishman, and especially so to me, situated as I was in a moral desert, recalling as it did thoughts of civilization and home.

The Sheikhs invariably choose the most eligible and pleasant situation for a house, on the top of a hill, commanding the best view in the neighbourhood, and in the vicinity of a grove of oaks or other trees, where they may sit during the noontide heat in summer, and enjoy the mountain breezes. In visiting their houses I knew that I was not yet near them if I was in a valley or an uninteresting locality. They thus show considerable love of nature, which is not remarkable considering that they live all their lives in retired spots, removed from the bustle of towns.

We found the Sheikh seated under a canopy, formed of the dried branches of trees, interlaced above and on the sides with fir poles, and forming thus a delightful shade, pervious to

every breeze. He most politely advanced and conducted me to his side on a felt mat, and placed a cushion at my back to recline against. He is a man of about forty, intelligent looking, but having that restraint in his manners which arises from the attempt to be disembarassed and easy, when the art of being so has not been acquired by intercourse with polished society. At some distance were seated some inferior Sheikhs, who paid him a respectful deference; and his son, a black-eyed, effeminate-looking, but intelligent youth, stood at a distance, and with a servant found sufficient employment in replenishing his father's pipe and those of his visitors. There is a vast deal of ceremony among them, but they hardly seem to know what amount of respect is due from one to the other. For instance, when a son of the Me-kuddam came to salute the Sheikh, he made a motion as if to rise, but another Sheikh sitting near put his hand on his shoulder and prevented him from doing so, making use of an expression equivalent to "God forbid." Some of the peasantry came while I was there and kissed his hand, and one went so far as to attempt to kiss his foot.

The conversation turned on England, its size,

parliament, and the manner in which conscripts were taken, a subject which was still fresh in their minds, and exercising an engrossing influence on them. After having partaken of some water-melon, the grim son-in-law fell asleep, and the Sheikh had evidently as much as he could do to keep himself from doing the same. As it was only politeness to me which kept him from taking his midday nap, I urged him to do so, but he declared that he had already done so, an assertion which his drowsiness too plainly denied. After a while we came on the subject of my visit, and I told him that I was going to make a tour of the mountains and then return to Ladikeeh, intimating that I wished to ascertain how far a school was desired, for that in case I found a wish for it, I might return and open one. He was very sleepy, and apparently paid little attention and said little, but I believe thought the more. But an intelligent man, a Sheikh of mild manners, who could read and write, and had shown himself better acquainted than the rest with the affairs of the Franks, took a real interest in what I said. He declared that there was a great want of schools, but that no one thought of opening one, for that every one's

mind was wholly absorbed in his own cares and business. He said that if a school were formed, he and the Sheikh would excite others to send their children to it; and that if I were to return and build a house among them, they would profit much from my society.

Some stewed mutton was then brought, and we attacked it with a good appetite. On this occasion they eat with the aid of the thin loaves, of which they pulled off little pieces, in which they conveyed the bits of meat to their mouths, and even ladled up the milk, and I followed their example in all but this last, which was only to be achieved at the risk of spilling half.

Next the different articles which I had about me gave rise to much conversation, and an infinitude of questions about their prices, with which I was worried from one end of the mountains to the other. If a present is given, the price must be known, or the present is thought of little value. The Sheikh had a small telescope, which he continually made use of in the direction of the village, his mind being apparently harassed with fears that some of the soldiers would pay his quarters a visit. It had been a present, and he was somewhat mor-

tified when I mentioned what I thought the probable value. The principal articles which I had about me were a silver pencil case and mourning ring, and I know not how often I had to declare their value, one answer not being sufficient; for they are so accustomed to lying that they assume this propensity to be universal. It was in vain that I concealed these articles, resolving not to take them out at such and such a place, for the fame of them had arrived before me; and I was astonished at being asked where such and such a thing was, which I had not yet shown them, and I had with a sigh to pull out the missing article and to prepare myself for the questions which it would invariably call forth.

My Frank saddle excited the greatest astonishment, the price appearing in their eyes somewhat fabulous, though I had bought it cheap at second-hand. The Sheikh's son then recited some of the Koran from memory, and we left on our return to the village.

The Mekuddam came to apologise for not seeing more of me, since he had to attend to the numerous people then in the village. I now first mentioned the subject of schools, and he asked me what the Sheikh had said about

them. I replied not much, except that he allowed the deficiency of them. His son Ali had the New Testament in his hands, and the Mekuddam asking him to read a part, he read some of the Acts. The Mekuddam paid considerable attention, and asked him whether the Jews had killed St. Paul. I said yes, and then the conversation turned on our Saviour's death, a man who was present ridiculing the idea that Our Saviour had really suffered crucifixion; for the general belief of the Ansyreeh, as of the Mahometans, is that of many early heretics, that Jesus did not suffer, but one like him in his place. I was asked if I did not believe in the Koran. I said that if I did I should at once become a Mahometan, for that, my only desire was to know the truth, in order that I might be happy in the next world. The Mekuddam said, "You are right, but do you not consider that there is much that is good in the Koran?" I allowed that there was.

Saturday, July 31.—To-day the Mekuddam came at noon with his son. Ali read some of the Gospel. I chose the sermon on the mount, and he read the whole of it and the following chapter, without appearing wearied. The Mekuddam paid considerable attention; a

good tempered Christian who was present calling on him to observe some of the most striking passages. He remarked that the commandments of Christ were very strict, as did the man who the evening before had spoken rather sharply about the crucifixion of our Saviour.

The Christian I have mentioned was the only one residing in the village, and was quite a companionable person among the rude Ansyreeh. He had travelled over a good part of Syria, and now came to Bahluleeh every year from his village in the mountains to the north; for all its inhabitants disperse in different parts during the summer, to gain sufficient to support them in their houses during the winter. He was on excellent terms with the Ansyreeh, gaining a small livelihood among them by mending shoes and such like handicraft, and with his wife and daughter-in-law formed some society for my servant, being of the Greek Church and of the same religion as he. Many a time in the moonlight did I listen to their tales of caves filled with all kinds of riches, and guarded by drawn swords, which the Christian assured me he had seen with his own eyes. I asked why the money was not taken, and he replied that it was under a talisman, and that

only those Franks to whom that part of the country was allotted by fate, could break the talisman. It was in vain that I expressed my disbelief, and laughed at their stories; they did not disbelieve them a whit the less, and only set me down as incorrigibly blinded to the truth. My servant tells me that the consul at Ladikeeh, hearing of hidden treasures, set to digging on his property; and this coming to the ears of a Turkish official, he was all alive for the result, but both were doomed to be disappointed.

In the afternoon the village was set in commotion by the arrival of a Turkish colonel of irregular horse, who was seen riding up the hill, preceded by a couple of men with kettle-drums. They rode into the open space beneath my tent, and immediately took care to pick a quarrel. One of them wished to tie his horse at the door of the house in which were the Mekuddam's women, and on being remonstrated with by him, he told him that he would tie his horse in his eye, and struck him. This raised an uproar, the Turkish captain going out and expostulating, though he was not nearly so powerful a partisan of the Mekuddam as one of the latter's wives, a tall, middle-aged woman, who in no measured terms abused the horse-

man, and, if need had been, would have made little of laying violent hands on him.

Sunday, August 1st. I rose early, for it was impossible to be a lie-a-bed with the sun shining in one's eyes through the partly-open tent. The colonel paid me a visit this morning, and I received him with politeness, he being equally polite. He said that his family had originally resided in the Morea, near the Seven Islands, but had been driven from thence at the revolution. The Mekuddam announcing that breakfast was ready, he took himself off. Shortly after the captain came; he was a handsome, polished man, and had been eleven years in the country, but knew little Arabic. He also soon went.

Some Fellaheen came and spoke about the schools, but were called off by the news of another unpleasant circumstance. Two men had come with a present of fruit to the Mekuddam, and, just as they were leaving the village, were met by some irregular horse, who, seeing them in the road, pretended that they were guilty of a robbery which had lately taken place, and marched them off to Ladikeeh; and the Mekuddam went there with the hope of releasing them.

In the evening another row occurred. One of the horsemen got upon the roof of a house, and intimated his intention of sleeping there. The owner declared that he should not, as that was the place of the women; a tumult ensued, blows were given, and the whole population assembled on the tops of the houses. At length the colonel and the captain interfered, and the tumult was suppressed.

Afterwards, when some of them were standing on the roof near my tent, overlooking the lower roof, on which the colonel was lying on his carpet, he suddenly broke out into a flood of Turkish slang, cursing them and their religion, as my servant told me, and reflecting on the reputation of their women.

It may not be out of place here to speak of the Turks, their pride and oppression. Never, I suppose, was a governing race more corrupt than the present generation of Turks, from Egypt to Constantinople. If report generally, and what I heard in Egypt of the three sons of Ibrahim Pasha, be true, even an European education serves only to teach European vices, and not, generally speaking, to implant an aversion to vice and oppression. Their conduct, at the time when their empire is tottering to its

foundation, is a fresh illustration of the old saying, "*Quem vult Deus perdere prius dementat.*" The extent to which they are addicted to the worst vices is scarcely to be credited; I should not have believed it, had I not been assured by one who, I am persuaded, has had opportunities of knowing the truth. Drunkenness, for the sake of getting drunk, is one of the least of them, and every traveller in Egypt knows how much it prevails.

To give an instance. A Pasha, who began to take the conscription among the Ansyreeh just before my going among them, and who was sent to the right about by them, was invited to a consular party in Ladikeeh. Our consul excused himself from drinking glass for glass, by saying that his chest was weak, but his brother used the old trick of getting the servants to bring lemonade and such like dis-inebriating liquors, so that he was enabled to keep up to the end. The Turk drank deeply of arrack, at first apparently without any inconvenience, but at length his eyes began to twinkle, and he ended by becoming intoxicated, a climax which from the beginning he had no doubt contemplated, and intended to ensue.

One of the best scholars and most able

lawyers in the country, a judge, and an intelligent man into the bargain, often gave me a striking picture of the oppression of the Turks, and the almost impossibility of one of the Arab race getting justice if insulted by them. So vicious are they that he says he could scarce bring himself to receive a son of his into the house, who should have served for a few years in the army. He says that he has no security against their entering his house, and injuring him in the worst possible way, but their fear of his own personal indignation. If an Arab makes a complaint of a Turkish soldier, who jostles him or knocks him down, or does worse, he is answered: "How dare you make such a complaint against a soldier of the Sultan? It is impossible that he could have acted as you have described."

This may be illustrated by what happened to my informant himself. In a case which arose between him and a Turk, two other Turks interposed. He told them most civilly that the matter did not concern them, but they abused him, and were for forcing him to do as they wished. He made a complaint to a judge, and as the complainant was a Mussulman and a good lawyer, the judge could of course only

decree, according to the truth, that right was on the complainant's side. He then complained of the abuse which he had received from the Turks, but was immediately silenced by, "It is impossible that they could have said so; you must be mistaken; you don't understand Turkish;" and when he left the tribunal, notwithstanding that he had been as civil as possible to his opponents, one of them spit in his face, and, said he, "What could I do?"

If this be their treatment of those of their own religion, judge what must be the case of the poor Ansyreeh, who, since they possess no written Scriptures, as the Jews and Christians, might, so at least part of the Mahometan doctors hold, be legally slaughtered any day; a fact of which the Turks do not omit to remind them. They are abused, bullied, ground down by exaction, tortured, and driven to despair. No wonder that they are looking forward to the coming of the Franks as the greatest of blessings.

It is worth while quoting the words of one of them to a gentleman, who passed a few days at Bahluleeh some years since. When asked why they did not plant vineyards and fruit trees, since the country was so fertile: "Why," said.

he, "should I plant a tree? I shall not be allowed to eat of the fruit of it. If I repair my old house, or build a new one, higher exactions will surely fall upon me. To enlarge my fields, or increase my flocks, would have the same effect. We grow only as much corn as we can conceal in wells and cisterns. How many taxes have we to pay, and when a fresh demand will be made we never know! You see my village is full of horsemen, quartered upon us. It is always so. To-day it is money, next day barley, next day wheat, then tobacco, or butter, or honey, or Allah knows what. Then some one has been robbed somewhere or other, yesterday or some other day, or never, by some body or no body, it matters not. The horsemen come and take whatever they can get. Now we have nothing left but our wives and children. Some of our people run away, and then we have horsemen quartered upon us, till we bring back the runaways, and so we are driven to desperation."

The consequence of all this is, that the country has all the desolateness and insecurity of a desert. A certain Pasha Berber, of Tripoli, contributed much to this. He made a fierce onslaught on the Ansyreeh, cut down their fruit,

trees, and ruined their Sheikhs' tombs, and it is only just now that a few trees are being planted. When I rode out in the evening, and remained a short time after sunset, the people of the village were alarmed about me, and the son-in-law on one occasion was about to ride out in quest of me, and expressed his surprise at my riding out alone at such an hour, though it was still twilight. Nothing in the shape of cattle is left in the fields at night, for never, for many years, has the country to the north been so insecure as at present. The Ansyreeh ascribe all this to the Turkish employées, who care for nothing but their own selfish gratification, and are not unloyally disposed towards the Sultan, who, they are assured, knows nothing of the petty acts of tyranny, however galling, which are daily perpetrated. How should he?

It would not, of course, be consistent with the object of a Christian mission to inculcate dissatisfaction with the existing state of the Government, and I always took care, in my frequent conversations with the Ansyreeh about the conscription, to represent to them how far more severe was the service of our soldiers, who suffered the extremes of cold and heat,

and till lately remained absent from their homes for twenty years, than the conscription lately made among them, which is professedly only for five years; not but that there is very great difference between conscriptions in England, where 80,000 volunteers have been quickly found to offer themselves, and the forced conscriptions in the East, where the children are taken by force from their parents, as among the Ansyreeh, and dispersed among those who loathe and abuse them, and whom they fear and detest.

The conscription is particularly painful to their religious Sheikhs, who make a point of not partaking even of the food of their own district governors, lest they should be polluted by eating of that which may have been acquired by injustice, and who, I believe, would almost as soon see their children shot before their face, as taken from them to do they know not what. And let no one ridicule the idea; even the Ansyreeh Sheikhs have notions of honour and dishonour.

But while, as I have said, the Christian missionary should preach contentment and submission to the will of God, till he shall in his own good time take compassion on a country

on which the curse has so long and heavily rested, yet he would be able, either directly or indirectly, to give support and sympathy to the oppressed. The effects of education would be the enabling the Ansyreeh to assert their rights, as subjects of His Majesty the Sultan; against the insults and tyranny of the petty officials of Ladikeeh, who, on the other hand, would not dare to commit any very flagrant acts of injustice, if sensible that they were under the eye of even a solitary European. To return to my Journal.

In the evening the man who had spoken rather boldly about religion, brought my dinner, and I asked him to partake of it with me, which he did. He was now all civility; and expressed a hope that I should form a school among them.

Monday, August 2.—The captain and colonel came this morning. To the latter I said little, for I was disgusted with him for not keeping his men from injuring the poor villagers. I spoke to the former about the disturbances, and he inveighed against it, saying that he had remained a long time in the village with the regular troops under his command, and that no unpleasantness had

occurred. "Why," said he, "cannot they be civil, when the people are civil to them, and bring them food and everything they want?" He was really a good-tempered fellow, and kindly disposed. I had also a visit from the Sheikh of one or two villages of the district. He could read and write. He was very civil, and, when I told him of my intention, said that he hoped that I should carry it into execution, for that then they should continue to see my face. He read some of the book of Genesis, and exclaimed, "Extolled be the Most High!"

In the evening I took my usual ride over the desolate fields in the vicinity of the village, some of which were covered with green crops of maize. I rode to the top of a hill near the village, which I thought might be a good site for a school, if this place should, on consideration, appear to be in a good position for its commencement. The top is crowned by a Sheikh's tomb, and on the slope below is a plantation of fig-trees. Between the two is a vacant spot, which might be bought for very little, looking down on the village on one side, while on the other the eye ranges over a succession of villages and hills, till it rests on the sea at Ladikeeh. I cannot describe how cheer-

ing the sight of the sea always was to me, while among the Ansyreeh. Though but a few hours from Ladikeeh, one was in a moral wilderness, and, as far as impressions went, might almost as well have been in the centre of Africa, though within sight of the track of numerous steamers. The sea was the only sociable feature in the scene, and certainly, if possible, a view of it should be secured to the school.

On riding round the hills surrounding the village, I came to a small collection of houses, and was saluted by a man who came up and kissed my hand, calling me Effendee, and treating me with the greatest respect. He turned out to be a relative of Sheikh Ibraheem. He took me to the top of an eminence near his house, commanding a view of a valley beneath and Mount Cassius in the distance. He spoke earnestly about the state of the country, declaring that it was as bad as in the last few years of Sultan Mahmoud's reign. He said that every year they were told that the Franks were coming, but year after year passed by and they did not come. "The Government," said he, "is not strong, and therefore there is no security, and everything goes wrong." I told

him that as far as the English were concerned, I was sure that they had no intention of taking Syria. That in England every one had a voice in the Government, and that now the majority were averse to the acquiring of any new possessions ; though, I added, the representative of the English Government at Constantinople does all he can for the good of the country. He was most pressing in his invitation to me to dine with him and spend the night, saying that it would be a disgrace to him to allow me to go without partaking of his fare.

Tuesday, August 3.—I rose very early, and found the people busily engaged in collecting the Burghool, which was spread on the roofs of the houses. But the rain came upon them before they could complete the operation. I found it necessary to have all my luggage removed below, and, wrapping myself in my blanket, took refuge in the friendly Christian's house. He said that the people would come and sit with me more than they did, were their minds more free from their troubles, arising from the late conscription and the present collection of taxes. The Mekuddam is not yet returned from Ladikeeh, having been un-

successful in his endeavours to procure the liberation of the men.

In the course of the day, a man informed me that the Sheikh Ibraheem had come down, with the desire of seeing me, and was sitting under some trees at a little distance from the village, which he never entered. I walked out to meet him, and found him under a tree of evergreen oaks which were planted near the tombs of some religious Sheikhs, and cast a most agreeable shade. With this Sheikh, and three or four other Sheikhs who had ridden down with him, I seated myself on the dried leaves, and engaged in a long conversation. As once or twice afterwards, I could not help reflecting on the strangeness of my destiny, which had brought me into contact with men of the very existence of whom and their sect, though it had existed for centuries, I had not in my boyhood and college life ever heard. There we sat, and talked solemnly and ceremoniously of matters, with that depth of remark and investigation which the ignorance of the major part of us permitted. The conversation turned on the power of the English and the other allies, as they always call them, especially the Russians, and then on astronomy, whose

truths I endeavoured to prove to prejudiced minds, and one of them took great interest in the subject. At length we spoke about schools; the Sheikh asked whether, if schools were formed, we should protect the children from the conscription. "If so," said he, "you will get thirty thousand at once. There is nothing else which we cannot put up with. Taxes, however heavy, are as nothing compared with separation from our children." After a four hours' confab, each man returned to his own place.

In the evening a rather exciting and amusing scene took place. Just as the nearly-full moon was rising behind the mountains to the east, a report of firearms was heard in the vicinity of the village. There was immediately a great bustle, and two or three troopers, with the son-in-law of the Mekuddam, rode out in the direction of the firing, the colonel apparently allowing them to go before; and it was a long time indeed before he could find his pistols and get his horse, and not before he had mistaken the way once or twice, did he find the outlet from the village. In a short time they returned, with the intelligence that the robbers who had attacked some men guarding a vege-

table garden, had made off before they had arrived on the scene of action. There had been previously a most violent dispute in Turkish between the colonel and the captain. The latter assured the former that if he were to remain a month in the village, he would not collect a para of the tribute, and rated him for not keeping his men in order. The former declared that he should complain to the Government, and the captain declared in reply that he did not care, since the colonel was appointed by the Vizier, and might be removed at any time. Afterwards the captain came up to me, and indulged in merriment at the tardiness of the colonel in making his exit from the village.

Wednesday, August 4.—The greater part of this morning my tent was full of people. Sheikh Suleiman, one of those whom I saw yesterday under the trees, an open, fine-looking man, expressed himself very well. He is evidently a very intelligent man. He was much taken with a French and Arabic dictionary, and nothing would content him but my allowing him to write some of the Arabic words, and then pronouncing their French equivalents, the sound of which he succeeded pretty tole-

rably in expressing in Arabic. He and the rest were very anxious that I should open a school.

Afterwards another Sheikh, called Amram, came. He is also a fine man, with a mild, quiet, and English expression of countenance. His appearance would attract attention anywhere. Ali came to ask Sheikh Suleiman to knot a bit of thread, to be placed round his mother's neck or arm, being ill of the fever. This the Sheikh did, muttering some prayers over it, and being somewhat ashamed, excused himself to me by saying that he believed all the efficacy of the remedy to be from God.

I should say that this mother was one of three wives. He has a brother, the son of the tall brave lady whom I have before mentioned, who has the chief charge of her husband's establishment. The Sheikh Ibraheem has three wives, and the son-in-law three or four. One woman, whom he has divorced, is living with her friends in the village. As they may be divorced in an instant, the women take care not to offend their husbands. I was surprised at the unity prevailing among so many consorts, but I was assured that if one of them were to raise a quarrel, she would have

to rue it, a stern rule being of course found to be absolutely necessary in households so composed.

Ali's mother, poor thing, when I was in the village was very ill. She sought the benefit of my prayers, and one night one of the Sheikhs came to read some prayers over her, and invoked all the prophets in her behalf. Once she was taken to a tomb in the vicinity, and passed the night there, in the hope that this would have the miraculous effect of curing her. After I left the village, I heard of applications being made to the Sheikhs of the localities where I was staying, to do what they could for her, if by chance they might be more successful than the rest, but I heard afterwards that all their endeavours were of no avail, for the poor thing did not live long after my departure.

Our conversation turned on the Koran. Sheikh Suleiman said that there was but a very slight difference between it and the Gospel. On reading that part of the sermon on the mount, where men are commanded to love their enemies, he exclaimed, "That is the truth," and made some remark, comparing the Gospel favourably with the Koran. I told him

that it was impossible to believe both, and that the Gospel was entitled to our belief, since it was written long before the appearance of Mohammed, who had taken his stories of Christ from the apocryphal Gospels. To prove that the Koran was contrary to the Bible, I reminded them that Mohammed hints that Abraham was about to offer up Ishmael, while the book of Moses declares that Isaac was the person, and showed them the chapter in which the history of this event is given, and they were much taken with it. They mentioned the stories told about Abel and Cain, but said of course they are all fables, being only the invention of men who could not have had the opportunity as Moses of knowing the truth.

They declared their wish that the Franks might quickly appear, and the Turks vanish, and seemed to prefer the religion of the former to that of the latter. As the Christian told me, they speak of their desire to die in the faith of Jesus. The fact is, that they both treat the Koran and Bible with respect, kissing them and placing them on their heads; but they are comparatively unacquainted with the latter, since few have been circulated among them, and their knowledge of reading has been

acquired from the Koran, parts of which they know by heart. When they take up the Gospel, it is not only strange to them, so that they find it difficult to read it, with their imperfect scholarship, but they generally begin with the first chapter of St. Matthew and the genealogy of our Saviour, and by the time that they have stumbled through the, to their Arab ears, most strange names, they are wearied, and shut the book. The object of schools would be to put the Bible in their hands, and give them such an amount of education as would enable them to read with tolerable ease and pleasure, while some, such as the children of the religious Sheikhs and Mekuddams, according to their ability, would receive a somewhat more enlarged education. They said that the Mahometans tell them that they, the Mahometans, cannot help shuddering at what would be the fate of their, the Ansyreehs, wives and daughters, were the Franks to come to the country. I replied, "Evil to him who evil thinks. They ascribe to others what they want only the opportunity to practise themselves."

Thursday, August 5th.—I had a conversation about astronomy with one of them, who made pretensions to an acquaintance with the

science, and he did know the names of the planets, but when asked whether the sun moved round the earth, or the earth round the sun, he replied that the former was the case.

Afterwards another came and conversed on religion. He asked me how we could say that our Saviour was the Son of God. I said that it was in another sense from that in which men had sons. He said that the Ansyreeh held all the Scriptures. I told him that it was because they did not know the contents of the books of Moses and of the Gospel, for that if they did, they would see that they could not hold to them and the Koran at the same time. I spoke to him of the next world; he seemed not to believe in it, and when I spoke of the rewards to be then given to the righteous, he did not seem to like to hear of them, and apparently held the doctrine of transmigration. I compared the Gospel with the Koran, saying that a tree was known by its fruits, and that the latter had been propagated by war and bloodshed, while the former had been spread by preaching, and the submissive deaths of its preachers. He seemed struck with the conversation.

While he was with me, the son-in-law of the

Mekuddam came to request me to write to the consul in Ladikeeh, and ask him to use his interest in the release of the men who had been unjustly imprisoned, for that the Mekuddam had been unable to effect anything, not having given bribes to a sufficient amount. I consented to do so, and the result was that the men were immediately released.

Friday, August 6th.—To-day the family of the Mekuddam were busily engaged in kneading mud, and spreading it over the walls and roofs of the houses on the sides of the *grande place*, all of which belonged to the Mekuddam. As my tent was pitched in one of them, I had to fly for the day from the scene, for mud was flying in all directions. I therefore went out, and reclined on my carpet under the shade of the oaks, my servant bringing me a water-melon, since there was no water near. While there, a poor woman came with her children to visit one of the tombs of the religious Sheikhs, and burn some incense before it. She placed a little on a bit of pottery, and set it on my carpet, thus politely incensing me, at the danger of *incensing* me when, after a little, I found that the heated earthenware had burnt a hole in my carpet.

In the evening I rode out to some neighbouring hills, in which are flat slate-stones, which, when dug out and exposed to the air, harden considerably, and are sent to Ladikeeh and other places. I had in view the future construction of the school-house.

I now began to feel pains in my head and an irritation of the skin, together with loss of appetite, which made me loathe the never-ending burghool. This is nothing more than wheat boiled and then spread in the sun on the roofs of the houses to dry, when it is placed in store for the year's consumption, and when used is ground, and again boiled with a little butter. It is but heavy fare, and only suited to the hungry stomachs of the Fellaheen. When first brought to me, I could get on with it, but latterly I only skimmed a little from the top of the bowl, which was seasoned with a few fried onion parings. The people were astonished, even when I did my best, at the little which I eat, which was indeed a mere sparrow's portion compared with the vast quantities which they shovelled into their mouths, as if they had not eaten burghool daily all their lives.

Sunday, August 8.—Yesterday, young Ali

came to my tent as usual, and read here and there in my books, and overhauled my curiosities. In the evening, his father returned and seemed pleased at what I had done in the case of the man.

To-day, he went off with his son to a village, an hour or two off, to visit his threshing floors and to collect money. He pressed me very much to go with him, and I should have done so had it not been Sunday.

Sheikh Amram came in the afternoon. He spoke of the conscription, and expressed his opinion that it was a punishment sent upon them for their sins, through the instrumentality of the Sultan; for that though our Saviour had said, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy," yet men showed no mercy the one to the other. He spoke of Fate, expressing his belief in it. I said that we did not believe in it. He replied, "Your words are accepted on the head and the eye;" and corrected his assertion, by saying that God makes use of the wicked to punish the wicked. He showed, by one or two allusions, that he knew a good deal of the prophecy of Isaiah. His favourite exclamation, which he repeated continually, was, "God is ever-during in his

kingdom." He spoke of a Sheikh in the mountains who had died the year before, who had never ridden an ass or other animal, and had known several languages, of which he mentioned many which have no existence, and spoke as usual of the languages of the Franks as one and the same. He said he hoped that I should come back to them.

The mother of the Mekuddam, a respectable old lady, came and sat in the tent. She cautioned me against the people of Diryoos, the district I was next to visit, as being very covetous, and urged me to be cautious, as I might be stopped and robbed. The others, however, said that there was no reason for fear.

In the evening, the Amazon wife of the Mekuddam, came with several women and girls, escorted by the Christian. She said that they were toiling all day, but she did not see why they should not have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity as well as the men, which they accordingly did, by looking in at every crevice of the tent, and inspecting several of the curiosities; being especially taken with an Indian-rubber spunging bath. The Amazon said that the women were neither taught to

read nor to pray, and asked what was to become of them.

Monday, August 9.—A dirtily-dressed but intelligent Sheikh, who had come once or twice previously, came and spoke of the Koran and the Gospel, of the former of which he had considerable knowledge. Afterwards, a young man came, also a Sheikh, though not in much reputation, called Sheikh Yoosef; he read to me from a book purporting to be an account of some of the miracles of our Saviour, whom it styled, as the Mahometans do, the Spirit of God. Perhaps this fabulous history was taken from the spurious gospel of St. Barnabas, or some such production, which I have not seen; those who have, will be able to judge from the following, which is part of what was read to me.

Jesus had sent one of his apostles several times to a certain king, to call him to repentance and belief in God and his prophet Jesus. The king invariably slew him, and he was as invariably raised to life by Jesus. At length the king not only slew the apostle, but had him cut in pieces and thrown to lions, which devoured him, but at the command of Jesus

vomited what they had eaten ; and on his saying, " By the permission of God become what you were before," the pieces became united, and the apostle again lived. Farther on, the book spoke of the blessed Virgin Mary, whom it styled holy and pure. The angel of death came to her, while our Saviour was at a distance, and on her asking whether he was one of the angels of God, and wherefore he had come, he replied, " To take your soul." She asked to be permitted to take leave of her son, but the angel replied that he had not received permission from God to delay. She accordingly died, and on the return of Jesus, he thought at first that she was engaged in prayer, and on discovering that she was dead, raised his voice and wept, so that heaven and earth heard him. After burying her, he prayed to God that she might speak from her grave and say whether she had suffered any pain in death. She spoke and said that she had not, and a voice came from heaven, saying, that she had suffered but one of the seventy pains of death.

Jesus next went to an island and preached to its king, who promised to believe, if he would convert five hundred camels' load of sand

into gold and precious stones. This was done, and the king believed and left his kingdom at his death to one of Jesus's disciples. Afterwards Jesus saw a young man weeping at a tomb, and on asking the reason, found that he was weeping for his wife. He asked Jesus to restore her to life. Jesus replied, "How can that be, seeing that she has lived out her appointed term of life?" The young man said, "I will give her half my life." On this condition she was raised to life, and while conversing with her husband they fell asleep. The king of the country passing by was taken with her beauty, carried her off, and bribed people to say that she was his wife; but our Saviour appearing afterwards set the matter right, and so on.

I had subsequently an interesting conversation with a Sheikh. He said that they kept their religion and prayers secret, as was right. I replied that if they were sure that they knew the truth they should reveal it to others, that they might believe also. He replied that some of their people had gone, in order to do so, to the Beni Asfar, by which he alluded to a tribe which they will have it are identical with a portion of the English. He said that as soon as the English appeared in Syria they should no

longer keep any secrets. He declared that they esteemed the Gospel more than the Koran, and that there were many copies of it among them. He asserted that it was not allowable for them to revile and curse. I asked how it was that they were continually doing so. He said that the Sheikhs did not. I asked why the Sheikhs did not tell others not to do so. He replied, it would be of no use, for they would not be obeyed.

He asked, with another, whether the women read the gospel in England? I replied, why should they not? Are they like brute beasts? It is evident that they are not, and that they have souls; and it would be well for you if you were to teach your wives, so that they might bring up your children well. They said that some did, and some did not, though others at other times at once expressed their entire disapprobation of teaching women anything; and in this they did not give in to my opinions, even in appearance, as they did in most things, for to please they will tell any falsehood which comes uppermost.

Tuesday, August 10.—One of the Sheikhs called Ibraheem, renewed the conversation about the education of women, and asked

whether they had souls, and would live after death, plainly implying that, in his opinion, they had not. I told them that in England we educated them, and that the consequence was that they directed the house well. He allowed that this would be the result of education, but nevertheless, seemed quite averse to educating them, and especially to teaching them anything of religion.

He spoke of the spiritual meaning of the Koran: I told him that I knew that in the East there had always been men who insisted on its spiritual interpretation. He looked outside, and round the tent several times, and then uttered some mystic word, with the desire, apparently, of testing whether I was acquainted with their signs. He said that the English of old did not teach their wives, by way of question. He spoke of the next life, and as to whether the souls of men would remain in a state of suspense till the day of resurrection. He seemed to believe in the doctrine of transmigration, but was struck at my saying that every man would give account of his own works done in the body, whether they were good or evil.

A well-dressed young man came to-day, and

said that they were in constant expectation of the coming of the English, being led to it by the testimony of their books, which contained prophecies to that effect; and this was told me more than once.

I went out and lay under my favourite oaks, and watched the white clouds driving overhead. Their appearance in summer time, and the cool wind and foliage, reminded one of Old England. A Sheikh called Hhaheeb came with several others and entered into conversation with me. He had small eyes and a sharp countenance, which were emblematic of his cunning and intelligence, of which he seemed to possess a fair share. He showed some knowledge of the names of countries, but very little of astronomy, about which he put several questions, as well as about the nature of the clouds. We spoke about the schools and what would be taught in them, and then about religion. As others, he declared that they held all the Scriptures. I expressed my surprise. He said that they were all alike, but that one prophet had abrogated what had been sanctioned, for a time, by the preceding ones. I replied that I could understand this, but not how there could be any difference and contradiction in matters of

history, as in the Gospel and Koran. He could not reply, but smiled, as he did continually. He said that I should be welcome if I came back, but I doubt whether, in his case, this came from his heart, for I guess that he somewhat suspected the subject of the schools, and their probable effect on his own order. He told me to say to the people of England that they were followers of the Messiah, as they themselves were, and that they revered all the prophets.

CHAPTER V.

LEAVE BAHLULEE—ILLNESS—TOILSOME JOURNEY—DIRYOOS—
 INTELLIGENT MEKUDDAM—WISH FOR SCHOOLS—A KNAVE—
 HOSPITABLE MUSSULMAN—SAHIYOON—MUSSULMAN CHAMPION
 —MAGNIFICENT CASTLE—NARROW ESCAPE—SHEMSEEN—AN-
 SYREEH ROBBER—ANSYREEH TUTOR—SHEIKH HASSAN—ANSY-
 BEEH CHEATING—CHRISTIAN VILLAGE—INFIDEL PRIEST—GOOD
 SITE FOR SCHOOL—MUHAILBY—FINE CASTLE—KURDAH—
 MERRY MEETING—ANSYREEH' DANCE—CIRCUMCISION—FEAST
 —AIN SUKKUR—ANSYREEH BON-VIVANT.

THE time now came for my leaving Bah-
 luleeh, where I had received the greatest
 civility from every one with whom I had come
 in contact. Wherever I went, the people
 saluted me, standing up as I passed, and
 seemed pleased at the residence of a Frank for
 so considerable a period among them. The
 evening before I left, I felt very unwell, and
 feared that I should not be able to start; which
 I wished to do, hoping that the air of Diryoos,
 which is high up in the mountains, would set
 me all right.

I slept little that night, and next morning

started before dawn in a pitiable plight, riding by the light of the stars, and preceded by the chief servant of the Mekuddam, a man who went by the name of the Arnaout, his father having originally come from the Arnaout country. His son, somehow or other, though a Mussulman, had been brought up in the Mekuddam's family. He was a good-tempered honest fellow, though perhaps none of the brightest.

After two hours we arrived at the village of Shereefah, where were the men who had been released, through my instrumentality, from prison in Ladikeeh. The people of course were most grateful for this, but I felt indifferent to everything, and laying my head on my saddlebags, endeavoured to sleep. They brought me some milk, but I could not manage it, it being very sour. After a two hours' rest, one of my protégés girded himself with a sword, and trudged on before me; my servant being mounted on a donkey, and my luggage, which was now reduced to the smallest possible compass, being placed on a mule. I had left my tent, and everything which I did not absolutely want, at Bahluleeh, for I had been informed that the roads were very bad. And so this day they

proved. At first the road was pretty, the villages, hills, and valleys forming a pleasing landscape. But at length we came to mountains, covered only with low brushwood, and the road was in some places nearly perpendicular, so that, being too weak to walk, the horse was at one time nearly falling over upon me. However, on we went by little and little, passing armed peasants, and others engaged at their threshing floors, situated here and there in the midst of a patch of cultivated ground.

At midday we arrived at some shady trees situated near a Sheikh's tomb, and again I lay down and slept for two hours. Again we started over the same dreary mountains, and along paths intercepted by thick brushwood, from which we had continually to guard our heads and sides, till at length, to my delight, we came in sight of the house of the Mekuddam. It was situated at the end of a large valley, along the side of which we wound as if we were never to arrive at our destination. The family of the man whom I was about to visit originally possessed little influence, but has latterly become numerous and rich, so that he has the credit of being one of the most powerful of the Ansyreeh chiefs, and his district would

be a very difficult and inaccessible one for Turkish troops to invade.

My back and limbs felt as if broken, and glad enough was I to alight. I was received most politely, and ushered into a common chamber, or divan, in the farther corner of which my bedstead was pitched. My friend, the captain of Bahluleeh, was here with some of his company, having taken up his quarters in the leewan, or recess, outside. In the room were a number of men who were disputing about the payment of the meeri, or taxes. I was glad to escape from the chamber, and went up behind the house and sat under a tree, which afforded the only shade in the place, and where a little breeze was to be felt. To my disappointment I found that the place was even warmer than Bahluleeh, being situated in a valley, on the bare sides of which the sun poured its rays, no wind finding its way to temper the heat. They brought me some goat's flesh and chicken broth, but I could not eat it, and the Christian, who had accompanied me, and ordered it for me, and whose appetite had been sharpened by the day's march, took my place, and paid the fare ample honour. When night came on I went down and lay on

my bed, and the Mekuddam kindly came to me and felt my pulse, declaring that I had got a fever; and in truth I was suffering from a low fever, accompanied by congestion of the brain.

I found the Mekuddam to be a very intelligent old man. He had lately been sent to Beyrout for some offence against the Government, and had only come off free through the kind interposition of the consuls there. He spoke with great respect of the American consul and of Dr. Smith, one of the missionaries, who had been very kind to him. He entered at once into the project of a school, and urged me to come to the mountains forthwith and build a house. He said: "We all desire it, and it would be a great act of kindness on your part." He made some very sensible remarks, but was not altogether free from superstitious credulity, firmly believing that there was a kind of grass growing in the mountains, which, when partaken of by sheep, turned their teeth into gold.

Next day, feeling still very unwell, I went up and lay under the shade of the tree, and the chief servant of the Mekuddam came up, who had been very attentive from the moment I

arrived. He at first appeared a tolerable sort of a fellow, but I soon found that he had an object in view, which was nothing less than to get a ring which I was wearing, and which he asked me to *sell* to a wife of the Mekuddam. I declared that I was no merchant, and that in no case would I part with the ring, which was a mourning one, of which I explained to him the nature. The lady, for whom he wished to have the ring, had previously asked my servant if I had no handkerchiefs or other articles for sale, probably taking me for a merchant or travelling pedlar, and thinking it a good opportunity to make some additions to her wardrobe, since she had few opportunities of drawing on her husband's purse.

The man spoke of having been at Beyrout, and the racketty life he had led there among the Greeks. I told him that he had been with the very lowest of the low. He then began to talk of a dream which he pretended to have seen. He declared that for five hours consecutively he had continued to repeat; "There is no God but God, Jesus is the spirit of God," and that at the end of that time our Saviour had appeared to him. He was about to proceed, but I stopped him and said that it was

all humbug. Once or twice afterwards he spoke of the ring, but I silenced him at once. He turned out to be a drunken fellow, not an Ansyreeh, but a Mussulman from the north, who had taken refuge with the Mekuddam.

A Christian from Ladikeeh, who had come up to buy tobacco, which is the chief production of this part of the mountains, and yields a large revenue, was one of the occupiers of the room in which I had taken up my quarters. He is the father-in-law of our consul in Ladikeeh, a good-tempered old man, who, with the view of assisting me in my exertions, spoke pretty freely to the Ansyreeh, and urged them to read the Gospel.

Another occupant of the room was a Mussulman, called Saleh Aga, of Sahiyoon, the district which adjoins Bahluleeh, and which separates it from the Ansyreeh districts to the southward; its inhabitants being principally Mahometans. He asked me to go and stay with him, and as I had nothing to detain me, and was glad to escape from the crowded room and desolate valley, which had nothing to soothe the eye, I accepted his invitation, and sent my servant before to procure a mule for the luggage. The Mekuddam pressed me to

stay seven or eight days, and when I rode off, accompanied me a few steps, and dismissed me in the civilest way. I heard, however, afterwards, that he was not free from the general cupidity of the Fellaheen, who, like all the other ignorant people of Syria, have an intense love for money and presents, for he urged some one to ask the gift of my copy of the 'Arabian Nights,' though the Christian dissuaded him from doing so, by representing that it would be disgraceful.

Some three hours brought us to the house of my host, and I was ushered into a small, but clean and newly-built room, which commanded a beautiful view of hills, crowned by villages, and clothed with vineyards and fig-trees, the view being terminated by the plain and sea. The district is in many respects a great contrast to the surrounding ones, inhabited by the Ansyreeh, proving that the oppression to which these people are subjected, and the disunion prevailing among them, which is fostered by the Government for its own purposes, are the only things which keep them from making every part of the fertile tracts which they inhabit a perfect garden of fruit-trees and corn-fields.

My host introduced me to his father, a hale, good-tempered old Mussulman, but heavy and prosy as his son. They bored me with questions about the Franks, being very favourably disposed towards them, since they have constant commercial intercourse with the consuls in Ladikeeh, with whom they are on the best terms; and they said, as is the case, that in Ladikeeh at present the distinction between the Mussulmans and the Christians, as in many other places, is by the majority almost forgotten, the flag of the consul being a set-off to the religion of the Mahometans.

I found it difficult to answer the many questions which they asked me as to my reasons for travelling among the Fellaheen, and in other places too I was much put to it to keep my own counsel, for the soldiers used their little Arabic to discover my object in putting myself to what they considered as most unnecessary inconvenience. My friend the captain had solved the difficulty by observing, behind my back, that the fact was that the Franks had pockets full of money, and but very little sense, or they would never leave home, where they might sit still and smoke all day, to encounter all the fatigue and expense of travelling.

When I got back to Ladikeeh, the consul told me that he had heard that the Governor had been giving himself trouble about me, for he had heard that there was an Englishman travelling in the mountains, and about to build a church there. I was most particular in keeping my intentions and movements as secret as possible, not wishing to have them talked of unnecessarily. But such a thing as a Frank's travelling for pleasure in such a country as that of the Fellaheen, not to speak of far more interesting localities, without a special object, was not to be believed, and the Turks made up their minds that I was an Ansyreeh in religion ; in this holding the opinion of many of the Ansyreeh themselves.

We had much conversation about the Franks and their relative power, the son saying all he possibly could for the Turks. He said that even now, if the powers of the West were to come, they would be able to make a resistance, and that the Arabs of the desert, and all others of the same religion, would give them assistance. I said that the Bedouins now-a-days scarcely seemed to have any religion, and that they would certainly not fight for the Turks, and this he had to own. Privately he told my

servant that he considered himself capable to master ten such as me, and that the Franks, generally, held their lives very dear to them. My man told him that he ought not to judge of all Franks by me, for that I was no warrior; and he might have added that, at that time, I was in no condition to go out to battle with the Mahometan champion.

Though his words were of war, he was in reality a kind-hearted and hospitable fellow, and, with his father, afforded a good specimen of the old school of upright Mahometans. A Christian, who called, raised a controversy about religion, and they came to me to ask if our Saviour had been really crucified or not. Of course I said yes, and they urged those parts of the Koran where the fact is denied, apparently supposing that its authority must weigh even with me. They agreed that the world was in a most corrupt state, and judged from it that the coming of Christ to destroy Antichrist, which is expected by the Mahometans to precede the final judgment, was near at hand.

Their numerous questions were very tedious, though it was incumbent on me to bear with them better than I did, for they entertained

me most hospitably, taking me to their vineyards and killing fowls for my use.

About an hour and a half off is the celebrated castle of Sahiyoon, which, weak and dejected though I was, and supremely indifferent at the time to the most splendid ruins, I could not omit to visit. I rode thither, escorted by the servant and the youngest son of the old man; his eldest son having been killed at the time of Ibraheem Basha, in an engagement which had taken place near the castle. They were armed as usual, and always seemed on the guard against the Ansyreeh, of whom they spoke with great contempt.

The castle appeared near, but there was a deep ravine to descend before we could mount the hill on which it is situated. I rode down its side, notwithstanding the strict charge of the old man, not to think of doing so. The path was steep enough, and above it frowned cliffs, one of which was pointed out to us as the spot whence a man, who had been collecting honey, had fallen headlong.

The remains of the castle are very fine. To the north, a deep excavation, quarried in the solid rock, separates it from that part of the hill on which was situated a village in former

times, to which there had been access from the castle by a drawbridge spanning the gap, and resting in the centre on a huge and lofty pillar of rock, which had not been removed with the rest. As we rode through this ravine, the magnificent towers of the castle, built most compactly of enormous hewn stones, towered above. Within one of these towers is a splendid chamber, with massive columns and springing arches, one part of the floor of which, rising above the rest, was the place of honour; and in imagination one peopled the hall with the chivalry of old, and pictured the groups standing apart in the deep windows, discoursing of deeds of daring and romance. We looked through the vast arched cellars in which the remains of burnt wheat still testified to the occupation of the place by the troops of Ibraheem Basha. There are two enormous cisterns, themselves repaying a visit, with lofty over-arched roofs pierced in several places, and floors covered to the depth of many feet with the clearest water, which, stretching away through arched passages, in the uncertain light, seemed of indefinite extent and volume. A pistol fired in one of them gave back the loudest reverberation

that I had ever heard, being like a loud thunder-clap overhead.

In emerging from part of the ruins, a snake, which was hanging in a tree, came within a foot or two of my head, but quickly darted away among the ivy which covered the walls. It was large and white, and of a deadly kind, and gave my companion a turn, or he would have been able easily to cut it down with his sword. On our return, they all expressed great surprise at this, for they said that it had been often remarked that there was not a snake in the ruins. After viewing the tower of the Bint-el-Melek or, king's daughter, of which there is always one in every castle, and enjoying a fine view from it, we returned home before the heat of the day.

This castle was taken by Saladin after he had made himself master of Gebilee and Ladi-keeh (*Vita Saladini auct. Bohadino, Ed. Schultens, cap. 43*). According to Von Hammer it is celebrated as having been commanded by one of the Assassins, called Hamsa, whose deeds form one principal part of the romance of the Turks.

My quarters, though cooler than at Diryoos,

were still unenviable. The room was full of people, vociferating as if every one was deaf, and quarrelling about a piastre as if it were a fortune. The face of an old Ansyreeh peasant, who was accused by the servant of not giving him his portion of the produce of a certain fig-tree, was a perfect study ; such a mixture of cunning and virtuous indignation was there in his eyes, in which a smile continually twinkled. His unabashed face altered not, though his tongue might for a moment falter, when called upon to explain the evident inconsistencies of the falsehoods which flowed from his lips.

The old gentleman, the first day, had been boasting of his health as being never out of order, but it turned out that even he could not do just as he liked, for an imprudent act brought on a sharp attack of intermittent fever, which caused him to groan and mutter like a child or wild bull, so as to render him anything but an agreeable companion.

On the afternoon of August 15, I started for Shemseen, the adjoining district, to whose Mekuddam I wished to pay the next visit. We passed the carcass of a donkey putrefying in the sun, which accounted for the dreadful stench which I had perceived for a day or two,

without knowing from whence it came. There it lay, not far from the spot where people had continually to come to draw water, without any attempt being made to remove it.

Towards sunset we arrived at our destination. I found that the Mekuddam was away, but was conducted to the house of his brother, of whom I had before heard as being a great robber, on whom the Government had an eye, but was afraid to attempt to seize in his own den. I could not fully believe all that was said of him, for his whole appearance and manner coincided with his reputation. He is a tall man, with a grey restless eye and determined look. He never remained in one position for a long time together, continually rising and walking about. At night he goes off with his dependants to Wady Candeel and other places, and seizes what he can lay his hands on. With all this, he was very civil, and his determination was useful to me, for he very unceremoniously turned out nearly all who were in the room which I had entered, and piled my luggage up in one corner, out of harm's way; for he would have been greatly annoyed if I had missed anything while with him, and he, more than most men, knows what theft is.

In the evening we dined on burghool, in more senses than one, reclining on the roof which was strewed with it. The room in which I was had one open window, level with the ground, and in and out of it people made their ingress and egress; but the first night, to my great delight, we were left alone, and I went early to bed. But I could not sleep well, for my skin was in a distressing state of irritation, whether arising from the dampness of the room, or from what I had eaten; for they would put butter with the food, and it was all that my servant could do to prevent their adding garlic.

Next morning, I looked forward to an unpleasant day, for there was nothing attractive in the neighbourhood, the weather was hot, and the people rough, though civil. A young Sheikh, whom I had dispossessed of the room during the night, came in the daytime with two pupils, one of them the son of my host. They squatted on a bit of felt in a corner of the room, and for the whole day did he drum into them one of the closing chapters of the Koran, of which this is the translation: "God is one; to God do men resort; he begets not, neither is he begotten; neither has he any

equal." Like young Sisyphuses, their labour profited nothing; they seemed utterly incapable of reading it even by rote, and, as well as their master, made a continually-recurring mistake, as the last words tumbled out of their mouths. I took refuge for a time under some fig-trees, at a little distance, and on my return gratified the eager desire of the Sheikh to have a sight of some of my books. He could read, but imperfectly, and consequently could form only an imperfect idea of their contents; but when he was asked by others his opinion of the Bible and Psalms, spoke rather depreciatingly of them, with the air of a man who could say more if he chose, while in reality he knew nothing.

They had heard of my project of a school from the people of Diryoos and Bahluleeh, and mentioned it to me. I told them that I was not yet certain that I should carry it into effect, and they said that I must at once do so, and spoke in their usual exaggerated manner of my never leaving them.

The young Sheikh went off for another, a relative, called Sheikh Hassan, who came in the evening, and whom, though I saw little of him, I consider the most intelligent of all with whom I came in contact. By the light of

a small oil lamp he read most of the books which I had with me. He brought one or two of his own. One of them consisted of some extracts from the English Prayer Book, published some years ago by the Prayer Book and Homily Society. He mentioned the names of several of the services, and had the effrontery to say that they were similar to their own. He knew some of the numeric ciphers used in the West, and magnified his knowledge to the utmost, pretending that he could read English, and that even before me. The Sheikhs are most anxious to pick up a little knowledge of any kind, the more out of the way the better, which they magnify in the eyes of the ignorant people, so as to be considered by them oceans of learning. He read my printed copy of the Koran, speaking depreciatingly of it, but immediately asked if I would sell it. He spoke of the school, and said, as did others, that it would be a great act of kindness or grace to open one. He said that the children would be able to learn the Frank language, and would then profit by intercourse with the Franks, and might even go to England; a thing anxiously desired by many of them, frequent applications being made to me to be taken there. I asked

the Sheikh if he had any children. He said, yes. I said, "You must send one of them to the school, and when he has learnt, he will return and teach you." He was much pleased at the idea. He urged me to form a school there, as being in a central position. In fact, each one wished the school to be as near his own locality as possible, so as to profit the more by it in various ways.

He was most anxious to get a present, and got those who were sitting round us, blowing clouds of smoke, to retire from the room, and then spoke in a confidential way, asking if there were any treasures in the castles which I had visited, and what was the real object of my travels. He stopped a long time, expecting that I should understand and gratify his wish; but though I understood it well enough, I did not gratify it, for in this my first tour I did not wish to accustom them to receive presents, which would cause them to expect more in all time to come.

My host amused himself by applying to his leg one of some leeches which I had sent to Ladikeeh for, but not used, imagining that it did vast good to an old wound, which had somewhat disabled it. Anything which they

can get for nothing they willingly accept or ask for. This time the object of desire was my silk girdle, though my host did not directly ask for it, and I only heard of his wish through my servant.

On my leaving, I gave a present to one of his men, wrapped up in two pieces of paper. He directly put one of them into his bosom, and told his master that he had only received such and such; as I found out afterwards, when the latter told my servant, who was behind, that his man told him that I had given him such and such, a sum the half of what I had really given. Thus they deceive one another on every possible occasion. For the sake of a piastre they will tell a thousand lies, and be perfectly unabashed if found out in them.

My intention was to have proceeded at once to Muhailby, the next district of the Fellaheen; but as I heard of a village in the way inhabited by Greeks, I determined to make a short stay there; for I thought that its neighbourhood, being a central spot, might offer an eligible site for a school. After an hour or two we arrived there, and as I had no tent with me nor introduction, I rode up to the house of one of the two principal men of the

village, expecting, as was the case, that I should be at once asked to alight and enter. I accordingly entered into part possession of the only room, a tolerably large one, having my carpet spread on the floor on one side and my luggage piled up on the other. The remaining parts of the room were occupied by others, the son of the owner, who was married, with several children, lying on a mattress opposite to me, having been long ill of an intermittent fever and eruption of the skin. His manners were tolerably polished ; but his father, who did not come in till afterwards, was a rough mountaineer, though respectful.

They brought me some eggs swimming in butter, of which my poor servant could not partake, for he was now among his own people and it was a time of fasting, so that he had to put up with boiled loveapples and bread, and such-like light food. Previously, among the Fellaheen, he had eaten whatever was set before him, asking no questions, properly remarking that in such cases it was impossible to live for weeks together merely on dry bread. They found out that hitherto he had not been keeping the fast, which was that of the Virgin, and made some allusion to my having given him

money, which in Syria, as well as in Ireland, is supposed or alleged to be the instrument of conversion to Protestantism. I understood what they said, and quickly cut them short, for the charge was of course utterly unfounded, since I left my man to act in such things as his conscience dictated.

In this quiet village I spent a few days, being glad, in this the middle of my trip, to have a little rest from the teasing questions and cupidity of the Ansyreeh.* In the daytime I sat under some noble oaks, growing as usual by the side of the tombs of some Ansyreeh Sheikhs, from whence the eye ranged over mountain, plain, and sea. In the evening, I rode out on the road to Ladikeeh to a spot about half a mile from the village, which seemed to be an eligible one for a school-house. The place is central, not too far from Ladikeeh (about six hours), and secluded, so as to be more removed from the observation of Turkish officials than Bahluleeh. Land might be bought cheaply for forming orchards and vegetable gardens for the use and maintenance of the establishment; the neighbouring mountains affording pasturage for goats. Not that there are not advantages at Bahluleeh which

might counterbalance these, in that there is in the neighbourhood a well-disposed and more civilized population, and building materials in greater plenty. After sunset, I sat under a canopy of dried leaves, looking at the moonlit landscape, and the fires appearing here and there on the mountain sides. At night I took refuge in the thickly-populated room.

The first night, to my dismay, I found that not only would the young man sleep there, but his wife, his mother, and several small children; the father, to my comfort, finding an asylum elsewhere. The weather was warm, and I quickly perceived that there was no help for it but to lay aside modesty and my clothes together, and get into bed and go to sleep.

I have said that the inhabitants of the village are principally Greeks, but they are intermixed with and surrounded in every quarter by the houses and villages of the Fellaheen. They have been settled here 150 years, it being the only Christian village in this part of the mountains. Their church, of a size suitable to the wants of the village, neat and well-built, is very creditable to them. Their priest, who came several times to the room where I was

and sat smoking some time, is an intelligent man, and has seen something more of the world than one would have expected in a resident in such a quiet spot. Unfortunately, however, he seemed somewhat of an infidel, and loved to show his capacity for argument, though at the risk of doing his flock harm. For instance, he spoke of that chapter of the Koran in which it is said that God neither begets nor is begotten, and declared his approval of it, without qualifying his language in any way before his ignorant auditors. However, the master of the house, who probably knew his propensity, managed to silence him. One remark which he made was amusingly unanswerable. We were speaking of printed and manuscript books, and I remarked that the former were the more accurate. On which he replied sententiously, "There is nothing accurate but God."

Intelligence came from Ladikeeh that in the night pomegranates, eggs, and such-like missiles were thrown into the houses; I suggested that it was the work of some mischievous young men, but they set it down as that of genii and sorcerers. When sitting one day under the trees, a young Ansyreeh Sheikh came and

asked me civilly to allow him to read the books which were lying by my side. He spoke of the English, and said that there were four different sections of them, one of which was like themselves. I told him that all were Christians, and that they could not possibly know anything certain about them, for that no one of their nation had gone to England. He allowed the justice of my remark, and said that God had not decreed concerning them that they should travel, and that if one of them went to Ladikeeh and stopped a night, it was thought a very great matter. He asked me whether I had bought the castle of Sahiyoon, for that he had heard people talking about me, saying that I had. I told him no; and he said, "So I told them." Like all his tribe he was a great liar, and said that they were Christians, and then that they were Mahometans. I said that it was of no use his attempting any disguise, for that every one knew that they were a sect by themselves, at which he laughed.

On the Sunday, my hosts soon performed their devotions, and then spent the day in talking and laughing about the veriest trifles, and in huckstering for articles brought from the town. The young men wished me to lend

him the 'Arabian Nights' to read, and on my declining, declaring that it was not a fit book for the Sunday, another remarked, "He is right; to-day we ought to read the lives of the Saints."

Of the inhabitants of Muhailby and Kurdahah, the districts I was next to visit, I heard by no means a flattering account; the people, of the last especially, being described to me as a wild set. The ruined castle of Muhailby was just visible from Muzairaäh, the village in which I was, but the way to it was along the descent and ascent of the precipitous sides of a valley, and the house of the Mekuddam was situated on the other side of the hill on which the castle is built. At length we came to it after a two hours' ride, passing by the tombs of numerous Sheikhs, one of which, surmounted by four domes, was said to be that of Sheikh Hassan of Bussorah.

The Mekuddam's house is pleasantly situated on the slope of a valley, on either side of which are houses thinly scattered. The chief production of the soil is tobacco, which, on reaching his house, I found his wives stringing and hanging up in the shade to dry. These, and an old lady whom I took to be the mother of the Mekud-

dam, received me with great civility, the master of the house not being at home. The dowager, like other old ladies in the East, had dyed her hair of an auburn colour. One of the wives was very pretty, as fair and English-looking as a Devonshire girl. Before the house was a well-beaten platform, planted with mulberry trees, which shaded me from the sun by day, and formed the canopy of my bed at night.

Some men came, among them a Sheikh or two. One of them would not believe that I had no intention in coming except the one I had mentioned about a school. He continually asked me the same question, saying that my replies were not to be believed, till I sharply told him that in that case words were of no profit, and that I always meant what I said. He read the 148th Psalm, and asked several questions as to what was meant by the sun and moon being called on to praise the Lord. I should remind the reader that there are two sects among these people, called respectively the Shemseeh and the Kumreeh,—Shems being Arabic for sun, and Kumr for moon; and the people of Muhailby and Diryoos were described to me as Shemseeh, the rest being Kumreeh. They mix up their reverence for

Ali in some undefined way with that for the sun and moon, which no doubt accounts for this Sheikh's remarks. He affected to treat the Gospel with great respect, kissing it several times and placing it upon his head.

Motherly affection is as strong among them as anywhere else. The children are not insensible of it, and they asked me in several places whether I had a mother; and on my answering in the affirmative, "How then," said they, "does she like your being so long away from her?" I told them that the only thing which reconciled my mother to my absence was the hope that I was effecting good by it, and that English families were obliged to disperse over the world.

About an hour or two before sunset, I started to inspect the castle on the other side of the valley. Several men and boys went with me as guides, and I rode up the steepest place that I had ever ascended on horseback. With my English saddle it was as much as I could do to keep on the back of the horse. The castle is very extensive, and must have been very strong, except on one side. Those with me pointed to it, saying, "Here were your ancestors;" for it is the almost universal opinion of the people

that all great buildings, such as castles, bridges, &c., were the work of the Franks, since they are little accustomed to see any great work attempted by the present generation of Turks. In one place, the Ansyreeh remarked on the carelessness of the Government, and the insecurity of things, so that bridges and other buildings were allowed to fall into decay without any attempt being made to preserve them. I sat on the highest point of the castle, to see the sun go down in the western wave. I remained looking over the plain, on which a haze rested, but at length, in the extreme north, the majestic form of Mount Cassius broke through the clouds. My companions sat with patience a few steps lower down, wondering at my dawdling and beguiling the time with jokes and laughter.

In the evening the Mekuddams came home, one passing straight to his house, and the other, at whose house I had alighted, receiving me most politely. He was an old man, and not to be distinguished by his dress from others. I told him that my wish was to open a school, and that if I did so his sons and those of his kindred would be welcome. He did not seem to understand very well what I said, but after-

wards asked my servant about it, and said that a school would be a good thing, and that if others sent their sons, he should do so too. He is probably doubtful of what others would think about the school, especially the Government; and this would be a let as respects the district governors, who are appointed from among the Fellaheen. As to the religious Sheikhs, one of them said to me, "*We* have nothing to do with the Government, and shall send our sons where we please."

Here, as elsewhere, I had great difficulty in procuring means of conveyance for my servant and luggage, having only my horse with me. At length a mare was brought, and the luggage put upon her; but as she was unaccustomed to anything but riding, she refused to move, and threw herself down, to leave no doubt of her intentions. Accordingly, I had nothing to do but to leave my servant and luggage behind, and to proceed to Kurdahah, accompanied by a guide. The distance was three hours over table land, a desolate road, seldom if ever traversed by an European.

On arriving at Kurdahah, I ascended to a platform, as usual covered by dried branches, and found several persons, who proved to be

strangers, and could give me no assistance in my search for an animal to send for my servant. At length one of the Mekuddams came, a repulsive-looking man, whose brow seemed scarcely ever to relax from a habitual frown. He was civil, but could not read my letter, which was read by the other, who came shortly, and who had paid a visit to my tent when I was at Bahluleeh. The first-mentioned one took his noontide nap, and though I afterwards pressed him for an animal, he declared that none was to be got then, every one being employed; and I found that I must give up all hope of obtaining one that day, and leave my servant where he was, shifting for myself as well as I could. The Mekuddam at Muhailby had told me that I should find forty animals at Kurdahah, by way of removing the burden of finding one from his own shoulders; but my servant told me that when no news came from me, he expressed the greatest regret that he had allowed me to go alone.

I found that my visit had fallen on the eve of a great merry-making, on the occasion of a circumcision, which, as far as regarded my personal comfort, happened unfortunately, but I was afterwards glad to have had an opportu-

nity of witnessing the ceremony, and the large concourse of people which it brought together. In the afternoon, we were entertained by some tumbling, the boy who executed it managing cleverly in the last tumble to stand erect before me, and was easily satisfied by a small present. In the evening they brought me some chicken and grapes, and a Turkish corporal and some soldiers invited themselves to dine with me, preferring the doing so to partaking of the other messes ; and as we were all on an equal footing as guests, there was no objecting, though they eat the lion's share.

At night a bonfire was lit, and the young men and maidens formed in a ring round it, holding each other's hands, the women keeping in a cluster ; and thus placed, they moved slowly round the fire from left to right, at the same time giving a kind of polka point with toe and heel. The dance was accompanied with the music of pipe and drum, and when it flagged, with the voices of the dancers, who sang a simple chant *without* variations. By the light of the fire the group did not look uninteresting ; the red or white dresses of the ladies, and the gold coins hanging from their tresses, setting them off to advantage.

Among them, *facile princeps* in beauty, shone the wife of the Mekuddam, as the moon among the planets, dressed in a red silk or sham silk dress, and loaded with a profusion of gold coins. Her beauty was noted among the Ansyreeh, and a source of pride to them, one of them saying to me, by way of praise, "Why she is nothing." She had most beautiful black eyes, which shone as often in anger as in laughter; for, to say truth, she was a perfect termagant, and a fitting consort to her sulky husband. Moreover, she evidently was not insensible to her own charms, and made use of all her wardrobe to display them after the day's work.

The older men and women stood and sat round the fire, emitting volumes of tobacco smoke; and the younger urchins played about the flames, or brought bundles of wood to replenish them. I sat on the hard ground near the Mekuddam, with my knees touching my chin, till I felt very uncomfortable. After some time, a man dressed in felt, with a conical cap of the same material on his head, and a torch in his hand, ran down into the ring, followed by another, dressed as a woman, who personated his wife, and also had a couple of torches, with which he spun round like

a St. Catherine's wheel. These were travelling musicians, or buffoons, the wit of whose performance turned chiefly on the bullying of the husband and the obstinacy of the wife. I did not understand the whole of the allusions, but by a subsequent explanation of them by my servant, it seemed that they calculated on a very broad love of humour indeed in their audience. The performances ended by the calling on the Mekuddams, and the kindred of the boys who were to be circumcised, to come into the ring, where they made presents to the performers, some giving one thing and some another; either ostentatiously divesting themselves of a jacket or girdle, or counting into the hand of the buffoon a number of half-piastres, and he in some cases did not scruple to express his dissatisfaction. As I afterwards learned, a large share of the spoil is returned to the Mekuddam. As a reward for the presents, the names and titles of the donors were sounded forth by the *King-at-Arms*, and were received with acclamation, and among them the consul who was present, meaning me, was not forgotten.

I was not sorry to go off to my couch, the only carpet, which I took care to secure during my stay. This I spread on one side of the open

platform, and having, with some difficulty, in the confusion, secured a garment of the Me-kuddam's, I placed it above, and was soon asleep.

The next day I kept to my carpet in the morning, and was gratified by the arrival of my servant, whose value in many little ways I had discovered, by being without him for a short time. To-day there was a still larger concourse, and in the evening the same performances were repeated. One of the performers, who had gone about a good deal from place to place, and was an intelligent man, came to me as I was sitting alone, the rest having gone to the fire, and spoke about religion, asking me whom we revered most in England. I said God; and he said, "Of course, all men do that, but which of the prophéts?" I said Jesus. He said that some of them had great respect for Ali. He seemed to wish to discover what I knew of their religion, but looked cautiously round while he was speaking.

On the next day was the chief gathering, and the platform and the space below were crowded with people, who might be seen in all directions, coming from the several villages of

the district. The chief guests were received with sound of pipe and drum, and there was much kissing and saluting. I found myself a considerable object of observation.

One handsome young Sheikh from the neighbourhood came and sat by me, and read the Koran and other books. He, as others, professed to consider my copy worth little, and then asked me to sell it. His arm had been hurt by a fall, and he was most pressing that I should do something for it. He read some of Thomas-a-Kempis, and appeared much struck with it, as others had been before, and said, "These are true words." I conversed with several of the guests. One fine old fellow, who had several sons, was very anxious that I should take one of them with me to England, to be out of the way of the conscription, which was a continual source of alarm to him. One son who accompanied him, quite a youth, was armed both with pistols and sword.

One of the Mekuddams, a little fellow and a capital rider, amused himself and the rest by trying some good horses belonging to different comers. Afterwards he and others played with the Djereed in the fields near.

A Christian from Ladikeeh, the secretary or

scribe of the district, who remains here during a part of the summer, was among the guests. He spoke of the schools, saying that he thought that the Ansyreeh would like them but would be afraid of the Mussulmans. He laughed a good deal at their rude merry-making. The boys who were to be circumcised were taken in procession to one of the many whitewashed tombs crowning the surrounding hills. This they entered, and remained a short time, and then returned to the platform, where the operation was performed. I was asked more than once whether the English practised circumcision, which they seemed to suppose was the case.

The closing and most important scene was yet to come. I was awakened very early by the preparations for the feast, for with the dawn two goats were slaughtered, and huge cauldrons of rice and burghool were ranged in order just below where I sat, so that I watched them simmering till after noon, when, as I had eaten nothing and my appetite was becoming keen, I began to wish that there were no such things as grand dinners and preparations. At last the servant of the Mekuddam, understanding my state, brought two bowls of rice with bits of meat on the top, before the general dis-

tribution took place; but I could not enjoy mine without molestation, for the old gentleman I have mentioned had no sooner finished his bowl, with the assistance of others equally hungry with himself, than he began to make an inroad on mine, notwithstanding the half-expressed remonstrances of the servant. As regards eating, they are certainly anything but churlish, every comer being entitled to take his share, either unasked or after the ever-ready invitation. I thought of my servant, who had gone to water my horse, and was anxious to secure him something on which he might fall back on his return, and suggested that the son of the old man, who was greedily eyeing the contents of the bowl, should wait till he came back and partake of it with him. But he no sooner got possession of the bowl than he made a desperate attack on it, which I found it necessary to stop, even at the risk of giving offence, by gaining repossession of it till my servant returned, who had thus an opportunity of securing a few mouthfuls before a general rush terminated the affair by leaving nothing to fight for but the bowl. Luckily his stomach was not so delicate as mine, for those who dined with him

helped themselves with their hands, in which they seized huge balls of rice.

I should say that the evening before, the dinner of the select guests had been laid on a very dirty carpet and spread on the ground, the loaves being thrown thereon, partly resting on it and partly on the floor. I contented myself with seizing a bunch of grapes and one of the uppermost loaves, which I eat in retirement, to the astonishment of the corporal, who, while he eat everything in his way, remarked on the lightness of my appetite.

The bird's-eye view of the distribution of the feast to the guests below was amusing in the extreme. The people were made to range themselves in companies, and men passed on bowls of rice and burghool alternately, like so many fire-buckets. These were thinly placed before the expectant crowds, who eyed the victuals with the keen eye of hunger. At last the bowls of rice failed, and at length, too, the bowls of burghool, every broken bit of pottery having been pressed into the service; and to supply the deficiency, planks were brought, and the burghool strewed along them. On a signal being given, rice and burghool vanished in a

trice, and those whose teeth were not so active as others, or whose mouths could not hold so much, provided for themselves by stowing the greasy food in the bosoms of their dirty garments, and those who had come off with least made up for the deficiency by loading themselves in a similar way from a large basket of burghool which had not been distributed. The poor people must have been badly off at home, to be so eager to get food of so ordinary a quality, if it were not that they may have valued the food, not so much for its quality, as because it was to be had gratis.

Here also the houses are thinly scattered, but in the neighbourhood is a large population, who are farther from the town and more secluded in the mountains, and consequently more unaccustomed to see a Frank than any I had previously visited. Yet they were very civil; one of them, whom I encountered in the fields as I was riding out, inviting me to his house with the usual compliment, "You will cause a blessing to descend."

In different places they use different oaths, but agree in the using oaths on all occasions. At Diryoos, Sheikh Edris, or Enoch, was he by whom they swore; and here they swore by

Sheikh Moosa, who is the patron *saint* of the locality, his tomb being in the vicinity. Sheikh Ibraheem Saeed, who affected a slow sententious mode of speaking, used the long form of, "By the truth of Him beside whom there is no God."

When they had eaten up everything, the people dispersed, having on the whole behaved with great good temper, notwithstanding the scantiness and meagreness of the fare. Poor people, they were easily pleased! If they had more light, so as to see their condition in this world, as it appears to the eyes of an Englishman, and their prospects for the next, as seen in the pages of the Bible, their hearts would break were there no hope of better things.

In the evening the Mekuddam brought me some grapes and water-melons, and apologised for not having attended to me more, on account of the number of the people and the confusion of the occasion. The corporal and his party came off badly to-day, except one, less scrupulous than the rest, for they would not eat of the meat as having been killed by an Ansyree, and would not even partake of the bread as having been touched by it. I was not sorry to see them so scrupulous, for I did not view them

with much affection, and the fast would do them no harm. In the evening they went off towards the camp, having previously collected from the houses in the neighbourhood a large quantity of tobacco, which they stored in a bag for future use. They got on, on the whole, pretty well with the people, and fired off their guns with the rest as a *feu-de-joie*. A continual running fire was kept up by the peasants, most of them having a gun or pistol; but their arms were of a sorry description, and as often missed fire as went off, partly on account of the badness of the flint-locks, and partly the badness of the powder. The owners had every now and then to examine them by the light of the fire. There are very few swords among hem, but many of them have what is called a khanjar, between a dagger and a sword. The weapons which were distributed in the time of Ibraheem Basha are still to be found among them.

The Mekuddam closed the day by getting drunk and going off on some visit or expedition. I said little to him about the schools, thinking that, considering his character and the time, it would be both useless and undesirable to do so; and I may say that I was

always careful in not introducing the subject at once, or with all to whom I spoke, or when a Mahometan was near at hand,

The next day, having parted civilly with the Mekuddams, I set off for the district of the Beni Ali, whose chief village is called Ain Sukkur. I had the usual difficulty in procuring mules, and the man who went with me was for returning when we had proceeded a little way, saying that he had had no idea that the distance was so great, but I compelled him to proceed. The road was rather pretty, passing through a country abounding in fruit-trees of all kinds, and fine crops of maize. We passed numerous villages, situated on the tops of high hills. The Ansyreeh, in this district, are, as well as those of Bahluleeh, in advance of those in other parts of the mountains. It turned out that the Mekuddam was rustivating in the plain, where he usually spends a month or two in the summer, near a copse of trees and by a good spring of water. We arrived at noon and found a dark Egyptian, an Aga of irregular horse, seated by the side of a pool, through which a stream ran, and over which a plank was placed, on which the Nargeelehs rested. Near there was a little tingling

fountain, turned by the running water, and casting up two small jets. The first glance showed that the Mekuddam was a man who liked to enjoy himself, and knew something of the *agrémens* of town life.

I seated myself on a carpet near the pool, and after a while the Mekuddam came, evidently already somewhat elevated. He is a clever-looking man, but his eyes showed that he is habituated to hard drinking. Here I found my friend the corporal and his men, who had taken care to rest here on his way to the camp, which was not far distant. A number of irregular horse had also picketed their horses near, finding this no doubt an agreeable, if not a central and important situation. They had nothing to do but to lay under the trees and eat their fill of the abundant hospitality of the Mekuddam, who, if he would willingly have dispensed with the presence of the Aga and his crew, did not care to say so; while the Aga though a small man, eat as much as he could stuff.

There was a Christian goldsmith from Ladi-keeh, a reprobate fellow, who joined the Mekuddam in his drinking bouts and swore his oaths. There were bottles of arrack in the water,

cooling previously to being imbibed. They brought me some kabobs, on which, after my long abstinence from meat, at least meat simply dressed so as to be palatable, I made a substantial lunch. My evil genius the corporal, who was sitting near, lent me his assistance; for although he had just eaten, he was too much of a soldier to neglect any opportunity of replenishing his wallet, providing against times of compulsory abstinence. He must have received intelligence, I suppose, that the sheep had been killed in an orthodox way.

After a little, I retired to my couch, which was placed at a little distance under a tree, where I spent a quiet afternoon, leaving them to enjoy themselves in their own fashion. Before they brought me my evening meal, the Mekuddam came to me, now in rather a tottering state, and examined the construction of my iron bedstead. I said nothing to him about the schools, not only because of his then state, and his evident love of dissipation, but because of the presence of the Aga and others. The dinner would have done credit to the town, for the Mekuddam had not only brought with him his tent and four wives, but a cook, while numerous fowls were roosting in the

trees near. I lay in the moonlight under the tree, from whose branches hung the clusters of a vine, and never spent a night in a more agreeable spot.

CHAPTER VI.

IMPORTANT VISIT—SHEIKH HHABEEB EESA—JOCULAR OLD SHEIKH
 —THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSIONS—TRANSMIGRATION—WANT OF
 RETIREMENT—SCENE FOR A SKETCH—POSED BY OLD SHEIKH
 —CASTLE OF BENI-ISRAEL—LEAVE THE SHEIKH—SMT KU-
 BLEE—COURTESY AND INTELLIGENCE OF MEKUDDAMS—BLOOD
 FEUD—CONVERSATIONS ON RELIGION—SITE FOR SCHOOLS—
 CRUSTY OLD SHEIKH—DELIGHTFUL RIDE—FORCED LEVY OF
 DONKEYS—RETURN TO LADIKEEH.

THE most important part of my trip still remained, namely, a visit to Sheikh Hhabeeb Eesa, who was agreed on all hands to be in chief reputation among the Ansyreeh. His cousin, Sheikh Ibraheem Saeed, had said of him, that if he was averse to schools, it would be impossible to form them, and wherever I went I was asked whether I had yet seen Sheikh Hhabeeb. Hence I anxiously expected the result of my visit to him, fearing that he might express some dislike for schools, which might prevent others from sending their children to them; for let a school be once formed,

and it would matter comparatively little what he or any other Sheikh might think about it, for neither he nor any one else has sufficient credit or influence to lead the people to forego what they would quickly see to be great advantages.

Leaving everything but a few necessary articles at Ain Sukkur, both because of the difficulty of obtaining an animal to carry the heavier luggage, and because the road to Matwar, the residence of the Sheikh, is a continual ascent; I started on Saturday, August 28, for that place, but not before the sun was up several hours. The distance is about four hours, and as the little wind was easterly, it was overpoweringly warm. At first there were a few olive plantations, but shortly we came to mountains covered with brushwood, with which by this time I was so familiar. We passed some truculent-looking fellows, who helped themselves to figs and grapes in some orchards in which we rested for some time, no one caring to forbid them. At length we came to a large valley full of vineyards and fig plantations, at the end of which, and elevated above them all, was the house of the Sheikh. He had heard

of my being in the mountains, and perhaps had descried me at a little distance, for he came out dressed neatly and even dandily. He is a man of middle age and corpulent, his person testifying to his good living. Though asthmatical, he persists in smoking a djozy without intermission, which keeps him in a continual wheeze and cough. He received me with all politeness, and conducted me into a cool room which is used as a kind of kitchen. Here a water-melon was brought, and we conversed for three or four hours on indifferent subjects; the Sheikh asking of me a favour, which was to write to our consul in Beyrout, on behalf of two friends of his who had been imprisoned. Nothing would do but that I should write at once, and I accordingly wrote, briefly acquainting the consul with the case. The Sheikh begged me to add that, if necessary, he would willingly give 50*l.* to get them released. It was difficult to make him understand that if the consul saw fit to interfere, he would neither take bribes himself nor sanction the giving of them. They were most desirous that I should translate to them what I had written, suggesting that I should write in

Arabic, but I thought it best only to give the general meaning, with which they had to be contented.

Towards evening we went up to the tomb of the Sheikh's father, or grandfather. There we sat on a patch of green turf, shaded by the tomb from the rays of the declining sun, and looking down on the green valley beneath, and a vast expanse of mountain, plain and sea; Ladikeeh appearing distinctly in the distance. I again meditated on the strangeness of my destiny, or rather the wonderful dealings of God's providence, which had brought me into contact with this remarkable people. The tomb, a Frank reclining on his carpet, and an old Sheikh crouching near, his cunning countenance animated by conversation, would have formed a striking foreground in the lights and shades of evening. I should say that during my visit there was staying with the Sheikh, among three or four others, an old fellow, who had travelled a good deal in his youth, and was very intelligent, more so than the Sheikh himself, and with him I had the most conversation. He loved a joke, and his countenance continually relapsed into a smile; but he was acute in reasoning, had some knowledge of

books, and had committed to memory scraps of poetry and proverbs.

To my great joy, Sheikh Hhabeeb Eesa (whose names, by the by, mean Beloved, Jesus) introduced the subject of schools, and I immediately said that I supposed that he had heard that I had spoken to others about them, and that it was my intention, if I found the Sheikhs and the Mekuddams favourable to them, to form one, if I could procure assistance. He was much pleased, and said, "Your reward will be from God." I said, that is all we look for. I explained to them what would be the nature of the education, saying, that we should teach the boys reading and writing, and a little of other things, if they wished to learn, and that while we should not prevent the reading of the Koran, we should leave them to get the instruction they wished in it from the Sheikhs, while we should read the Gospel, Old Testament, and Psalms in the schools. He said, "That is well."

I then had a long conversation on religion with the old man. He asserted that Mohammed had worked miracles. I told him that testimony was necessary for the establishment of the truth of miracles. He said that the testimony of numerous witnesses of the miracles

of Mohammed was contained in books, and that he had raised the dead ; one man having been in the grave more than one thousand years. I told him that Mohammed himself in the Koran does not lay claim to miracles, and that the majority of the Mahometans, in comparison with whom theirs was a small sect, only mention four. I spoke of the apostles having died in confirmation of their faith. He replied that there are men in every sect who would rather die than forsake their religion, and I allowed that such was the case ; but, I said, " Is it conceivable that men would assert the truth of that in which they could not be mistaken, and die for what they knew to be a lie, while they spoke words of piety and sobriety ?" He was struck at this.

I told him, as regards Mohammed having given himself out as a prophet, that I might go back to my country and say, " There is no God but God, I am the prophet of God." He said that I should not be believed without miracles. I said that I should not believe that a man was a prophet if his personal character was bad, even if he worked miracles, for that I should ascribe them to the assistance of Satan.

I alluded to the part of the Koran in which Mohammed represents himself as having received a revelation from heaven to still the murmurs of his wives, which his own irregular amour had raised. He immediately repeated the part to which I alluded, and looked at the others and laughed. I took care to allude to this more than once, and spoke of the historical errors of which Mohammed had been guilty. He laughed and said, "The fact is you think Mohammed a bit of a liar." He then, to avoid the force of what I had said, talked a great deal about the angel Gabriel having wrung the drop of original sin from the heart of Mohammed, and of its being some one else in his form who did what Mohammed appeared to do. I said that the Mahometans agreed that the person of Mohammed was real and individual, and that if he talked so, we might as well say that all men were but a dream, having no real existence.

He asked me where the spirit went after death. I replied that it returned to God. With the gravest face imaginable, he said, "There is a sect of people who pretend that it returns to another body." I laughed, as I knew that he was alluding to the belief of his

own people. He asked how it was that men are born blind, adding that it was because they had committed sins in a former state, which they had thus to expiate. I replied that the true solution was that God permitted this, and that this world is a state of trial, that the natural tendency of poverty and afflictions is to lead men's minds to think of God and religion, and that in a future state all would be compensated for what they had borne with patience in this. "But," said he, "there are many of the poor and afflicted who know nothing of God, or care nothing for religion." I answered that at all events this world was as a mere nothing, vanishing as a vapour; to which he assented, and so our conversation ended.

We then descended to the house, and ascended its roof and there dined. The moon arose near the full, and it was very agreeable sitting in the calm moonlight and overlooking the wide expanse. The old man began to speak about religion, and our conversation turned again upon testimony. He said that they had the testimony of vast numbers of books. I replied that these books were written since the times of Mohammed. On saying of something that I did not believe it, for that

there was no testimony to its truth, he turned to Sheikh Hhabeeb and said, "He will not receive anything without testimony." They said of the schools, that the Mussulmans would prevent them. I explained to them that that would be impossible. They said, "True, in many towns of late years schools have been opened for the Christians," alluding to the schools of Protestant Missionaries. We retired amicably to rest, lying in a row on mats and carpets before the house, and were all soon asleep.

The next day, Sunday, I arose early, but not before they were up. While reading the Bible, the Sheikh brought me a copy printed by the Bible Society, and another MS. copy which he said had been copied from a MS. brought by his father from the monastery of St. George, and then divided into many parts, so that the whole was copied in thirty days.

I had again an interesting conversation with the old Sheikh. He had said, the evening before, that we must bring our books together and compare their testimonies. I replied that I must perfect myself in Arabic first. He declared that I must learn their religion, and that I should see that it was the truth and em-

brace it; but added, that he was afraid I should reveal their secret. I replied that I should not reveal anything which it was understood beforehand that I was to keep secret. This I fancy he said in a laughing way. He declared that there was a vast number of their sect in the world, but that they kept their religion secret, and that because the government was not in their hands, but they would appear if they could do so without fear. He again said that they had vast numbers of books among them, some of them from the time of Adam. I replied that there was no book extant nearly so ancient, and that the earliest written book was at first only in the hands of the children of Israel. He replied, "We are the children of Israel." I said that the kingdom of the children of Israel had not extended so far; and he said, "We came from Jerusalem, Persia and Bagdad." It is singular that there is a castle within view of the Sheikh's house, called the Beni Israeel, or children of Israel. I wished to visit it, but I did not go, for the way was difficult, over a succession of hills and valleys, and the Sheikh did not seem very willing to let me have a guide, declaring that there was nothing to be seen, which was

perhaps the case. It lies on a low hill in a valley.

The old man then said in a laughing way, before the others, "I intend to become a Christian." I declared that we should not at once receive him, but should wait a long time to see if he was sincere and would be likely to adorn the Christian religion, before we should baptize him. As for him, I told him I did not believe him, nor should I if he were to swear to the truth of what he said; at which he laughed, and asked whether it would be necessary to baptize an old man like him. I replied that many older men than he had been baptized. He asked what would be done if a Mahometan became a Christian, since he was circumcised. I said that circumcision was nothing. He demanded whether any Mahometan had become a Christian in our country. I told him that there were very few there, but that one or two had become Christians in Syria. He asked if we eat crabs and other impure animals. On my saying, yes, he said, "Does not the eating them defile a man?" I quoted the words of our Saviour, with which they were familiar, "Not that which entereth into a man defileth a man." He said, "You must send us books,

and perhaps we shall see them to be true, and become Christians." I told him that I would acquaint people in England with what he said.

While inserting this and the preceding conversations in my Journal, the old gentleman was most curious to know what I was setting down, and I told him that I was writing what had been said, and gave him some notion of the purport of my notes.

I found it most difficult to obtain a quiet spot in which to perform my Sabbath devotions; and, in fact, the most disagreeable part of my whole stay among the Ansyreeh was the difficulty of obtaining any retirement for devotion or rest. Hence I had to rise before dawn, and to take advantage of the shades of night, and even then I was disturbed by audible remarks, such as, "You see, he does not turn to the East as other Christians do;" since, as a matter of necessity, I prayed standing, and turned my back to them. All I could do was to take as little notice as possible, and pray wherever I might be, like a Mahometan. I thus, more than in any other way, convinced the Ansyreeh that I was not of their religion; for, as they themselves often told me, they

make a point of praying only in secret, and one of them justified the practice by the words of our Saviour, "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet." In fact these prayers repeated on particular occasions, seem the chief characteristic of their religion, and to form its grand secret.

On this occasion I spread my carpet in the farther corner of the kitchen, thinking that I should be free from all risk of molestation ; but before I could commence, one of the bustling wives of the Sheikh came and declared that she had to pass to some stores, from which she required some necessary article. At length I had the corner to myself, but my prayers were sadly disturbed by the sight of bugs and fleas, which began to crawl and hop on my carpet and clothes. The kitchen was blackened with smoke, for in winter they allow the smoke of the myrtle-wood fire to fill the room, to impart a flavour to the tobacco, which is suspended from the rafters ; and thus, as the old man jokingly said, their beards and faces become of a sooty yellow.

When I had finished my devotions, Sheikh Hhabeeb and the old man came, and the former read the history of Samson in the Old

Testament, and made a remark, in comparing the Bible with the Koran, to the disparagement of the former, in that it was merely a book of history; though others considered it a mark of the truthfulness of the Bible that it contented itself with the narration of facts as they occurred.

The Sheikh then proposed to bring me some of his books, at which a young Sheikh, an intelligent man, who called the old man his maternal uncle, made some remonstrance; however, he brought me a book of which he said that the binding, which was neatly executed in red leather, was their own work. The book was in MS., written legibly by the Sheikh himself, but containing many errors, which is not to be wondered at, for the Sheikh could not read at all correctly in any book written on a subject in which the expressions used were strange to him. The book was in poetry, in praise of a beautiful woman, though the old man said that it had a spiritual meaning, and that it referred to God. In fact it was a poem of the Soofies. The Sheikh uses rather prettily-turned expressions, but cannot write a tolerable letter, as was evident from the one which he sent to the consul at Ladikeeh, in which he

enclosed my letter, which he had previously contrived to make very dirty.

While sitting in the evening near the tomb, which is a Zeeyareh, or place of religious pilgrimage, we spoke of the words, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle," of which the Sheikh had an interpretation of his own, for he said that the camel was a plant growing in the vicinity of the castle of Merkab. A peasant brought the Sheikh some honey, and the old man and I made an attack on it. I may say, in passing, that the Sheikh seemed to be in very easy circumstances, and living on the fat of the land, having possessions of fields and vineyards, and receiving numerous presents from his people. His cousin, Ibraheem Saeed, on the contrary, was said to be in debt. The reader may have observed that there was little chance of starvation in the house of the Sheikh, or indeed anywhere in the mountains, where hospitality is universal, at least towards a Frank.

We dined on the roof, as before, and after dinner we spoke of astronomy. They could not understand, or bring themselves to believe what I said of the nature of the planetary motions, but the old fellow posed me by asking

me the name of the middle star in the Great Bear. I contented myself with saying that I did not know, and that as to the names of the stars, each nation gave them what names they chose; but I afterwards found that the star in question is called Mizar, and therefore, though an Arabic name, there was no excuse for my not knowing it. I do not think, however, that the old gentleman would now be so successful in entrapping me, notwithstanding that he ostentatiously enumerated some of the twenty-eight mansions of the moon. He laughed and said, "We know more than the Franks," meaning that the Franks did not know the names of the stars, and could not predict future events by means of them. I told him that they knew nothing of the steam-engine or the barometer, so as to compare, for instance, the heat of the mountains and the plains, but they immediately asserted that they could do this last.

Afterwards the old man came alone to sound me as to what was to be expected from the establishment of a school among them. He said that they would always be able to come and complain to me, and that I should write to the consuls, and that there would be no in-

justice committed in the mountains. I explained to him that I was no consul, and that if I wrote it would only be in a few cases. The others then came and asked what I had said. The Sheikh begged me to build a house near his, and promised to procure me a suitable wife. I should say that while at Shemseen I had been much pressed to contract a matrimonial engagement, which indeed would have been the easiest thing in the world, for a few thousand piastres, or 50*l.*, would have bought any one on whom the choice might fall. The old man was desirous of going to England, notwithstanding his age, and very anxious to send his sons to the school.

After another night's sound rest, I bade adieu to the Sheikh, and having procured a mule and guide from him, set off for the remaining district, governed by Fellaheen Mekuddams. It is called Simt Kublee, and the village of Beyt Yashoot, where two of them reside, is not far from the Sheikh's house. I arrived just in time to see the Mekuddams, who were going off to another part of the mountains. I found them sitting with several others, some of whom had come from Kadmoos, and was received with the greatest politeness, and even cordiality.

One of them said, that he had heard of my being at the Sheikh's, and had intended to come up and visit me. The other, Abdallah Mutrad, had been taken to Egypt by Ibraheem Basha, where he had seen many English, of whom he had the highest opinion. Both he and his colleague are intelligent and well-mannered men.

The conversation turned on the English and the conscription. They said that now and then a Frank passed through their country, but they did not come in a body and take it. One of the Mekuddams said that it would be a great thing if a Frank like myself were to come and live among them, for he would be able to represent cases of oppression to the consuls. They brought burghool and grapes, of the latter of which I partook; but they shortly brought roasted chicken, saying that what had preceded had not been intended for me, and pressing me to do justice to the more delicate fare.

After a while I went to Abdallah Mutrad's house, and took up my position under a tree which afforded some shade. I spoke to him about the school, and he was delighted at the idea of it. So was a fine, intelligent boy, his

son, who seemed much pleased at the notion of entering it, but though only twelve or thirteen years old, he was a little Turk, and very disrespectful to his father. Fifty such boys, I expect, would be rather difficult to manage. It would be better to put them under training at an earlier age. They might be taught something in small village schools, the formation of which might be encouraged and directed, before they were received, as a reward for good behaviour, into the central establishment. Some young men, who were near, asked if they would be permitted to come to the school, and were disappointed at being told that it would be for boys.

They spoke of a blood feud, which had existed between them and the men of another village, which, after a hundred fights, had only been terminated by the extirpation of the opposite party. Several men were pointed out to me as having received gunshot wounds, all of whom had managed to extract the balls except one. They said that they were not like the Christians, who if ordered by their priests to do anything, would at once do it, while they did not follow the advice of their Sheikhs. They said that every one who knew something of

reading and writing was called a Sheikh, but they allowed that there are few Sheikhs like Ibraheem Saeed, or Sheikh Hassan of Shemseen, or Sheikh Hhabeeb.

Some of them could read tolerably well, and read parts of the Gospel and Old Testament. They showed great readiness to speak about religion, and I asked them how it was, as I had little opportunity elsewhere of speaking on the subject. One of them immediately replied that the Mahometans came and told them that the Franks and Christians were entirely ignorant of the truth; and that they rejoined, "How can that be, since they are so far in advance of you in knowledge?" and added that he had told them that he considered the Gospel better than the Koran. I said, "I am quite sure that you didn't say that to the Mahometans." They asked me to explain what was said in the Bible of the fall of man; but before I came to the prophecy of the seed of the woman they became tired and sleepy, and wandered from the point.

One old man was much interested in the conversation, and made very intelligent remarks. I showed him that the assertion of the Mahometans, that the law and Gospel had been altered, was impossible, for that the Bible had

been early circulated throughout the known world, and that it was absurd to suppose that all Christian sects who differed from one another in opinion, had altered it word for word in the same way. He allowed that more than mere assertion was necessary to prove such alteration. He asked me where Christ was to appear, and could not understand that his appearance was not to be from any particular spot in the earth; and when I added that he was coming from heaven to judge the quick and dead, and that the earth and all that is in it would be burnt up, it was evidently too much for him; and, turning to the Mekuddam, he said something in an under tone, and then, addressing himself to me, said, "Your words are true."

The other Mekuddam then came. He had seen Sheikh Hhabeeb, and from what he had heard was evidently prepared to speak about religion. He read the Gospel, though not very well. He said, as others, that it was not enough to be as our forefathers, but that we should weigh the evidence of different religions. He remarked, "We are not without understanding, and the understanding can distinguish between fifteen speakers, which has the

truth on his side." He wished to have the Old Testament, saying that he had already the Gospel. They remarked that it was a wonder that the Christians were so much divided; but one immediately said, "Are not the Mahometans, too, split into many sects?" "The Greeks," said they, "tell us that the English have no religion, or, rather, that they are like ourselves, having no churches nor mosques. And this is nothing more nor less than true. Perhaps," continued they, "the English have departed, in many things, from the Christian religion." I replied, "I do not wish you to go to the English nor to the Greeks, for the one will tell you one thing, and the other another. The right way, of course, if you wish to know what the Christian religion really is, is to go to the Bible, for all the Christian churches acknowledge it, and profess to walk according to it." On the whole, the people here seemed the most prepared for religious instruction and the reception of the Gospel.

There was one man here, however, who spoke against the school, and it is the only instance of the kind which I heard of. My servant told me that he had heard him say,

“ We don't want Christian schools ; Mahometan schools are the schools for us. What do the Christians want of us ? What is their object ? Who told them about us, that they should come and teach our children ? ” But he was quickly answered by others ; “ What is it to you ? We shall send our children where we please ; when will the Mahometans open schools for us ? ” and one then said that he would be the first to go to the school. They added, to my servant, “ He is an ignorant fellow, and knows nothing. ” When my servant mentioned this to me, I was anxious to know who the speaker was ; and I afterwards saw him, when he sat near and spoke to me very civilly. He turned out to be a little, sulky-looking, shrivelled, dirty, old fellow, who seemed to have little intercourse with any one ; and I found out that he was an uncle of the young Sheikh at Shemseen, who had spoken rather contemptuously of the Gospel.

In the evening there was a merry-making on the occasion of a marriage ; but as it was a poor imitation of what I had seen at Kurdahah, I soon got tired, and returning to my tree, stretched myself on the ground and fell asleep.

I was awakened by a good deal of talking,

and found that it arose from a number of people, who had brought back from the fête a poor woman in a swoon. In the early part of the evening she had been bitten by a scorpion, while taking up a basket of grapes in the dark, and had never ceased bewailing her unhappy fate in a low moan or chant, accompanied by such words as, "May he destroy my house." There is no imprecation more common in the mouths of men, women, and children, than "May God destroy his house;" and she had been so accustomed to use it, that she made a curious change in the pronoun, and applied it to herself.

Next morning, notwithstanding the pressing invitation of the Mekuddam, I started on my return to Ain Sukkur. He very civilly lent my servant his mare, and sent his servant as guide. The village of Beyt Yashoot consists of a number of scattered houses, interspersed among fruit trees of many kinds, and situated on some table land, surrounded by lofty mountains, themselves divided by deep ravines. The view of the mountains here, though bare, was finer than anything I had seen in the other districts, where, indeed, there is little fine scenery.

In the cool morning we passed several villages, near one of which was a wonderful profusion of fruit trees, among which the vine, loaded with the most beautiful clusters, was the most conspicuous. The ride was delightful, the plain and the deep blue sea beyond having a charm which they lose when the sun reaches the meridian, and the eye shrinks from the heated landscape. One poor woman trudged on most sturdily before, intending to prefer some petition to the Mekuddam of Ain Sukkur. As I have mentioned in my report, the poor things may be seen toiling along under a heavy load of wood, while their lord and master is riding before on an easy jackass.

In about four hours we arrived at Ain Sukkur, where I spent the day. The Mekuddam was again very civil, and this time not drunk, but he went off in the afternoon with the Aga to a carousal in the Turkish camp, having left orders for the procuring of a horse for my luggage. One of the Mekuddams of Simt Kublee came down to see him. I had ceased writing my Journal the day before, on perceiving that the people were astonished at the time I spent in doing so; but to-day the Mekuddam found me engaged in the same thing. He came and

sat by me, and again spoke about religion. He said that they were as well acquainted with the Gospel as with the Koran. I told him that I knew that such was not the case, from what I had seen during my stay in the mountains.

I resolved to set off for Ladikeeh in the night, that I might avoid the passage of the plain under a burning sun. After a four hours' sleep I rose unwillingly and started at midnight, my luggage and servant being mounted on a refractory horse. He had soon to dismount and walk, and I found that the arrangement was only temporary, for the servant of the Mekuddam was commissioned to change horses at a village of the district, at which we arrived in two hours' time.

Everything was quiet, but the man immediately made his presence known to the owner of one of the miserable houses, and commanded him to bring out his mare. The owner at once declared that the mare was not at home, having gone to the threshing-floor, but my companion was quite prepared for an answer of the kind, and immediately walked in and brought out the mare, to the disgust of her master. He then went off in search of another

animal, of the existence of which he was aware, and led it out; but its proprietor jumped on its back, cut the rope by which it was held, and made off into the plain. The only thing was to fall on the donkeys, and after a vast amount of debate and recrimination, during which I remained a quiet spectator, sitting in the outskirts of the village, surrounded by its dogs and cattle, two small donkeys were secured, one for my luggage and the other for my servant. If I had chosen to act the Turk we should have got what we wanted in a trice; but I was averse to bullying an oppressed people, and my philanthropy was rewarded by a delay of two hours.

As it was, it was necessary to make a forced levy of men and donkeys, for although I intended to give a bakhsheesh which would more than repay the owners for their loss of time and trouble, it did not do to hint at this before the arrangements were concluded. At length off we went over the plain, which in the calm moonlight had a solemnity and quietude only disturbed by the baying of the dogs of a miserable village or two, and the cry of men guarding the fields of maize. I was weighed down with sleep; but when the morn broke and found

us still far from the town, I roused up, and, pressing on, entered it, but not before the sun had arisen high above the mountains to the east, and, from the first moment of its appearance, poured its heating rays on horse and rider. So ended my trip to this part of the mountains, of which I may say that the results obtained fully justify, I believe, what I have stated in my report to his Lordship the Bishop. The reader will in some measure be able to judge.

CHAPTER VII.

GREEK PRIEST—ANSWER TO OBJECTIONS TO SCHOOLS—GEBILEE
 —CASTLE OF MERKAB—EFFECTS OF EARTHQUAKE—COUR-
 TEOUS GOVERNOR—COLONY OF OLD MAHOMETANS—CASTLE OF
 KADMOOS—THE ISMAELEEH, OR ASSASSINS—DREARY COUNTRY
 —CORRUPT FAITH—ISMAELEEH, CHURLISHNESS—HOW TO FIND
 ONE'S WAY — BIVOUAC — BATTLE — SAFFEETA — SHEIKH MU-
 HAMMED YOOSEF—HIS HARSHNESS AND CONCEIT—ABUNDANCE
 OF GAME.

ON my return I found that my proceedings had been the talk of the consuls and gossips of the place. One of the first to ask me about my trip was the Greek priest, whom I had seen with the Patriarch at Antioch. His name is Gerasimus; and as he is well known, and generally allowed to be one of those very few of his order (amounting, as he himself said, to three or four) who possess anything like learning or intelligence, the conversation I had with him may be worth mentioning.

He spoke without any apparent dislike of the project of a school for the Ansyreeh; and here

I will make a remark or two in answer to any objection which may be made to the establishment of a Church of England mission among that people, on the score that the districts in which they reside are within the proper province of the Greek Church, and that it is for it to provide for the instruction of all, whether Christians or others, within its limits. I would observe that, setting aside the almost impossibility of the Greek Church making any attempt, under the present political arrangements of the country, to convert either Mahometans or Ansyreeh, and that in reality its members form but a section, and that not the most numerous one of the Christian inhabitants of Syria, there is not the remotest probability that it will attempt anything of the kind. On the contrary, the views of its members, as well as those of the other native Christians, are, that a Christian will remain a Christian, a Mahometan a Mahometan, a Druze a Druze, and an Ansyreeh an Ansyreeh, till the consummation of all things. The conversion of those who are not Christians appears to them impossible without the aid of miracles, and is a thing which excites no lively interest. An attempt, therefore, on the part of the Anglican

Church to bring into her fold, and so into the fold of Christ, those who are now in utter darkness, and among whom no Christian missionary has ever yet worked, could in no case be construed into an act of interference with any Christian church. But, on the other hand, the effects of such a mission would have a beneficial effect, by its indirect influence, on the Christian churches of the East, an influence, it may be, greater than any obtainable by more direct means. May we not add that the mission might, in the lapse of time, be no less effectual in its influence on the Mahometans? But to return to my conversation with the priest.

We first spoke of prayers to the saints, the consul and his brother being present and joining in the conversation. His position was that St. Paul often desired the benefit of prayers of just men on earth, and since the saints at their death are not separated from the church, but only pass from the church militant to the church triumphant, we cannot but suppose that their sympathies for every member of that church become enlarged rather than narrowed, while they can concentrate their whole thoughts on the salvation of others, since their own sal-

vation is already secured ; not to mention that their prayers are now without any stain of imperfection. For all this, there is more reason to ask the benefit of the prayers of the saints in heaven, than of the saints on earth. I argued that, in the first place, there is no example of St. Paul or the other apostles having asked for the prayers of glorified saints, and that there was no assurance, from revelation or reason, that they could hear our prayers ; and I deduced from this, what he could not but own, that our prayers *might* be all lost. I urged, farther, that there was in fact no reason for them, since our Saviour Christ is always ready to hear, and St. Paul had said that there is but one mediator between God and man. Moreover, I said, that there was a difference between asking for the benefit of the prayers of our fellow Christians on earth, and praying to the saints in heaven, since the enlarging of the mutual love of Christians was a good reason for the command to do the one, while prayer to invisible beings was what belonged only to God. He contended, on the other hand, that the prayers of the saints are said in the Revelation to ascend up with the incense before the throne. I replied that these were the prayers of the saints on

earth, but he referred to the passage in which the spirits of the just are represented as praying for vengeance on the inhabitants of the earth, to which I said that this might be merely figurative language.

At the same time that he held to his views, he declared that there was a great difference between the prayers which they offered to the saints and those used in the Church of Rome, for in their case they did not seek for anything from the personal merits and power of the saints, but only from their intercession to God on their behalf.

He spoke of transubstantiation, and said that he found the dogmas of the Protestants and of the Papists with regard to it equally hard to be believed. He could not, he said, bring himself to believe that after the prayer of consecration there was present, under every crumb of bread, perfect God and perfect man, and that he contented himself with the literal acceptance of our Saviour's words, "This is my body," without attempting nicely to explain their purport and operation. He said that he had been, on the other hand, shocked at the saying of a Protestant, whom he had met at Safad (I believe sent by some society in England), who had

declared that after partaking of the bread and wine, he should not care if they were cast out of the church and eaten by dogs. I told him that such words were indeed shocking, and said that the Anglican Church had no such irreverence for the consecrated elements, and referred to her rubric respecting them. He said that he was aware of it, and that he knew of but two Protestant churches, the Episcopal and the Presbyterian, and that he and others had much respect for the former, hoping that hereafter they might receive benefit from her.

He said that there were only two or three of the priests who knew much, or could give reasons for their faith, the others contenting themselves with reading two or three books; and that he was considered by them as half a Protestant, and could not have spoken to them as he had done to me. He gave an amusing instance of ignorance and prejudice in illustration of this. The evening before, he had dined at the consul's garden with the Patriarch and the Bishops and Priests of Ladikeeh. They spoke of astronomy, and he declared it to be his belief that the sun was stationary, and that the earth moved round it. The Bishop immediately said that such a belief was nothing more

than infidelity, being contradictory to what was said in Joshua, of the motion of the sun being arrested for a whole day.

With respect to himself, he declared that for two years in his sermons he had made a point of alluding to our Saviour only, in preference to the actions of the saints. He spoke with sorrow of the want of education in his own church, but said that he hoped that in towns the deficiency would now be somewhat supplied; and, indeed, from what I heard in Antioch, the Patriarch seems to be alive to the deficiency, and anxious to remedy it. At the same time he declared it to be his conviction, and in this I think he is right, that the minds of Christians in Syria, when they become somewhat enlightened, have a strong tendency to infidelity, and that it would increase on the increase of schools and learning. He did not, perhaps, perceive that this is the natural consequence of ages of ignorance and superstition, as has lately so strikingly appeared in Italy. From one thing he had great hopes, namely the circulation of a book translated from the Russian, in which much that had been introduced into the Greek Church, to the corruption of her essential doctrines, had been removed. He

asserted that by it, within these few years, many who had been ready to desert the Greek Church, to join that of Rome, had been dissuaded from doing so. On the whole, he showed himself to be both an enlightened and a gentlemanly man, and it would be well if it could be added, with well-grounded hope, a spiritually-minded one. A few such men, prepared to leave everything for the sake of truth, might yet infuse life into a body, which, whatever may be said by the prejudiced and the half-informed, is almost lifeless. I speak of the Greeks of Syria.

The last time I heard of Gerasimus was that he was at Beyrout, where the people were much attached to him, and determined to keep him, notwithstanding that the jealousy of the higher clergy, who are all Greeks *by nation*, was averse to his stay. He is an Arab.

I now set my face towards Beyrout, not however intending to go direct, but to see a part of the country through which I had not before travelled, and to visit in my way the Ismaeleeh, or descendants of the once famous Assassins, in their castle of Kadmoos, and the numerous section of the Ansyreeh inhabiting the district of Saffeeta, of the learning and in-

fluence of whose principal Sheikh I had heard such a preposterous account at Hamah and elsewhere. I looked forward with some apprehensions to the journey, for a great part of it would lie in the low country, and it was already the month of September; but my apprehensions were groundless, for I nowhere experienced the heat which I expected.

Hoping to make the castle of Merkab at the end of the first day's journey, we started early, the road lying by the seashore, on the edge of the plain, passing numerous rivers, which had once been spanned by bridges built near their mouths. The foundations have now given way, and nothing remains of them but the massive piers which still hold together although reversed. No attempts are made to rebuild them; and in the summer all the rivers but one are fordable, and over that there is a bridge still remaining. Numerous mounds and ruins show that this fertile plain was once thickly inhabited, but now neither house nor village appears in the six hours' ride to Gebilee. Here we rested for three hours, under a magnificent sycamine, near the mosque of the Sultan Ibraheem; and having looked about the ruined but interesting town, which, as usual, I shall avoid

speaking of at length, we skirted the Roman amphitheatre, and again rode along the sea-shore, on an elevated beach of shingles, which had been cast up by the sea at some former period.

We were told, as usual in Syria, that the road was not safe; but we passed without molestation the dreaded spot, the bridge of the Nahr-es-sin, which has been the scene of robberies committed by the Ansyreeh from the mountains. Now the road was perfectly safe, the camp not being far distant.

It became evident that we should not reach the castle that evening, though its lofty hill had been visible to us for many hours. The sun went down as we reached Banias, where are still to be found some Roman ruins. There were some small vessels moored near the shore; and as the people a little further on are half smugglers, half robbers, I thought it advisable not to stop so near the beach, for fear of my baggage being whipped off to a boat in the night, which would have been a very easy matter. We therefore went somewhat inland, and came to a halt in an open field near a beautiful rivulet, which turned a mill hard by. Here were several Turkish soldiers, who began

to grumble at the additional responsibility which our arrival entailed upon them ; for they said to one another, " If anything is taken in the night, we shall have to answer for it." This did not give me any uneasiness, and placing the luggage together, we passed the night in the open air. Next morning we began the ascent to the castle, which took us an additional two hours. Passing the village, with its mosque, we rode up the castle hill, which is a trap rock of some 1000 feet high, crowned by the noble-looking castle, whose walls, of an oval form, are built of a dark hard basalt, and from the exterior appear in good preservation and most imposing. The interior is of vast extent, and possesses most capacious cellars for grain, and cisterns for water.

Passing through its ruined courts, we took up our position under the booth of dried branches, so common in the north of Syria. Merkab is the capital of one of the Ladikeeh districts, comprising seventy-seven villages, of which most of the inhabitants are Ansyreeh. The once-governing family is Mahometan, but the chief of it had been removed from his post some months before, and a Turk from Beyrout put in his place, and he was dwelling in a large

house situated at one extremity of the castle area, and constructed from the ruins of its buildings.

We had not rested long, before the scribe of the new governor, or Mudeer, came to ask me politely of what I would like to partake; and a little rain falling shortly after, he came with an invitation from his master to remove with my luggage into his own room. This I was glad to do, and was received by him with the greatest civility, and found him a polished gentleman, who had been accustomed to Frank society in Beyrout. He sent one of the irregular horse to conduct me over the castle, which I soon saw. The most remarkable thing is a fine church, now converted into an uncomfortable-looking mosque. The castle was occupied by the Crusaders, and taken from the Franks in 1282, when it was one of the castles of the Knights of St. John. The man who was with me was an intelligent fellow, who had ridden over a great part of Syria, and said that, as for the northern part, any one might have it who asked for it, so utterly incapable was it of making any defence. The castle seems far enough from the sea, but he said that when the castle was in the occupation of the troops of

Ibraheem Basha, the shots and shells of the English squadron flew over it. It was much injured by the earthquake, which happened some thirty or forty years ago, by which, as the scribe informed me, his mother, brothers, sisters, and children, were all overwhelmed; only his father and himself escaping, happening to be away from the castle on that day.

At present the place seems solitary enough. There was a remarkable proportion of grave-looking old Mussulmans, who, having nothing else to do, were most regular in their prayers and ablutions. After some contention, each of them obtained his small jar full of water from the servant under whose charge the well was, and then deliberately performed his religious washings. Most of them then went to the noonday prayer in the mosque; but two of them, who were more dilatory than the rest, observed to each other that the prayers would be ended before they entered the mosque, and proposed to retire to the chamber of the Mudeer, and perform them there. Before they had finished, the Mudeer came, and seating himself in his usual place, begged me to sit beside him, which I had some delicacy in doing, as it placed me just before one of the old

gentlemen, who was making his prostrations near. The Mudeer talked as if nothing was going on, and one of the worshippers joined in the conversation in the intervals of his prayers, or rather in the middle of them. The Mudeer at length became irritated, and asked him why he had not gone to the mosque; and breakfast being brought, the old fellow had to move and finish his prayers elsewhere, though this seemed little to discompose him.

As I found that the chamber of the Mudeer was infested with mosquitoes, I determined to sleep under the booth, at the risk of rain, which was still threatening, and had for my companions, the muleteer and two horsemen, who had come from Damascus, and amused themselves, after the day's ride, in narrating their adventures.

Next morning we started for Kadmoos, having been informed that the distance was three hours, or five at the most, but found to our cost that it was much more, or at least made it so, by losing our way. At first the road was good and open, lying along elevated table land, and passing here and there the graves of Ansyreeh Sheikhs, with the usual groves of trees near them. At length it be-

came a mere pathway, amid thickly-growing brushwood, which made sad havoc of our tent and saddlebags. To add to the disagreeables of the road, my muleteer and servant fell a quarrelling, and the effect of my intervention was only to reduce them to a sullen silence.

At length, in the afternoon, we arrived at the castle, seated on the top of a scarped rock. Now, nothing was visible but one or two small houses or rooms, built recently, for everything had been razed by Ibraheem Basha. The governors, who, as well as the inhabitants of the village below, are Ismaeleeh, the miserable descendants of the once far-famed Assassins, are styled Emeers, or princes; and I had provided myself with letters to them from our consul in Beyrout. From the name, I had expected something quite superior to the Me-kuddams of the Ansyreeh, but found in them little superiority, except perhaps in dress. This may have been partly accounted for by the low spirits in which they were thrown, the government of the district having been taken from them some three months before, and given to a Turk from Beyrout.

The district comprises 177 villages, and nearly all the inhabitants are Ansyreeh. The

Ismaeleeh, according to the statement of one of themselves, the servant of one of the Emeers, are reduced to little more than a thousand, of which there are about two hundred in the village of Kadmoos, five hundred near the castle of Masyad, and the rest in two or three villages near Kadmoos. They gave me the idea of a lost and corrupt people, of whom all would soon disappear but the name. The man, of whom I have spoken, allowed that the Ansyreeh were increasing on them every year. In 1809 the Ansyreeh, by treachery, obtained possession of Masyad, the principal village of the Ismaeleeh, but were driven out by the governor of Hamah, who restored the place to the latter.

The first principal castle which they acquired in Syria was Baniyas, A.D. 1128. They afterwards obtained possession of Kadmoos by purchase, A.D. 1134, and of Masyad by conquest, A.D. 1140; and this last became their principal castle in Syria, and was the chief of ten other mountain forts. The number of the Syrian Assassins at that time is set down variously, by William of Tyre and others, at forty, sixty, and seventy thousand men. The Sultan Berbers of Egypt took their castles in

Syria, about A.D. 1270, and with these their power fell. If the reader wishes to know more of their extraordinary history, he cannot do better than consult Von Hammer.

One of the Emeers came up to me immediately I arrived, and suggested my pitching my tent in an open space; but as even at that time of the year the place was cold from its very elevated situation, I demurred at this, and he guided me to a room which had an unpleasantly close smell, but was better than the open air. A Turkish captain, who had been with our fleet at Acre and had a high opinion of the English, came in and pronounced the chamber to be excellent. It appears that in winter they block up the windows, which are only wooden shutters, with mud, and with the aid of a wood fire manage to keep themselves warm. The captain's greatest ambition was to go to Malta. He did not favour us long with his company, declaring that he must take up his quarters with the new Mudeer, wondering perhaps what I could have to do with the others.

Some of the Ismaeleeh came to visit me. One was a very handsome man, tolerably well dressed and well spoken. I could not get the

Emeer to tell me who he was. He contented himself with muttering some name, and saying that he was one of the residents of the place. They pointed out to me the tombs of the prophets Jacob and Seth, on some high hills in the neighbourhood, and were pleased to hear that we knew who they were and had a respect for them. The surrounding mountains looked barren in the extreme. Parts of them have been cleared from brushwood and sown with corn, but at the time of my visit the harvest was over, and the only fruit-trees to be seen were a few in the valley near the castle. Fruit-trees, I think, could never have flourished well in such an elevated spot, and yet they seem to succeed in the elevated villages of the Lebanon. The Emeer declared that now there is scarcely enough to live upon, much less to pay taxes, which were being collected at the time of my arrival.

In the evening some of them played chess, and asked me to join ; but I declined, not knowing the pieces nor the manner of playing. They joined in conversation about religion.

em was much struck at the force and
y of the words of our Saviour, " Verily,
i say unto you." They declared that

they received all the prophets, but had evidently chief respect for Mohammed, and his son-in-law, Ali, and they alluded to the peculiar belief of their ancestors with respect to the Imams. If universal report says true, their secret prayers and rites are of a most disgusting kind, far too disgusting to be mentioned ; and to judge from their manner of talking, I should suspect something of the kind.*

I was anxious to visit the famous castle of Masyad. It was only six hours distant to the N.E., but I found it impossible to persuade the Emeer to send a guide with me. He declared that the road was most unsafe, overshadowed, and rendered impassable by the thick brushwood ; and that fifteen horsemen would not be a sufficient escort. I had therefore to submit ; and after many inquiries, which elicited most contradictory answers, I at length determined to go to the castle of Khowailby, which is the residence of a branch of the Ma-

* " Externally they practise the duties of Islamism, although they internally renounce them ; they believe in the divinity of Ali, in uncreated light, as the principle of all created things ; and in the Sheikh Ras-ed-din, the Grand Prior of the Order in Syria, and contemporary with the Grand Master, Hassan II., as the last representative of the Deity on earth."—*Van Hammer, Wood's Translation*, p. 212.

hometan family, in whose hands till lately was the government of the district of Merkab, and gives its name to another of the districts of Ladikeeh, of which the inhabitants are mostly Ansyreeh. Finding, after a little, that we were not on the road to it, and hearing that there was nothing remarkable in the castle, I determined to go straight to the tower of Saffeeta, which they described as a journey of two days.

Accordingly, next morning we set off, accompanied by a servant of the Emeer, who declared that he had only just returned from an almost continuous ride to Ladikeeh and back. However he was very civil, and took me to the top of the remarkable conical hill on which the Prophet Seth's tomb is built, and which overlooks all the surrounding mountains. On the top there was a great deal of fern growing, which vividly reminded me of the parks of Old England. From the summit he pointed out to me the direction of several castles, the top of one of which, Kahaf, which he described as possessing magnificent ruins, was just visible.

This was once a land of castles, of which, in the present barren appearance of the mountains, one can hardly perceive the use, except to make

a desolate, melancholy district, with little attractions, still more uninviting.

Stopping at a village of the Ismaeleeh, we rested under a walnut tree, and the servant urged the people to bring grapes and other delicacies; but as he himself said, they were an inhospitable set, and all we got out of them was a few eggs, for paying for which he blamed me afterwards. He declared that further on resided their principal Sheikh, and that we should not fail of being most hospitably received by him, and should obtain amends for the churlishness of the others.

It seemed, that this trip was fated to try my servant's temper, for in descending the castle hill in the morning the horse on which he was riding came down twice, not without considerable damage to his shins. It was indeed wonderful how he escaped more falls, perched as he was on the top of a pile of luggage, on which he remained coiled for hours together, without apparently ever getting stiff, and in fact would not have descended from "morn to dewy eve" if I had not urged on him the duty of easing the poor brute on which he was mounted. The road was certainly not of a character to

soothe any irritation of mind, for it was a continual succession of dives into deep gorges, succeeded by precipitous hills, all covered with the never-ending brushwood.

One man passed us with a basket of grapes, on which my companion immediately levied toll. On my offering him a small sum, he civilly refused it, to my surprise, so uncommon is such a thing in Syria. At length we arrived at the house of the religious Sheikh, whom we found to be an old man with nothing distinguishing in his dress, and engaged in spinning woollen thread. He did not redeem his fame for hospitality, for it was not without difficulty that my guide got some grapes from him, and it was not till we were evidently on the move that he invited us to stop to breakfast. Our companion here left us, much to my chagrin, declaring that he could not possibly accompany us any farther, but putting us under the charge of a couple of goatherds, who were driving their half-dozen goats to the next village. He gave them an injunction to procure us a guide where they stopped, and so we were to be passed on from village to village. This arrangement was by no means an agreeable one, being very difficult to carry out, since it required not only tact

but a disagreeable amount of bullying, only justified by its absolute necessity, since it was quite impossible to find our way by ourselves.

In this manner we passed several villages, which were all inhabited by Ansyreeh, and situated on the sides of hills with beautiful orchards of walnut trees, figs, and grapes in their vicinity, in eating which we wiled away the tedium of the journey. After the experience of several guides, both men and boys, obtained with different degrees of difficulty, and to whom I gave a trifle according to their behaviour, we arrived at a village, of which the Sheikh was remarkably civil, declaring that he was a relation of Sheikh Mahommed Yoosef, of Saffeeta, to whose house I was inquiring my way. He at once sent a man with us, and to complete the toil of the journey, which had already been sufficient to weary thoroughly both man and beast, he chose the most difficult road, over a deep valley called Wady Layoon. This he did, declaring that the people higher up were melaëen, which means literally "accursed," but is used also in the mild sense of "a bad set." The descent to the bottom was bad enough, but the opposite ascent surpassed anything that we had before experienced. The

more we ascended, the more there seemed to be before us, until the hill from below appeared like a wall, and scarcely a trace of a path, much less of a horse track, was to be discerned. On we toiled, the muleteer uttering the most dreadful oaths and curses on the religion of the guide, who seemed disposed to resent them, but contented himself with saying, "How that fellow reviles people's religion!" At length, after additional damage to the baggage, and additional trying of the sinews of man and beast, we arrived at a village near the top of the hill, and rested our weary limbs under a large oak, near the tombs of some Sheikhs.

Here a good wood fire was lit, round which the men of the village spent the evening, and slept the night, laying their heads on the saddlebags, and thus, as it afterwards appeared, heating and damaging our provision of bread. They were servilely civil, and brought us barley for our horses and food for ourselves; but having already eaten a sufficiency of grapes and eggs, I contented myself with some bread and walnuts. The people seemed a far rougher set than those of the northern districts, as, I may say, did all with whom I came in contact in the several villages of this section of the Ansy-

reeh. The Sheikhs, too, as they themselves said, were of a different stamp, and this will appear from what I shall say of the principal one.

Next morning we obtained a guide, a young fellow, who, as soon as we had crested the hill, behind the village, pointed out to us the spot where a few days before there had been a sanguinary contest, between the men of Wady Layoon, and those of Saffeeta. Many had fallen on each side, and he indicated with savage pleasure the places where one or other of the opposite party had fallen under the fire of his people, and been then despatched. He gave a general description of the battle-field, showing where the opposite party had advanced, and the rocks and bushes behind which his own party had found shelter. He conducted us as far as the next village, where the women civilly brought us the most delicious black figs, newly gathered in the cool of the morning; and so, from village to village, we passed over a hilly country, as the day before, though the road was a good deal better. Here and there the people were sulky, but by dint of assurance, and reference to a document from the Pasha of Beyrout, which I had with me,

I always got a guide after a short delay, till at last we got to a village where, a first, we saw nothing but women, who declared that there was not a man in the place. The muleteer, however, soon ferreted one out, who accompanied us a few yards, but then jumped over a wall and made off among the trees. As only one stage remained, we did not care to follow him, and after an hour-and-a-half's farther riding, arrived in the vicinity of the Sheikh's house. We found that it was on the summit of a hill, which we ascended, accompanied by women with heavy water-pitchers, which they were bringing from a long distance, from a fountain which seemed to supply the numerous population of the neighbourhood; for around it were collected a vast crowd of men, women, cattle and donkeys.

. Seeing a number of people seated in a flat place, under a grove of trees, I rode up to them, and one of them immediately rose and motioned me to a cushion by his side. He proved to be the Sheikh, though I at first took him to be the Mekuddam, or a Turk from Tarabolous, for his dress was quite unlike that of the Sheikhs to the north, which was always white, with a white turban, or rather generally,

for Sheikh Hhabeeb had some addition of coloured garments. He, on the contrary, had a coloured shawl wrapped round his tarboosh, and wore a beard, which I had never seen, except among some of the old men of the Fellaheen. He was surrounded by a number of people, who had come to represent their cases to him, and he evidently acted the part of a judge among them, his scribe writing little slips of paper, which were handed to him to have his seal affixed to them. He spoke authoritatively and harshly to those about him, in a tone never assumed by the Sheikhs to the north, of whom, by-the-bye, he seemed to be jealous. One offender, who had fed his goats on another man's olives—a poor, miserable, dwarfish wretch—was abused by him in a most outrageous way. "You monkey!" said he, "you Kurd, the curse of Allah light on you, your father, grandfather, ancestors, and all your posterity! you dog, son of a dog!" and ended by commanding him to make restitution; and finding that there was absolutely nothing in his possession, he ordered him to be shut up till his brother should come and release him.

The Sheikh evidently wished to pass himself as a Mahometan, and the call to afternoon

prayers was chanted by a man, perched on the corner of a wall near; and immediately an old fellow got up before us all, and went through the prostrations in a most orthodox manner, though I felt assured that it was only to humbug me, for the afternoon call was the only one which was made. I told my servant to ask, in an off-hand way, if there were really any Mahometans in the place, for I was sure that a question from me would be replied to by a lie. He was answered that the Sheikh was a Mahometan, and that there were Mahometans living among them, which I found to be false.

The Sheikh was very polite, and asked the usual questions about the English. He spoke highly of the American missionaries at Tarabolous, or Tripoli, at whose houses he had been, but declared that on their speaking about the establishing of a school in his district, he had said that he did not wish it; and this I believe to be nothing more than the truth, for as present he is a great man among an ignorant people. However, afterwards, when I mentioned to him my plan of forming a school, he was interested, and urged me to establish it in those parts, I expect merely as a compli-

ment; but I contented myself with saying, that it was as yet uncertain whether a school would be formed at all. He did not seem to know much of the districts to the north, though he said that he had received a day or two before a letter from Sheikh Ibraheem Saeed, who had friends in that quarter.

I saw my friend the Sheikh of Hamah, who had not recovered his voice, but still spoke in a mysterious whisper. I found that he had greatly exaggerated the scholarship of the Sheikh, who, although evidently an intelligent man, had a remarkably small knowledge of geography, or of anything else that I could discover, notwithstanding that he was continually desirous of impressing those around with a sense of his vast erudition. He pressed me much to show him how to find the extent of an oblong area, but did not prove an apt scholar. However he formed a good conception of the operation of the electric telegraph, and explained it to the others. He declared that the Franks were far in advance of the Mahometans in knowledge.

We spoke of religion, and he gave me the idea of a man whose mind was not at ease. He asked me if I believed in the transmigration

of souls, and on my saying no; he said, "You are right, there is no truth in it." When afterwards I was praying, which I was compelled to do in the midst of them, I heard him say that he believed all sects to be pretty well alike; and I fancy that he has no faith in any, being among his own people an Ansyreeh, and with the Mahometans, a Mahometan. A lamp was suspended from the branches of the tree above, and my bedstead placed in the middle, the Sheikh sleeping on the ground near.

His house is some twelve hours from Tripoli; and the French consul there, who is a very good shot, comes out in the sporting season. During the day I had seen a vast number of partridges, running up the hills like domestic fowl, and also a great number of squirrels, which are shot for their fur.

CHAPTER VIII.

TROUBLE WITH GUIDES—MONASTERY OF ST. GEORGE—RIVER OF JOSEPHUS — TRICKERY OF MONKS — ANSYREEH PILGRIMS—CASTLE OF EL-HUSN—AFFABLE GOVERNOR—FRINGE OF GOLD—BREAKFAST WITH WANDERING TRIBE—PLAIN OF HOMS—HOMS—VIOLENT DERVISHES—ANCIENT THRESHING INSTRUMENT—OBSTINACY OF JACKASS—RIBLEH—AMICABLE COLONY—TALKATIVE PRIEST—HERMEL—SOURCE OF ORONTES—REMARKABLE MONUMENT—ILLNESS OF MULETEER—MISS THE CEDARS—METAWALEE SHEIKH—TEARS OF A MOTHER—RETURN TO BEYBOUT.

HAVING provided ourselves with some of the Sheikh's coarse, but sweet bread, we left for Kulat-el-Husn, escorted by one of his men, who left us at the first village, and placed us under the charge of a man who, in his turn, walked with us for about an hour to the nearest village, and then committed us to the guidance of another to conduct us on our way. My muleteer was, with justice, afraid that our guides would not be careful to lead us in the most direct road, choosing rather that which would soonest bring them to the end of their

stage, and enable them to deliver us up to the tender mercies of their successor. But he could not say much, for the answer, of course, was, "If you know the road better than me, why do you compel me to go with you?"

The road lay along a series of hills, passing several towers, and leaving the tower of Saf-feeta, which was once held by the Assassins, at some distance on one hand. The villages to which we came were inhabited by Ansyreeh, who seemed a very rough and uncivilized set. With great difficulty we obtained the requisite succession of guides; and in one case, where the distance was rather far, it was all we could do to keep our conductor from taking to flight.

At length we came to a Christian village, where there was an abundance of vineyards, of which, unfortunately, they had just gathered the produce, and were pressing it to make the grape honey or dibs. Under a tree was sitting an old gentleman, the Sheikh of the village, who seemed exceedingly well to do, and was watching the threshers engaged at his well-stocked floors. He immediately, with the utmost feigned politeness and servility, acceded to my request for a guide, and sent a young man with us, to whom he gave a secret order

to go with us only just without the limits of the village; so when he came to the spot he made off, not without being put in a desperate fright by the muleteer, who seized hold of him as if about to take him by force. The fact is that, so insecure is the country, and so fearful are the people of being taken as conscripts, the idea of going a few miles is quite terrifying, and this accounts for the difficulty which we encountered. As the castle was in sight, we could now depend on ourselves and inquiry from passers-by, and were thus, to my great comfort, released from all further necessity of interfering with the liberty of the subject.

Proceeding onwards we arrived at another Christian village, where the people were also engaged in threshing the produce of the neighbouring fields, all of which belonged to the convent of St. George, situated in the valley commanded by the kulat, or castle, which I have mentioned. This convent, which has the reputation of being the richest in Syria, derives its fame not only from its name, which, as is well known, is in universal repute in Syria, but also from a most powerful intermittent spring, which, bursting forth from the foot of a limestone mountain, fills a large cave in an

instant, and then flows down the valley in such force that it sometimes carries away the mulberry-trees which it meets with in its course, and deserves the name of a river. The ignorant inhabitants of Syria ascribe its flow to the efficacy of the prayers of the monks of St. George; and in consequence the monastery is a place of pilgrimage, not only to Christians but to the Ansyreeh, and even some Mahometans. The spring, or river, derives an interest from the fact that it is probably the one referred to by Josephus, in his 'Wars of the Jews,' lib. vii., ch. v., where he says that "Titus saw a river which remained dry for six days and flowed on the Sabbath." Pliny refers to the river of Josephus, but his statement concerning it differs, in that he says that it flowed for six days and rested on the Sabbath. Mr. Thomson, one of the American missionaries in Syria, in a paper inserted by him in a collection of lectures delivered at Beyrout, seems to prove that the spring in question is the river referred to by Josephus and Pliny, of the whereabouts of which there has been much controversy. At present the duration and times of its flow are uncertain; the facts which I was able to discover with respect to it

being, that it breaks out more often in summer than in winter, and that the periods of its cessation are longer than those of its action.

Not far off lies the monastery, which, though a large and well-built edifice, cannot compare in size or the picturesqueness of its parts and position with the other Greek convents of Mount Sinai and Mar Saba. Placing my carpet on the ground outside, I made a cursory survey of part of the interior. A handsome carved pulpit in the chapel was the only thing I saw deserving attention. The stories were piled on one another, and there was a close, unpleasant smell on the staircases and in the passages.

My servant told me that he saw two maniacs with large iron collars round their necks, connected with a chain which passed through a window into an adjoining apartment. These poor wretches are thus left for a time, and if they recover they are released, or rather St. George releases them; it being considered as a proof that they are incurable, if after a certain time their chains do not fall off of their own accord.

The good monks are up to another trick. The entrance to the convent is through an

opening of some two feet high, closed by a thick door of black basalt. Through this the mules of the convent are trained to pass; and when pilgrims come to the convent they vow that if their mules can be brought to pass through, and thus prove that St. George has part and lot in them, they will give a certain sum to the convent. By a dexterous pull, and proper management, the fathers succeed in the difficult operation.

Outside the convent were a couple of Ansyreeh, who had come on pilgrimage, but united profit with duty by vending water-melons, which they had brought from the neighbourhood of Hamah, where they resided, and where they told me there were great numbers of their people. One of them, an old fellow, not only knew how to demand a high price for his commodities, but repaid jest for jest without the least respect for anybody. Having to write my Journal, as if clouds of dust were not a sufficient annoyance, I was pestered by a Christian with an endless number of questions, assiduously repeated, it seeming to matter little whether they were answered or not. It was the more annoying as I thought it quite enough to have been worried in this

way by the Fellaheen, when it was a matter of necessity to bear it, without being pestered by a chatterer with whom I had no manner of business.

Leaving the convent, we proceeded to its neighbour the castle, which stands frowning on an eminence on the other side of the valley, as I could fancy that monastery and castle stood in olden time.

“The shades of eve began to fall
On mountain, hill, and castle wall,”

as we slowly wound up the ascent to it. The exterior walls are in almost perfect preservation, and at a short distance appear quite so; and as one looks at it, standing alone in its grandeur, without anything to recall the mind to modern times, the imagination peoples it with the forms of Crusader and Saracen; and the novels of Sir Walter Scott, such as ‘Ivanhoe,’ which one may have read in one’s youth, come back with all the vividness of fancy with which they were then perused. Nor is the spell at once broken, for one enters through a long gloomy arched passage, till one emerges in the noble central court, in the middle of which is a raised circular pavement, remaining as it was in the times of the Crusaders.

Yielding to the pressing solicitations of some Mahometan inhabitants of the castle, who find abundance of accommodation in the vast buildings which still remain, I went up to see the governor, who is a Turk of good family from Damascus. I was told that he knew Arabic, and was a most affable person; but my reception was so cool that, but for its appearing ridiculous, I should have returned at once; for he not only did not rise, but did not even motion me to be seated. As he was sitting in the open air on the only chair at hand, I put up with a stone roller, and sat listening to the not unpleasing songs of an Arab poet, who accompanied himself on a one-stringed instrument, from which he drew tolerable music.

Every now and then he stopped to explain the allusions to the Turk, who, when the music ceased, turned to me and politely questioned me about my travels. There was a Bedouin seated near, who coolly asked me if I had plenty of money, for in case I had he was willing to conduct me to Tadmor, taking me first to Aleppo, which he promised to reach in one day. I thanked him, but said that I had had too recent an experience of those of his

class to wish to renew the acquaintance for the present.

The governor spoke of an image which had been discovered near Babylon, of some sixty feet high, and of solid gold. This story was at that time current in Syria, and I heard it in the most out-of-the-way places; and that it should have found its way there was most curious. It was added that an Englishman had been the discoverer, who was to receive from the Sultan a large salary in perpetuity. Of course the story had its rise in the excavations then going on at Babylon, and the figure set up by Nebuchadnezzar in the plain of Dura.

The governor sent his slave with me to conduct me over the castle, and mounting on the towers, we had a birds-eye view of the whole place, consisting of an outer and an inner castle, which though, as the Turk himself observed, they are now commanded by a neighbouring hill, must have once been almost impregnable, and a wonder of engineering skill. From its walls there is one of the most magnificent views in the world. To the west is the Mediterranean and the intermediate country,

connected by the valley commanded by the castle, with the vast plains on the east, which stretch, where only the imagination can follow them, to the Euphrates and Tigris.

Now that I am about to quit the last castle of which I shall speak, I would say that the sight of this castle is itself worth the trouble of getting to it from Baalbec or Tripoli, and is one of the many, the inspection of which would well repay a visit to Northern Syria. In the North there is still a romance in travelling which is passing away in the South. Here a man wanders on, scarcely knowing where he shall rest for the night, and does not find, on arriving at the end of the day's journey, the tents of two or three parties of English or Americans already pitched, nor encounter those nuisances to quiet and meditation, guides and guards. But the traveller, to enjoy himself thoroughly, should acquire sufficient knowledge of Arabic to travel by himself, otherwise he may probably find his dragoman to combine in himself a host of nuisances, in which case it will matter little whether he be in the beaten track or not.

Having completed my survey, I returned to my luggage, notwithstanding the invitation of

the slave to come and dine with his master, which, to his astonishment, I declined, saying that my servant would prepare the dinner. The fact was, I was not particularly pleased with the manner and appearance of his Excellency, and preferred my own humble fare—which, to say truth, required little preparation, consisting of walnuts, bread, and water-melon—to his better-furnished table. The wind blew somewhat coldly, but piling my blankets upon me, I soon slept away the night, and next morning early we descended the long hill of the castle, which on this side was clothed with vineyards, to the plain below.

As we had some ten hours' ride before us, over a hot plain, where I expected to find little water, and our mules had contrived to break our only water-jar the night before, the prospect of the day's journey was not cheering; for moreover we were as badly off for eatables as for drinkables, being unable to obtain any grapes, and having with us only the bread which we had brought from the Sheikh. However, we had not gone far before we espied the black tents of a wandering tribe, and I immediately determined to turn off to them and get a breakfast. Matters at first did not seem

very promising, not even milk was to be had ; but, at last, while we were bargaining for some sour curds, the chief man came up and asked us what we wanted, and said that there were all kinds of *Hhaleebat* at our service, a word including cheese, sour and fresh milk, and all other preparations of the milk genus. All we got, however, was a little fresh and sour milk, the first of which I was desirous to keep to myself, and hinted so to my muleteer ; but his impatience was not to be restrained, especially as he was breakfasting at my expense. He accordingly made a dash at my portion before I could prevent him, but I rescued it ere he had rendered it uneatable by his manner of partaking of it. My host was not particularly complimentary. Looking at my travelling dress, he said, "He does not appear like a consul." I found that he came from the neighbourhood of Tripoli, where no doubt he had seen Franks better dressed. His tribes were Kurds, who move about for pasturage from place to place, and of this and other wandering tribes there are calculated to be no less than 100,000 in Syria.

On leaving them, we soon found that our apprehensions of a scarcity of water, at least

of muddy water, were perfectly groundless. Though it was nearly the end of summer there was still a deep and wide pool, which it was absolutely necessary to pass; and it was with the utmost anxiety that, after getting over myself, I watched the struggles of the mule which was carrying the principal part of the luggage, expecting every moment to see it submerge everything in the water, which, if one were to travel in such places in the winter, supposing the practicability of doing so, would be almost inevitable.

Passing on over the plain, which, though fortunately cooled by a strong westerly wind, was but a hot thirsty land, we met a family of Arabs, who anxiously inquired whether there was water ahead. As there was none before them for two or three hours, and the poor children were evidently parched with thirst, we gave them some clusters of a small stock of grapes which we had purchased at the place where we breakfasted, and I shall not easily forget the gratitude of the parents.

We then came upon a village of the Ansyreeh, who, as one of them told me, had been placed there by Tahir Basha to protect the road, which had been before infested by their

own people and the Arabs. From this place, the white hill of the Castle of Hums was visible, distant about four hours; and riding on before I quickly arrived at the Orontes and the extensive gardens outside the town. Here the river is of a different colour to that of the stream at Antioch, being whitened by the chalky soil through which it flows before it comes to the red marl, by which it is tinged in its later course. The gardens are well watered, and crowded with all kinds of fruit trees and the most luxuriant vegetation.

I rode straight into the town, passing among its mud-built houses to the small bazaar. Here I bought for a penny some pounds of grapes, which I placed in a handkerchief, and ate as I rode. Several Greeks, of whom there are as many as six thousand in the town (I mean, as usual, members of the Greek, or Eastern Church), came up and addressed me, and conducted me to one of their churches. I found it difficult to disencumber myself of my large purchase; and as no one would accept of the residue, I laid it on a stone, to the astonishment of the bystanders, one of whom, however, afterwards walked off with it. The church of the Arbaëen, or "The Forty," which I visited

appears ancient, and has four columns of different orders, brought from buildings of still older date. A fine carved wooden screen was in process of completion.

Returning to the open space outside the town, I found my muleteer and servant just arrived; and piling the luggage on the ground, I sat by and guarded it, while they went off to buy provisions for man and beast, taking advantage of the interval to write my Journal. Several persons came up; but as I paid no attention to their questions, they made up their minds that I did not understand Arabic, and relieved me of their presence. We offended, however, some wild-looking dervishes, who were apparently from India, from which country and from Persia the majority come, in that we did not immediately reply to their "Peace be upon you;" which, by-the-bye, it would have been presumption in a Christian to have done with the regular answer, "On you be the peace," as it was a mistake in them so to salute a Christian. They went off, flourishing their thick sticks, and muttering curses to themselves, intending to proceed on foot in the moonlight on the road to Damascus. They and their like are the pests of the country.

Though I have now bid adieu to the Ansyreeh, I will ask the reader to accompany me to my journey's end, promising to travel with American velocity. I have introduced him to Orthodox Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Ansyreeh, Turcomans and Kurds, and would wish still to make him acquainted with a colony of Greek Catholics, and a tribe of Metawalees.

Returning across the breadth of the land, I shaped my course so as, passing by Ribleh, the source of the Orontes, and the Cedars, to descend to Tripoli.

After four hours' ride from Homs, over a perfectly level plain, I rested for a while at a mud-built village, the inhabitants of which were busily engaged in threshing wheat. I inspected the operation narrowly, and found that they were using an instrument probably the same as that employed in the time of the prophet Isaiah, and referred to by him (ch. xxviii. 27), where the English translation is the "cart-wheel." It was a small scaffolding of wood, mounted on two rollers, encircled with iron-toothed wheels. On the scaffolding was a chair, in which sat a little urchin who drove the machine round and round the central heap,

thus threshing out the ear and cutting the straw into chaff at the same time.

After a long ride over a gravelly plain, producing nothing but thistles, on which Arabs were pasturing their camels, we were brought to a stop by a deep ford; and sitting on the green bank, I regaled myself with water melons, while I was deriving amusement from a contest between the muleteer and his jackass. This animal was too weak for him to ride much, and in the mountains convinced him of this by giving him a nasty fall, and when left to itself, it would be sure to go out of the road or to lag behind; so that, instead of his legs being rested by it, it was a continual source of fatigue to him. On the present occasion, neither imprecations, nor pushing, nor backing, would make stubborn Jack descend into the yet unfathomed depths; and at last his master was obliged to take off the saddlebags and carry them over, when, returning for his jackass, he seized him by his hind legs and threw him by main force into the water.

In the afternoon we arrived at all that remains of Ribleh—a ruin composed of large hewn stones and some miserable houses. As

the next day was Sunday, and I did not much like the appearance of the place, I was for pressing on, to obtain a more agreeable spot for pitching my tent; but yielding to the remonstrances of the muleteer, as we had already had a nine hours' journey, I determined to remain where we were, and was afterwards extremely glad that I had done so, for I found the few inhabitants as quiet, civil, and inoffensive a people as I had ever met with in Syria, and the place itself one of the most interesting and delightful spots in which I had ever pitched my tent. We encamped on the green sward, on the very verge of the river, the Orontes, whose pure stream here flowed unmixed with the least tinge of mud. On either side were green fields of maize, the horizon being bounded by the mountains of the Cedars, and the desert hills of the Anti-Lebanon, which here terminate abruptly. There was a stillness in the plain most favourable to meditation on the events once enacted here. (See 2 Kings xxiii. 33, and xxv. 7.)

The people of the village are Greek

Catholics, with two or three Mussulmans who have been brought up among them, and agree with them in the most loving way. All of them turned out to converse with me: the priest, on hearing of the presence of an English clergyman, coming also. He is a remarkable-looking man, with wild prominent eyes and a most voluble tongue. He had been a tailor, in a village hard by; and when the late priest died, he was sent for by the people and ordained to the cure of Ribleh, and a small village or two near. Small as the number of his parishioners are, he has, as they told me, enough and to spare; and I could not help thinking that it was a most creditable thing that even so small a congregation was not unprovided for. One of his flock, an old man, asked me all manner of questions, wishing to avail himself of an opportunity of increasing his small stock of information. He expressed his surprise that so many travellers went to see a few trees, as he understood the cedars to be, and suggested that it might be because our Saviour had been there; then suddenly, to the annoyance of

his pastor, he abruptly asked him whether it was indeed true that our Saviour had paid them a visit. However, the priest was equal to the emergency, and answered, though peevishly and nervously, that they were mentioned in the Psalms. They too were longing for the coming of the Franks in their own time.

On Sunday the priest again came ; but his conversation being very frivolous, and evidently designed to show his power of talking, I ceased to reply, and allowed him to talk himself out. He perceived this, and rose to go, saying to my servant, who urged him to remain longer, that the gentleman did not say anything, and seemed out of sorts.

Next day we had not far to go, but I had a very hard day's work. I rode on before towards Hermel, the village where we intended to halt, but missed my way and went to another village ; and discovering my error, at length, after a long search, found my people pleasantly encamped under a shady tree, and surrounded by the Metawalee inhabitants of the village. The village itself is prettily situated under the mountains, in

the midst of fine groves of pomegranate and walnut trees, but the people seem to be a surly, sarcastic set, who would sell us nothing but at an exorbitant price, and the children were as troublesome as the men were unsociable.

Wishing to see the source of the Orontes, an hour or two distant, and finding that no one was ready to go with me, I rode off, trusting to find it from knowing something of its whereabouts, and I was soon rewarded by seeing the object of my search. The water gushes copiously forth from a semi-circular basin at the foot of a hill, and forms a river at once. It was with much interest that I thus traced to its source what I had crossed near its mouth at Suadeiah, drank of at Antioch, and followed from Antioch to Hamah, and from Homs to its rise. Mounting again, I rode off quickly, as the day was waning, towards a tower which stands in solemn loneliness at the entrance of the valley of the Bekaa, the ancient Cœle-Syria, a monument of ages which have long, long since rolled away. As I rode along the sides of the hills I observed some excavations in

the rocks, with walls erected before them, apparently once the cells of Christian hermits; and scarcely could they have found in Syria a more delightful and solitary spot. Below was the river, like an Alpine stream, pouring down its rapid, clear, green, brimming waters, on the narrow banks of which grew walnut trees of a beautiful verdure, and laden with fruit.

Just before sunset I arrived at the lone tower built on the top of barren hills which overlook all the plain. It is truly, without exception, the most remarkable remains of antiquity to be found in Syria. It consists of a square tower of two stories built on steps of black basalt, and crowned by a pyramid. One of its sides has fallen down, but on the others are figures representing a hunt, a bull with dogs, a quiver, snake, boar, &c., all well executed. It is the only remaining trace of the occupation of the neighbourhood by the camp of an Egyptian or Assyrian army.

After a hard ride I got back to my tent half an hour after sunset. My muleteer had at Ribleh dined heartily of food obtained

gratis, and began to complain of illness, and now said that he could not go any farther. As his native place was near, I suspected that he wished to spare his beasts the ascent of the mountain, and that his complaints were a mere *ruse de guerre*. At all events it would not do to be left to look out for fresh mules at such a place, and so next morning I made him proceed on the journey. It turned out that he was really ill, though not to such an extent as would have been supposed from his exclamations to hills, woods, and men to take compassion on his condition. He lay sprawling on his donkey, which staggered on under his weight, till he rolled off upon his back, and his turban coming off disclosed his closely-shaven head, which provoked a smile even in his apparently pitiable state.

The road was not the usual one to the cedars, and was solitary, lying among hills covered with trees of a rather large size, frequented only by woodcutters and Arab goat-herds. It was most tantalising to see the mountain of the cedars rising to our left, so near that it might have been reached by a

few hours' riding, and yet be unable to visit what would have made my trip complete. However, it was evident that the muleteer was in no state that day to go very far, and we were badly off for provisions for ourselves and fodder for our cattle, and besides the road was nearly destitute of water, and quite so of villages, so that unwillingly we turned off to the right, intending to stop for the night with the Sheikh of Hermel, who had ascended the mountains a day or two before on a tour of business or pleasure.

In the afternoon we came to a fine valley, lying high up in the mountains, and at the farther end descried some Arab tents. The Sheikh was on a visit to the tribe, and we found him seated in the tent of the chief, surrounded by his dependants and some old men of his family. He is a fine, handsome man, and was superbly dressed in a green robe, lined with violet and embroidered with silver, with a silver chain round his neck, silver-mounted pistols in his girdle, and a blunderbuss to match by his side. He evidently affected great state, and, like other great men, pronounced his words slowly and

lispingly. I did not like his style of questions, and hurt his pride by telling him the truth about an old watch, which did not go, and would probably have been useless to him if it had, for the understanding of the movement of its two hands might have been somewhat too much for the smallness of his intellect, which was as apparent as his assumption of dignity. At least I judged so, for here, as at the village below, was a man, a kind of court jester, who seemed privileged to rap the knuckles of his fellows with a small stick, which, with the continual use of a falsetto voice, kept the Sheikh in a roar. The appearance of the people was peculiar and striking. Their faces were partly concealed by a handkerchief which was wrapped round their head, and fell a little over their eyes and down their backs. Their eyes were closely set, their noses long and aquiline, and their beards black and bushy, some of them forming a *beau ideal* of a stage robber. I soon recognised men of this race elsewhere, from their peculiar physiognomy and dress.

I was honoured by dining off the same

dish with the Sheikh, and after dinner, which was provided by the Arab host, a fire was lit; for, notwithstanding the season, it was exceedingly cold, and the conversation turned on barley and straw. Each man had a very tolerable horse, and a portion of corn which had been obtained in the neighbourhood was doled out to each, after many complaints of the partiality of the divider. The Sheikh's nosebag—I mean the nosebag of the Sheikh's horse—was better filled than those of the rest, and he ostentatiously showed his generosity by calling to him those who had come off with least, and meted out to them handfuls of barley. In a small way the Sheikh held the same relation to his people as the barons of old to their feudal retainers. They were evidently proud of him, and as far as their arms and carriage went he had reason to be proud of them.

I had before fallen in with some of that section of this people who reside in the hills about Tyre and Sidon, and found them very civil; and, on the whole, I had no reason to complain of my reception here, though I preferred the Ansyreeh as more humble and

unsophisticated. I had my tent pitched near, to the danger of having its fastenings torn away and itself overthrown by the horses picketed in its vicinity, which every now and then got entangled in its cords.

In the morning, finding that the Sheikh was unwilling to send a guide with me to the Cedars, alleging that the road was long and that there were no villages in the way, we abandoned all idea of reaching them, and went off towards Tripoli, under the charge of one of his men, who conducted us a little way on the road, and left us with the full determination of being at Tripoli that evening. But unfortunately we missed our way, and wandered the whole day on the hills under the Cedars. Having had no opportunity of restocking ourselves with provisions, we had with us but three small cakes of bread, which I divided with my hungry servant, and we eked them out with some grapes which we happened luckily to meet with on the road. But for this, we had to feast ourselves with the magnificent view of the hills and valleys beneath us. We saw villages, apparently near, cresting isolated

hills, but it seemed that we were never to find a road to one of them, till, in the evening, we arrived at one, the hospitality of whose inhabitants soon made us forget all our troubles. My couch was soon spread on a wooden platform under some trees, and my hunger appeased by a repast of maize bread, eggs, and cheese, than which the choicest delicacies could not have been more palatable. Near I observed two recent graves, which I found to be those of two youths of the village, who at a neighbouring place had killed one another in a quarrel, and their bodies had been brought and buried near to one another and their home. They were planted with jessamine, and protected by a hedge of dried rushes. In the morning one of the mothers came, and removing part of the fence, crouched by the grave, and began a most piteous lamentation. "My boy," said she, "the light of mine eyes, do not you answer? do you not know what I endure for you?" And then, bursting into tears, she found vent for her sorrow, which, although a year had elapsed, seemed to have lost none of its bitterness.

The Mahometans believe that the spirit of a person who has been shot wanders on the earth and returns to its house in the shape of a bird or a large green fly, whose buzzing they imagine to be the utterance of the spirit.

Passing by a perfect paradise of gardens and wilderness of fruit trees, we reached the beautiful town of Tripoli. Another long day's journey from sunrise to sunset brought us to Gebail. Arriving late, I slept in the open air, and experienced the last inconvenience of my travels. In the night a heavy thunder-shower came on, and having awakened me, pelted mercilessly upon me, as I lay cowering under the bedclothes. Next day my toil and troubles ended with my arrival at Beyrout.

Not so with the poor muleteer. Having fallen behind, no sooner did he reach the outside of the town than the mule-load was thrown upon the ground, and the animal, in which his heart was wrapped up, and for which he had not ceased to feel solicitude in the midst of his sickness, was seized for the

service of the Government ; and next day, ill though he was, he followed it to Damascus, where it had been sent with kitchen utensils for the use of the army of operation against the Druses of the Hauran.

CHAPTER IX.

REPORT TO H. L. DR. GOBAT, ANGLICAN BISHOP IN JERUSALEM — HISTORY OF ANSYREEH — RELIGION — PRESENT STATE—RESULTS OF VISIT—DESIRE FOR SCHOOLS—EXPENSES OF A SCHOOL—REASONS FOR HOPING FOR SUCCESS.

THIS chapter, with a few additions, embodies a report sent to H. L. Dr. Gobat, of the results of my visit to the Ansyreeh. As that report contains no more than is necessary for the reader's information, and may be interesting to him, I have left it in the original form.

“Beyrout, October 24, 1852.

“MY LORD,—You are aware that a few months ago I started from Beyrout on a tour through Northern Syria, with the view of ascertaining, by personal observation, the feasibility of a mission among the Ansyreeh, or Nusaireeh, an important section of its

inhabitants. I had long determined on this, as I had from hearsay come to the conclusion that there would be great reason for encouragement in an attempt to evangelize that people, and I knew that there was no Christian missionary of any church or sect labouring among them. I have since heard that the American missionaries in Syria have long been of opinion that a mission ought to be commenced, and have recommended its formation several times in their reports to their Board of Missions. But as yet no mission has been opened, and I hope that what I shall lay before you will make it evident that not only is a mission desirable, but that it is peculiarly incumbent on the Anglican Church to undertake one. I therefore beg your Lordship's attention to the following statement, in which, though I have endeavoured to be concise, I have inserted much that would have been unnecessary, had not your Lordship informed me that you might possibly send it to England, where, till lately, the very name of the Ansyreeh was unknown to most people. For this reason I will premise a few words

with respect to their history, religion, and present state.

“ Of their early history little is known ; but their physiognomy and religion prove them to be of distinct origin from the other races inhabiting Syria. They are supposed to be the aborigines of the north of Syria, and to have remained in the mountain chain stretching from Mount Cassius to the Lebanon, while successive tides of conquest have swept along the plains on either side. At no period have they acquired celebrity as a people or sect ; unlike their neighbours, the Ismaeleeh, or Assassins, once famous, but who have now nearly disappeared from before them.

“ With respect to the religion of this people, it would be impossible for any one to speak with minuteness and certainty without having resided among them for a lengthened period. And after all, this is not of much consequence, since the endeavour to evangelize them would not be made by attempting to refute each point of their heterogeneous religion ; but by introducing among them the light of science and history, which would

come in contact with it, and shake its foundations, at the same time that Christianity would be ready to satisfy the cravings of the soul, which God's Holy Spirit might mercifully awaken.

“ It is difficult to ascertain exactly all the details of the religion of the Ansyreeh, both because their religion is a secret and ill-digested one, and because there are few or none among them in the present day who understand it so well as to have fixed points of agreement and disagreement. However, there is one thing in which they all seem agreed, and which acts as a kind of freemasonry in binding together the scattered members of their body, namely, secret prayers, which are taught to every male child of a certain age, and are repeated at stated times, in stated places, and accompanied with religious rites.

“ The known part of their religion is a mixture of Mohammedanism, Christianity, Judaism, Magianism, and Paganism. It is such a one as we should expect to find among people who have never possessed men of talent and education, and have been brought successively into contact with

diverse forms of religion, of each new one of which they have received a part, while they have still clung to what preceded it. And since Mohammedanism is the last form, and they are still surrounded by its professors, it is by it that their religion is most strongly tinged.

“Their religion received its Mohammedan tinge, or at least the present form of it, from a man of the name of Nusairee, who came into Syria from Irak at the time when numerous sects arose there in the early ages of Mohammedanism, of which that of the Assassins became the most celebrated.* In

* It will not be amiss to give a translation of a notice of this people to be found in an Arabic geography, lately printed at the American press in Beyrout, for it embraces the greater part of what is said of their origin in the brief notices of them in other books, these notices being of course all taken from the same sources, though somewhat differing from one another.

“The Ansyreeh are a branch of the Karmatians, who took their rise in the deserts of Cufa, a city of the Arabian Irak. Their name is taken from the son of Karmath, who appeared in the year 264 of the Hejrah, and styled his doctrine the knowledge of the Batin (a word meaning the inner part of everything), and hence his sect was called the Batinean. This man sent preachers into different places, and his followers increased greatly in numbers. From this sect arose a man called Nusair, an old man, who was frequent in prayers and fastings, and reckoned a holy man. He chose twelve men of his followers as apostles, to preach his doctrines.

consequence, as far as they can be called Mahometans at all, they have most in com-

When his doings became known, the governor seized him and cast him into prison. The jailer had a daughter, who took compassion on the Sheikh; until one day, when the jailer, becoming intoxicated, fell into a profound sleep, she opened the prison and released him, and then put the keys in their place again. When the jailer awoke, he found that the Sheikh had escaped, and was unable to discover any signs of the prison having been opened, so, to avoid the wrath of the governor, he gave out that an angel had released him. On this coming to the ears of the Sheikh, he did all he could to strengthen men's belief in the story, and became more zealous than ever in propagating his doctrines, and wrote a book, in which he says, 'I am such a one of whom it is supposed that he is the son of Othman. I have seen the Messiah, who is the Word of God. The same is Ahmed, the son of Mohammed, the son of Hanafeyah, son of Ali, and the same is Gabriel the angel. And he said to me, Thou art the reader, thou art the truthful one, thou art the camel that executeth wrath upon the unbelievers. Thou art the ox that bearest the sins of the faithful, thou art the Spirit, thou art John the son of Zachariah.' He taught men to make four prostrations in their prayers, two before the rising of the sun and two before its setting, turning towards Jerusalem, &c. It is said that this man went from Cufa into Syria, and propagated his doctrines there among ignorant people, and at last disappeared and was not heard of afterwards."

Aboulfeda, on the authority of Ibn Saeed, says, "The Nusaireeh are so called from Nusair, a companion of Ali the son of Abou Taleb. They pretend that the sun stood still at the command of Ali, as it did at that of Joshua the son of Nun, and that the skull spoke to him, as it did to the Messiah Jesus the son of Mary, and they assert his divinity."

Gregory Abulfaraj says, (Ed. Pococke, p. 169) "The Ansyreeh are an extreme sect of the Schiites. They declare that God appeared in the form of Ali, and spoke by his mouth of the doctrine of the Batin."

mon with the Schiite, or Persian branch of Mohammedanism and follow it in their reverence for Ali. But they have no mosques, observe none of the appointed times of prayer, do not fast, and although they receive the Koran, according to their assertion, they teach their children only the last third part of it, and give it also in part a spiritual interpretation.

“It is uncertain how far they were affected by the early preaching of Christianity, but they now regard Jesus as a great prophet, call him, in common with the Mahometans, the Spirit of God, and keep the festival of Christmas, &c. They treat the Bible, which they know as the law, Psalms and Gospel, with respect, kissing it and placing it on their heads, as they do with the Koran; though they are far less acquainted with it than with the latter, since they have few copies among them, and the majority of those around them are Mahometans, while the Christians have made no efforts to circulate the Bible among them.

“With the Jews they have circumcision in common, and observe the distinctions of the Levitical law with respect to clean and un-

clean animals, not only as the Mahometans in avoiding swine's flesh, but also the hare, fish without scales, &c.

“They seem to be tingured with Magianism, or Sabeanism. The two sects into which they are divided are called Shemseech and Kumreeh, names taken from the sun and moon; and from what they say, one gathers that they confound Ali and the moon in some undefined way.

“With the Pagan philosopher they hold the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; and with the ancient Canaanites have groves and high places, in and on which they build the tombs of their Sheikhs, which are places of pilgrimage and worship.

“Such is the religion of this people, a religion which seems destined to give way before modern enlightenment, and its professors must either become infidels or Christians; for that they will ever embrace the religion of men they utterly detest (the Mahometans of Syria) is entirely improbable.

“The present condition of the Fellaheen may be anticipated when it is said that they

have been subject to centuries of grinding oppression, and are the professors of a religion such as the above. Being professors of a secret religion, they are in a different position from the Christians and Jews, and the Turkish governors and officials in Syria have not failed to make this an excuse for every kind of injustice; and since they have had no inducement to hold intercourse with others, and few Franks have found sufficient attraction to lead them to go among them, they have hardly yet begun to feel, as others, the benefit of European intervention and protection.

“ At present they are widely scattered, but are held together by a common fear of oppression, and by the possession of a common secret; and it is remarkable how close this union is, which is observable in the rapid transmission of news from one part to another of their body. They are found as far north as Tarsous, in Asia Minor. There is a large body at Antioch, and they are the principal inhabitants of the country between it and the sea. There are large numbers in the districts of Hamah and Tripoli, but the

great bulk are found in the plain of Ladi-keeh, and the districts in the mountains to the east of it. Their whole number is computed at something less than two hundred thousand.* In Antioch a considerable portion of the trades is in their hands, but they are entirely subject to the bigoted Mussulmans of the place, and through fear of them are obliged to fast and pass themselves off as Mussulmans, although it is well known that they are not such, and they are subject, in consequence, to insult and oppression. In the plains, their condition is nearly the same, and it is only better in the mountains, because it is only occasionally that Turkish officials visit them. The time of my visit happened to be when the taxes were being collected, and I was consequently witness of several cases of gratuitous insult and wrong. They generally go by the name of Fellaheen, or peasantry, which well ex-

* They are thus considerably more numerous, though of less influence, than the Druses. Notwithstanding that these sects each hold a secret religion, there is a violent hostility between them, and they ridicule each other's books, although those of each of them are a confused and unintelligible mixture of the Mahometan and other creeds.

presses their condition for the most part, and it is a name which they gladly adopt, and seldom call themselves Ansyreeh, which is a word used by the Mahometans as a term of contempt and reproach.

“In the districts of the mountains where the people are exclusively Fellaheen, they are governed by their own chiefs, called Mekuddams, who are appointed by the Government, and exercise much the same kind of influence that an Arab chief does among those of his tribe. They practise feudal hospitality; but their influence is insufficient for the maintenance of peace, order, and security: and this defect is unsupplied by the existence of any religious order, to whose authority such continual deference is paid, as to restrain acts of lawlessness and violence.

“There is a class of men among them called Sheikhs, who dress somewhat differently from the rest, and do not carry arms. Every one who can read and write a little is called a Sheikh, but there are some whose fathers and grandfathers have been such before them, and who are treated and spoken

of with great consideration. They are resorted to for charms in cases of sickness, and for the prediction of future events by means of astrology, and also for general advice. Presents are brought to them, and the hands and even feet of some are kissed when approached. They teach some of the boys part of the Koran, and initiate them into the secret religious rites. But as the chief among them confessed, their practical influence is very limited. "If," said one, "I tell a man to do so and so, and he does not relish my advice, he goes to another Sheikh who counsels him to something different." Others said to me, "We do not follow the advice of our Sheikh; were we to do so it would be better for us." The consequence is, that each man does what is right in his own eyes, and feuds and fights are common among them. I passed by a place where a few days before there had been a prolonged contest, in which some nine had fallen on either side, and a reconciliation was effected only by the interposition of the governor of Tripoli and one of their own Sheikhs. The youth who was my guide pointed out to me,

with a savage smile, the spots where such and such a one of the opposite party had received his death-wound. I asked him if the matter was finally settled. He said that the opposite party pretended to be reconciled, but only as a cheat. The same day I saw by the side of the road a recent grave, and found that it also was that of the victim of a like contest. The better sort of them see and feel the wretchedness of such a state of things, and sigh for something better.

“The name of the Ansyreeh is used in the north of Syria as a bugbear, and the people of the plains describe and fear them as great thieves and robbers. And such, in part, they are; and it is no wonder, oppressed as they have been, that they take this way of revenging and indemnifying themselves. They go long distances from the mountains to rob; and of this I heard of many instances. And they not only rob others, but one another. As they said themselves, in the mountains a man will rob his mother or his brother when asleep; and they seem, some of them, to have little idea of the guilt of theft.

“Swearing is universal among them, and

oaths of all kinds are scarcely ever absent from their lips.

“That lying is a common vice in the East is well known, and with the Ansyreeh it is closely connected with their religion, since they are obliged to maintain continual duplicity on that score. And it would seem that they prefer to answer a question, in the first instance at least, by a lie.

“The children grow up without restraint, and early carry arms. They have so little reverence for their parents, that it is no unusual thing for one of them to strike or shoot his father; and this will excite no surprise when I mention the state of the women.

“They are supposed to have no souls, at least treated as if they had none, and are allowed to remain without religion or education. One of them, the wife of a Mekuddam complained to me of this, and asked what was to become of them, since they were neither taught to read nor to pray. All the men to whom I spoke on the subject seemed utterly to disapprove of the idea of teaching them anything. The whole of the menial work is performed by them, and it is no un-

common thing to see a man riding on a donkey, and his wife trudging behind with a heavy load. Polygamy is usual among them, and some of them have no less than four wives. They barter their wives as they do their donkeys, and, I believe, in some cases exchange the one for the other. The women, most of them, seem quiet and attentive to their families, but use as bad language as the men. Such treatment of the female sex has always been held to be the surest indication of semi-barbarism.

“Such are the people whose preparedness for a mission I proposed to investigate; and in the first part of my tour I spent two months at Antioch, and at the close of it I passed through the district of Saffeeta, near Tripoli, the southern section; but it was easy to see that they were neither of them the quarter in which the first attempt should be made, since the districts of Ladi-keeh offer a far more promising field. In visiting them my definite object was to become acquainted with the Mekuddams and Sheikhs, in order to ascertain whether, if a school were opened among them, they would

be willing to send their children to it. For since it is impossible to preach the gospel openly among them, this, as it is always one of the best, so is it the only way of commencing a mission. Through the children a way would be opened to the parents, who are greatly attached to them.

“ I went provided with letters from Mr. Moore, Her Britannic Majesty’s consul in Beyrout, who, I may add, takes great interest in the project of a mission, and our Arab vice-consul at Ladikeeh. I shall not attempt to give an outline of the conversations which I had with different individuals, but merely say, that I was received with the greatest respect and hospitality by them all ; and that the general impression which I received of the feasibility of a school and mission was most favourable—far more so than I had expected. I ought to say that I never stated that my intention in opening a school would be to lead them to embrace Christianity. I merely said that as I had heard that there were no schools among them, I hoped that assistance might be procured from people in England, whose desire

was to do good to others, towards the formation of one or more schools among them, in which their children would be taught the books of the English; and that, while the Bible would be read and taught in them, the Koran would not, for that it and their religion, of which we, I said, knew nothing, would be left to the teaching of their Sheikhs.

“Of course, the opinions which were expressed differed according to the character and condition of the persons who delivered them. To some who were given to drunkenness, &c., I said nothing; and I was always careful before I opened the subject to any one, for it was necessary to proceed with quietness and caution; as it would be if a school were opened, that no unnecessary suspicions might be awakened on the part of the Government or of the people themselves.

“All to whom I spoke expressed a wish for a school, although it was evident that some, who understood the design of it, had early fears of its tendency as respected themselves; I mean some of the Sheikhs, whose present influence and revenues are built on the ignorance of the people, and the consequent

respect paid to their own small stock of learning.

“ The majority, and those men of the greatest mind and influence, expressed a decided wish for a school, and a sense of the kindness which would be conferred upon them by establishing one ; especially the chief Sheikh, of whom I was told that if he set his face against it it would be impossible to form it.

“ Two motives influenced them in their wish for a school. In the first place, they have some of them begun to be sensible of the benefit which would accrue to them if they were to become better known to the Franks, in securing them from much oppression, which is only perpetrated because at present there is no fear of its ever seeing the light. They are, therefore, most willing that the Franks, and especially Englishmen, should come to live among them. I did not scruple to take advantage of this feeling, and represent to them that if their children were taught something of the language of the Franks, they would be able to descend and represent their

cases to the consuls in the towns, and considerably better their condition.

“ But another motive is, that they are really very desirous of an education superior to that which they can now obtain. As they are physically a fine race, so their natural understanding is very good, and they have a great desire of displaying the little they know. This conceit led some of them to declare that they had numerous Sheikhs, and that there were very many who could read and write; but the most of them allowed that those who could do so were few, and that there were very small means of acquiring knowledge among them. There are a good many who can read the Koran, but they have acquired this mostly by memory, and there are none who are perfect scholars even in it. Many boys were delighted at the idea of a school, and several young men asked me most earnestly to allow them to come; and on my telling them that the school would be for boys, they said, ‘ Because then we are grown up, is it not to be our good fortune to be taught?’

“With respect to the expenses of the mission, at first they would be confined to those of the school. I have endeavoured to make a calculation of the sums which would be requisite if the school were conducted on such a scale as to give hopes of wide influence and success, and I beg to submit it to your Lordship’s inspection and judgment.

“In the first place, it would be necessary to build a house, for the houses of the Ansyreeh are small, mostly consisting of one dark room, and consequently there is no place where a school could be carried on and the schoolmaster lodged. I calculate the expense of the school buildings at 300*l*. The annual expense I calculate as follows:—

“I ascertained from our consul at Ladikeeh that the annual expense of clothing and lodging one boy would be 5*l*., which for fifty boys would make a total of 250*l*. It would be necessary to clothe them for the sake of cleanliness, and to lodge them, since they would nearly all come from distant places, for the Ansyreeh are a scattered population, and none of their villages are large. Care of course would be taken in collecting the

boys, to select those who from their talents and character would give the best promise of being centres of usefulness afterwards ; and it would be made a favour to accept an application to be admitted, and I believe that it would be considered such. After a short time it might be found good to employ such of them as were children of the Sheikhs as a kind of village schoolmasters, in the several localities in which they had been brought up, giving them a small sum, in part support, and requiring as a condition that they should read the Bible in the school, a stated examination of the scholars being made to ascertain that this was done. The schoolhouse would be looked upon as a private dwelling, and the boys as guests. The parents and others would be encouraged to visit the school and the children, and this opportunity of intercourse with them might be taken advantage of. It would be also necessary for me to make visits to the houses of the parents, in order to collect the boys and report their welfare. I may say that my income would be amply sufficient for my own support, and the exercise of the neces-

sary hospitality, and all other incidental expenses of travelling: But, as I should be occupied in this way, and in the general superintendence of the school, it would be necessary to have a master from England, who would reside at the school. He should be competent to teach not only English, but something of astronomy; in fact, the better informed, the more useful would he be, and the more influence would he exert; and he might be qualified to present himself to your Lordship for ordination to deacon's orders. His income, whether married or otherwise, I set down at 100*l.* a year. Besides this, it would be necessary to have an Arabic master, with some knowledge of grammar, &c., and one who could be depended on as to personal character; and also it would be well to have a young Sheikh of the Ansyreeh, who might observe how the school was carried on, so as to disarm suspicion, and be useful in instructing the younger boys. His salary would be small, and, with that of the first-mentioned, may be calculated at 50*l.* a-year. Thus the whole annual expense of the school would be 400*l.* a-year.

“ I need not say how much I would desire to have a brother - clergyman as a fellow worker; and, judging from recent examples, it is not too much to hope that some gentleman, when persuaded that the field of labour is a promising one, may be led to turn his attention to it, especially if other considerations should combine in leading him to this resolution, such as a weakness of chest, which would render the duties of his profession dangerous in England; for the climate of Syria is more favourable to chest complaints than that of England, and a small income in the north of Syria suffices to procure all that the country can afford.

“ I now come to the most important part of my report, the reasons which there may be for hoping for the success of an attempt to evangelize this people, especially on the part of the English Church, and therefore the duty incumbent, especially on that church, of making that attempt.

“ In the first place it is well known that European civilization and influence have of late years made great impression on the East, and that the condition of the Christian

inhabitants is considerably ameliorated in consequence. There is also a general belief among the Mussulman population, that the Franks will one day gain possession of the country. This is firmly believed by the Ansyreeh, and yearly expected and longed for. The two European powers of which they know most are the English and the Russians. Of the power of the latter they have a high opinion, but it is to the English that they look with respect and hope. They imagine that the English are a part of themselves, or of the same race; and they ask continually about the Beni Asfar and the Melek-il-Mudaffer, whom they suppose to be of the inhabitants of England.* They declare that their books prophecy of the coming of the English very shortly.† They

* Il Melek-il-Mudaffer means "The victorious king," which rather curiously coincides with the name of our present sovereign.

† I believe that the foundation of this idea of a prophecy (which is not confined to them, but is to be found among the Mahometans of Cairo and elsewhere), is the opening of one of the chapters of the Koran, from which, in their ignorance of the authentic interpretation of it, and the meaning of a particular word contained in it, they make a false deduction, of the fallacy of which they would not be persuaded. The

are acquainted with the power of the **English**, from the fact that in a very short time they expelled Ibrahim Pasha from the country ; and in Syria every commodity which lays claim to be of a superior quality is called English. They have been told by the Greeks that the English have no churches, and that they are of the same religion as themselves ; and though it would be wrong in any way to encourage this idea, and it would soon pass away entirely, yet in the outset it would be beneficial, for they would be curious to know how far the religion of the English differed from that of the Greeks, which last they would be slow to embrace. The Turks they detest and

words are these :—“The Greeks have been overcome in the nearest part of the land, but after their defeat they shall overcome, within a few years.” (Chap. xxx.) In these words, allusion is made to a victory which the Persians had gained over the Greek empire of Constantinople, in the fifth year before the Hejrah, which was succeeded by a victory gained by the latter. The word Greeks, “Ir-Room,” was once used of the Westerns as the word “Il-Affrange” is now, and the Ansaireeh suppose it to refer to the English ; their misinterpretation of the passage arises from their being unacquainted with the true meaning of the word translated “few,” which is used properly of any number from three to ten, but they in their ignorance make it refer to a long and indefinite period.

curse for their pride and oppression; from the Franks, especially the English, they look for justice and protection, and therefore, as they told me over and over again, they wish to become English. For this reason they are pleased at the idea of Englishmen living among them, and would be prepared to receive them with all respect. They declared that if the English were to come they should no longer keep their religion secret, which they did now from fear.

“ In the second place, as I have said, they treat the Bible with respect as well as the Koran, being so little acquainted with the contents of the one, that they know not how contrary it is to the other. However, some of the better informed drew comparisons favourable to the Gospel, both because of its intrinsic merits, and the contrast between the civilization and progressive advancement of the Franks, who believe in it, and the gradual decline and demoralization of the Turks, who believe in the Koran. They allowed that the question between the two must be decided by evidence; and, although at present they are too ill-informed

for such an examination, what may not be hoped from it, when they shall have acquired knowledge to qualify them in some sort for it, conducted as that examination would be with favourable impressions such as have been described ?

“ In the third place, although the members of this people are so bound together that an impression made on one part of them would not be without its effect on the whole body, yet there is no religious order among them sufficiently organized and influential to crush a rising movement ; so that, after it had made some little progress, those concerned in it would, as far as regarded their own people, be left pretty well to their own discretion.

“ These particular reasons for hoping for success are apart from that general one common to all missions, which is founded on the influence to be expected from unmerited benefits conferred without any apparent worldly end ; and these benefits would have the more influence on the Ansyreeh, since they are little accustomed to receive them at the hands of any one.

“ Thus, with the favour of God’s good providence, there is great reason to hope for success ; and this favour may well be looked for, since it is that providence which seems to point out most remarkably the commencement of this mission ; and if so, and its guidance be followed humbly, the dew of God’s spirit will not be withheld, which and which only can heal the deep-seated corruptions of this poor people ; so that, their hearts being purified by faith that is in Christ, they may be made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

“ In concluding this report, I would not disguise that a mission must be more difficult in this country than in one under British rule ; but the liberality and clemency of his present Majesty the Sultan has been lately sufficiently shown, and the favourable offices of Her Majesty’s Government might be counted upon. Satan’s devices, indeed, are not few, but the mission must be commenced before they will develop themselves.

“ I may say that I shall be going to England next spring, when I shall be able to give

any further information which may be required.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s obedient servant,

“ SAMUEL LYDE,

“ Fellow Jesus Coll. Camb. and Chaplain (pro tem.)
of the Anglican Church in Beyrout.

“ To His Lordship,

“ The Right Rev. DR. GOBAT,

“ Bishop of the Anglican Church in Jerusalem.”

NOTE.

To promote the object of the Mission, the "Report" has been printed for gratuitous circulation, with the following "Advertisement" prefixed.

I shall be most happy to communicate with any gentleman who may wish for further information on the subject.

SAMUEL LYDE.

BECKWELL HOUSE, BRIXTON HILL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE REV. SAMUEL LYDE has submitted to us his Report to the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, of his researches in Northern Syria, and the plans which he has formed for the Christian instruction of the Ansyreeh. We beg to express our approbation of the object to which that Report refers. We accordingly commend his appeal to the consideration of pious and benevolent persons. There can be no doubt of the proper application of the funds raised for this object, as they will pass through the hands of the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem.

We would especially direct attention to the limited scale of expenditure upon which MR. LYDE proposes to commence his work, and to the fact that every five pounds which is annually intrusted to him, will support and educate an Ansyreeh youth, selected by himself from one of the most influential families. Should the undertaking prosper, it may be hoped that it will become the nucleus of a mission which one of the Great Church Societies will adopt and enlarge.

Rev. G. E. CORRIE, D.D., *Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Norrisian Professor of Divinity.*

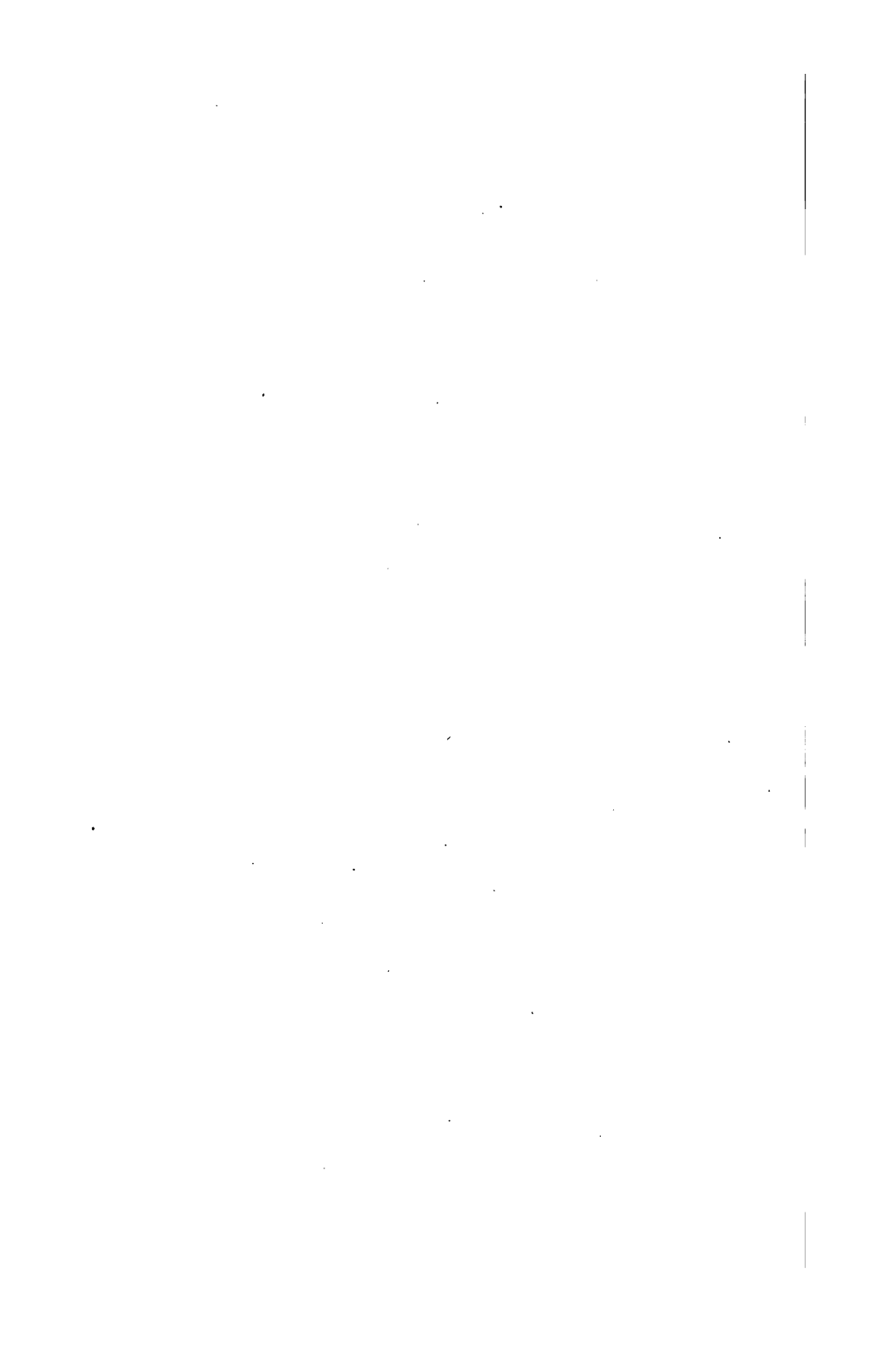
Rev. HENRY VENN, B.D., *Secretary to Church Missionary Society.*

Rev. ERNEST HAWKINS, B.D.

Rev. JOHN DAVID GLENNIE, M.A.

Rev. JOHN BOWEN, *Rector of Orton Longueville, Hants.*

Subscriptions may be paid to Messrs. Hoare, Fleet Street, to the account of the "Ansyreeh Fund," or to Thomas Graham, Esq., 1, Mitre Court Chambers, Temple, Treasurer.



13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT,

SUCCESSORS TO MR. COLBURN,

HAVE LATELY PUBLISHED

The Following New Works.

Erratum.

By an error of the Press, the word "Isaacsech," in the head-lines of this work, has been incorrectly printed "Is/acweech."

L.G., &c.

George,
ne claim
equently
es. He
am, and
rothers,
eir lives
to fame
uments,

in official employ-
as Lord Grenville. The staple of the work
but there are also to be found interspersed with the Grenville letters, letters
from every man of note, dating from the death of the elder Pitt to the end of
the century. There are three periods upon which they shed a good deal of light.
The formation of the Coalition Ministry in 1783, the illness of the King in 1788,
and the first war with Republican France. Lord Grenville's letters to his brother
afford a good deal of information on the machinations of the Prince's party, and
the conduct of the Prince and the Duke of York during the King's illness."—*The
Times.*

"A very remarkable and valuable publication. The Duke of Buckingham has
himself undertaken the task of forming a history from the papers of his grand-
father and great-uncle, the Earl Temple (first Marquis of Buckingham), and Lord
Grenville, of the days of the second Wm. Pitt. The letters which are given to
the public in these volumes, extend over an interval commencing with 1782, and
ending with 1800. In that interval events occurred which can never lose their
interest as incidents in the history of England. The Coalition Ministry and its
dismissal by the King—the resistance of the Sovereign and Pitt to the efforts of
the discarded ministers to force themselves again into office—the great con-

THE COURT AND CABINETS OF GEORGE III.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS—CONTINUED.

stitutional question of the Regency which arose upon the King's disastrous malady—the contest upon that question between the heir apparent and the ministers of the Crown—the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the consequent entrance of England upon the great European war,—these, with the union with Ireland, are political movements every detail of which possesses the deepest interest. In these volumes, details, then guarded with the most anxious care from all eyes but those of the privileged few, are now for the first time given to the public. The most secret history of many of the transactions is laid bare. It is not possible to conceive contemporary history more completely exemplified. From such materials it was not possible to form a work that would not possess the very highest interest. The Duke of Buckingham has, however, moulded his materials with no ordinary ability and skill. The connecting narrative is written both with judgment and vigour—not unfrequently in a style that comes up to the highest order of historical composition—especially in some of the sketches of personal character. There is scarcely a single individual of celebrity throughout the period from 1782 to 1800 who is not introduced into these pages; amongst others, besides the King and the various members of the royal family, are Rockingham, Shelburne, North, Thurlow, Loughborough, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, Portland, Sydney, Fitzwilliam, Tierney, Buckingham, Grenville, Grey, Malmesbury, Wilberforce, Burdett, Fitzgibbon, Grattan, Flood, Cornwallis, the Beresfords, the Ponsonbys, the Wellesleys, &c.”—*Morning Herald*.

“These memoirs are among the most valuable materials for history that have recently been brought to light out of the archives of any of our great families. The period embraced by the letters is from the beginning of 1782 to the close of 1799, comprising the last days of the North Administration, the brief life of the Rockingham, and the troubled life of the Shelburne Ministry, the stormy career of the Coalition of '83, the not less stormy debates and intrigues which broke out on the first insanity of the King, the gradual modifications of Pitt's first Ministry, and the opening days of the struggle with France after her first great revolution. Of these the most valuable illustrations concern the motives of Fox in withdrawing from Shelburne and joining with North against him, the desperate intriguing and deliberate bad faith of the King exerted against the Coalition, and the profligacy and heartlessness of the Prince of Wales and his brother all through the Regency debates. On some incidental subjects, also, as the affairs of Ireland, the Warren Hastings trial, the Fitzgerald outbreak, the Union, the sad vicissitudes and miseries of the last days of the old French monarchy, &c., the volumes supply illustrative facts and comments of much interest.”—*Examiner*.

“This valuable contribution to the treasures of historic lore, now for the first time produced from the archives of the Buckingham family displays the action of the different parties in the State, throws great light on the personal character of the King, as well as on the share which he took in the direction of public affairs, and incidentally reveals many facts hitherto but imperfectly known or altogether unknown. In order to render the contents of the letters more intelligible, the noble Editor has, with great tact and judgment, set them out in a kind of historical framework, in which the leading circumstances under which they were written are briefly indicated—the result being a happy combination of the completeness of historical narrative with the freshness of original thought and of contemporaneous record.”—*John Bull*.

“These volumes are a treasure for the politician, and a mine of wealth for the historian.”—*Britannia*.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK:

A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P.

FIFTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, REVISED. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—"This biography cannot fail to attract the deep attention of the public. We are bound to say, that as a political biography we have rarely, if ever, met with a book more dexterously handled, or more replete with interest. The history of the famous session of 1846, as written by Disraeli in that brilliant and pointed style of which he is so consummate a master, is deeply interesting. He has traced this memorable struggle with a vivacity and power unequalled as yet in any narrative of Parliamentary proceedings."

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—"A political biography of Lord George Bentinck by Mr. Disraeli must needs be a work of interest and importance. Either the subject or the writer would be sufficient to invest it with both—the combination surrounds it with peculiar attractions. In this most interesting volume Mr. Disraeli has produced a memoir of his friend in which he has combined the warmest enthusiasm of affectionate attachment with the calmness of the critic."

FROM THE MORNING HERALD —"Mr. Disraeli's tribute to the memory of his departed friend is as graceful and as touching as it is accurate and impartial. No one of Lord George Bentinck's colleagues could have been selected, who, from his high literary attainments, his personal intimacy, and party associations, would have done such complete justice to the memory of a friend and Parliamentary associate. Mr. Disraeli has here presented us with the very type and embodiment of what history should be. His sketch of the condition of parties is seasoned with some of those piquant personal episodes of party manœuvres and private intrigues, in the author's happiest and most captivating vein, which convert the dry details of politics into a sparkling and agreeable narrative."

LORD PALMERSTON'S OPINIONS AND POLICY;

AS MINISTER, DIPLOMATIST, AND STATESMAN,

DURING MORE THAN FORTY YEARS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

1 v. 8vo., with Portrait, 12s.

"This work ought to have a place in every political library. It gives a complete view of the sentiments and opinions by which the policy of Lord Palmerston has been dictated as a diplomatist and statesman."—*Chronicle*.

"This is a remarkable and reasonable publication; but it is something more—it is a valuable addition to the historical treasures of our country during more than forty of the most memorable years of our annals. We earnestly recommend the volume to general perusal."—*Standard*.

THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN OF FRANCE,

CONSORT OF HENRY IV., AND REGENT UNDER LOUIS XIII.

BY MISS PARDOE,

Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France, in the 17th Century," &c.

SECOND EDITION. 3 large vols. 8vo., with Fine Portraits, 42s.

"A fascinating book. The history of such a woman as the beautiful, impulsive, earnest, and affectionate Marie de Medicis could only be done justice to by a female pen, impelled by all the sympathies of womanhood, but strengthened by an erudition by which it is not in every case accompanied. In Miss Pardoe the unfortunate Queen has found both these requisites, and the result has been a biography combining the attractiveness of romance with the reliableness of history, and which, taking a place midway between the 'frescoed galleries' of Thierry, and the 'philosophic watch-tower of Guizot,' has all the pictorial brilliancy of the one, with much of the reflective speculation of the other."—*Daily News*.

"A valuable, well-written, and elaborate biography, displaying an unusual amount of industry and research."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"A careful and elaborate historical composition, rich in personal anecdote. Nowhere can a more intimate acquaintance be obtained with the principal events and leading personages of the first half of the 17th century."—*Morning Post*.

"A work of high literary and historical merit. Rarely have the strange vicissitudes of romance been more intimately blended with the facts of real history than in the life of Marie de Medicis; nor has the difficult problem of combining with the fidelity of biography the graphic power of dramatic delineation been often more successfully solved than by the talented author of the volumes before us. As a personal narrative, Miss Pardoe's admirable biography possesses the most absorbing and constantly sustained interest; as a historical record of the events of which it treats, its merit is of no ordinary description."—*John Bull*.

"A life more dramatic than that of Marie de Medicis has seldom been written; one more imperially tragic, never. The period of French history chosen by Miss Pardoe is rich in all manner of associations, and brings together the loftiest names and most interesting events of a stirring and dazzling epoch. She has been, moreover, exceedingly fortunate in her materials. A manuscript of the Com-mandeur de Rambure, Gentleman of the Bedchamber under the Kings Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., consisting of the memoirs of the writer, with all the most memorable events which took place during the reigns of those three Majesties, from the year 1594 to that of 1660, was placed at her disposal by M. de la Plane, Member of the Institut Royal de la France. This valuable record is very voluminous, and throws a flood of light on every transaction. Of this important document ample use has been judiciously made by Miss Pardoe; and her narrative, accordingly, has a fullness and particularity possessed by none other, and which adds to the dramatic interest of the subject. The work is very elegantly written, and will be read with delight. It forms another monument to the worthiness of female intellect in the age we live in."—*Illustrated News*.

MEMOIRS OF THE
BARONESS D'OVERKIRCH,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF

THE COURTS OF FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

And Edited by Her Grandson, the COUNT DE MONTERISON.

3 Vols. Post 8vo. 3ls. 6d.

The Baroness d'Oberkirch, being the intimate friend of the Empress of Russia, wife of Paul I., and the confidential companion of the Duchess of Bourbon, her facilities for obtaining information respecting the most private affairs of the principal Courts of Europe, render her Memoirs unrivalled as a book of interesting anecdotes of the royal, noble, and other celebrated individuals who flourished on the continent during the latter part of the last century. Among the royal personages introduced to the reader in this work, are Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Philip Egalité, and all the Princes of France then living—Peter the Great, the Empress Catherine, the Emperor Paul, and his sons Constantine and Alexander, of Russia—Frederick the Great and Prince Henry of Prussia—The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria—Gustavus III. of Sweden—Princess Christina of Saxony—Sobieski, and Czartoriski of Poland—and the Princes of Brunswick and Wurtemberg. Among the remarkable persons are the Princes and Princesses de Lamballe, de Ligne and Galitzin—the Dukes and Duchesses de Choiseul, de Mazarin, de Bouffiers, de la Vallière, de Guiche, de Penthievre, and de Polignac—Cardinal de Rohan, Marshals Biron and d'Harcourt, Count de Stareberg, Baroness de Krudener, Madame Geoffrin, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, and Necker—with Count Cagliostro, Mesmer, Vestris, and Madame Mara; and the work also includes such literary celebrities as Voltaire, Condorcet, de la Harpe, de Beaumarchais, Rousseau, Lavater, Bernouilli, Raynal, de l'Épée, Huber, Göthe, Wieland, Malesherbes, Marmontel, de Staël and de Genlis; with some singular disclosures respecting those celebrated Englishwomen, Elizabeth Chudleigh, Duchess of Kingston, and Lady Craven, Margravine of Anspach.

"The Baroness d'Oberkirch, whose remarkable Memoirs are here given to the public, saw much of courts and courtiers, and her Memoirs are filled with a variety of anecdotes, not alone of lords and ladies, but of emperors and empresses, kings and queens, and reigning princes and princesses. As a picture of society anterior to the French Revolution, the book is the latest and most perfect production of its kind extant; and as such, besides its minor value as a book of amusement, it possesses a major value as a work of information, which, in the interest of historical truth, is, without exaggeration, almost incalculable."—*Observer*.

"Thoroughly genuine and unaffected, these Memoirs display the whole mind of a woman who was well worth knowing, and relate a large part of her experience among people with whose names and characters the world will be at all times busy. A keen observer, and by position thrown in the high places of the world, the Baroness d'Oberkirch was the very woman to write Memoirs that would interest future generations. We commend these volumes most heartily to every reader. They are a perfect magazine of pleasant anecdotes and interesting characteristic things. We lay down these charming volumes with regret. They will entertain the most fastidious readers, and instruct the most informed."—*Examiner*.

"An intensely interesting autobiography."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"A valuable addition to the personal history of an important period. The volumes deserve general popularity."—*Daily News*.

"One of the most interesting pieces of contemporary history, and one of the richest collections of remarkable anecdotes and valuable reminiscences ever produced."—*John Bull*.

THE LITERATURE AND ROMANCE OF NORTHERN EUROPE:

CONSTITUTING A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF SWEDEN, DENMARK, NORWAY, AND ICELAND, WITH COPIOUS SPECIMENS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED HISTORIES, ROMANCES, POPULAR LEGENDS AND TALES, OLD CHIVALROUS BALLADS, TRAGIC AND COMIC DRAMAS, NATIONAL SONGS, NOVELS, AND SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

2 vols. post 8vo. 2ls.

"English readers have long been indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Howitt. They have now increased our obligations by presenting us with this most charming and valuable work, by means of which the great majority of the reading public will be, for the first time, made acquainted with the rich stores of intellectual wealth long garnered in the literature and beautiful romance of Northern Europe. From the famous Edda, whose origin is lost in antiquity, down to the novels of Miss Bremer and Baroness Knorring, the prose and poetic writings of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland are here introduced to us in a manner at once singularly comprehensive and concise. It is no dry enumeration of names, but the very marrow and spirit of the various works displayed before us. We have old ballads and fairy tales, always fascinating; we have scenes from plays, and selections from the poets, with most attractive biographies of these and other great men. The songs and ballads are translated with exquisite poetic beauty."—*Sun.*

"A book full of information—and as such, a welcome addition to our literature. The translations—especially of some of the ballads and other poems—are executed with spirit and taste."—*Athenæum.*

"We have most cordially to thank Mary and William Howitt for their valuable contribution to our knowledge of the literature of Northern Europe. They have offered to all classes of readers a work abounding in original and entrancing interest, overflowing with varied matter—of criticism, biography, anecdotes, sketches, and quotations, all tending to exhibit new treasures for the gratification and enlightenment of a vast circle of minds."—*Sunday Times.*

"This work teems with information of the rarest and most curious character, and is replete with interest to the scholar, the philosopher, the antiquarian, and the general reader."—*Morning Post.*

SCENES FROM SCRIPTURE.

BY THE REV. G. CROLY, LL.D.

Author of "SALATHIEL," &c., 1 v., 10s. 6d.

"Eminent in every mode of literature, Dr. Croly stands, in our judgment, first among the living poets of Great Britain—the only man of our day entitled by his power to venture within the sacred circle of religious poets."—*Standard.*

"An admirable addition to the library of religious families."—*John Bull.*

MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA.

BY THE COUNT P. DE CASTELLANE.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"We commend this book as really worth perusal. The volumes make us familiarly acquainted with the nature of Algerian experience. Changarnier, Cavaignac, Canrobert, Lamoricière, and St. Arnaud are brought prominently before the reader."—*Examiner*.

"These volumes will be read with extraordinary interest. The vivid manner in which the author narrates his adventures, and the number of personal anecdotes that he tells, engage the reader's attention in an extraordinary manner. The sketches which the Count gives of the French leaders convey to us a very accurate idea of some of the most remarkable military celebrities who have figured in the recent political events in France—Changarnier, Bugeaud, Lamoricière, Cavaignac, Canrobert, Bosquet, among many others. It would be difficult to point out a chapter in these volumes that has not its peculiar charms."—*Sunday Times*.

"To all who delight in scenes of peril and adventure, hair-breadth escapes and daring achievements, we cordially commend the African reminiscences of the Count de Castellane. The book presents us with a vivid and startling picture of the hardships which the French have for so many years endured in maintaining their conquests in Africa. The narrative abounds in fierce and sanguinary struggles with the hostile tribes, perilous marchings through the wild and majestic mountain scenery of the interior, and all the varied details of the warfare which lend so much interest and excitement to the perils encountered by the French troops, &c."—*Observer*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

A N E N G L I S H S O L D I E R

IN THE UNITED STATES' ARMY.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"The novelty characterising these interesting volumes is likely to secure them many readers. In the first place, an account of the internal organization, the manners and customs of the United States' Federal Army, is in itself, a novelty, and a still greater novelty is to have this account rendered by a man who had served in the English before joining the American army, and who can give his report after having every opportunity of comparison. The author went through the Mexican campaign with General Scott, and his volumes contain much descriptive matter concerning battles, sieges, and marches on Mexican territory, besides their sketches of the normal chronic condition of a United States soldier in time of peace."—*Daily News*.

"We have great pleasure in recommending this work to all who feel interested in military adventure. It is a narrative of considerable interest, by a retired English Soldier, of actual service in the forces of the United States. The writer was in several of the principal engagements during the Mexican War, and his personal adventures throw over the history the charm of animation and freshness."—*Atlas*.

COLONEL LANDMANN'S ADVENTURES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Among the anecdotes in this work will be found notices of King George III., the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, Cambridge, Clarence, and Richmond, the Princess Augusta, General Garth, Sir Harry Mildmay, Lord Charles Somerset, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Heathfield, Captain Grose, &c. The volumes abound in interesting matter. The anecdotes are one and all amusing."—*Observer*.

"Colonel Landmann's work is written in an unaffected spirit, and contains matter of agreeable and lively interest."—*Literary Gazette*.

"These 'Adventures and Recollections' are those of a gentleman whose birth and profession gave him facilities of access to distinguished society; and the interest of the volumes will be found to consist in anecdotes and recollections relating to individual members of that society. Colonel Landmann writes so agreeably that we have little doubt that his volumes will be acceptable. They partake, to some extent, both of the good and bad qualities of Horace Walpole and of Wraxall."—*Athenæum*.

ADVENTURES OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

SECOND SERIES.

BY WILLIAM GRATTAN, ESQ.,

LATE LIEUTENANT CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"A pleasant book, which will be read with avidity by all true soldiers, especially those of this chosen regiment. We feel sure that every regimental library will have its 'Connaught Rangers.'"—*Daily News*.

"A first series of the adventures of this famous regiment made so favourable an impression on the public, that the author has thought it advisable to enlarge his original work with this second series, in which he extends his narrative from the first formation of the gallant 88th up to the occupation of Paris by the English army. All the battles, sieges, and skirmishes, in which the regiment took part, are described either from the observation of the writer or the memoirs and memoranda of other officers. The volumes are interwoven with original anecdotes, and details of various occurrences that give a freshness and spirit to the whole. The stories and the sketches of society and manners, with the anecdotes of the celebrities of the time, are told in an agreeable and unaffected manner. In fact the work bears all the characteristics of a soldier's straightforward and entertaining narrative."—*Sunday Times*.

"We need hardly say, that the publication of works of this kind, exercises a very salutary effect on the morale of the army, and should be strongly encouraged. Apart from these considerations, the new series of 'The Connaught Rangers,' claims a high place by its intrinsic merits. It is a narrative replete with startling interest, dashed off in a manly style, by the pen of a gentleman and a soldier."—*United Service Magazine*.

RULE AND MISRULE OF THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"We conceive this work to be by far the most valuable and important Judge Haliburton has ever written. While teeming with interest, moral and historical, to the general reader, it may be regarded as equally constituting a philosophical study for the politician and the statesman. It will be found to dissipate many popular errors, and to let in a flood of light upon the actual origin, formation, and progress of the republic of the United States."—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

"Those who wish for an accurate history of the rise of republicanism in America to its grand development in the United States revolution, will here find a narrative that is invaluable for its accuracy, impartiality, and true philosophy of statesmanship. It is deserving of a place in every historical library."—*Herald*.

"We believed the author of this work to possess a power of humour and sarcasm second only to that of Rabelais and Sidney Smith, and a genuine pathos worthy of Henry Fielding or Charles Dickens. In his particular line of literature we believed him to be unrivalled. In the volumes before us he breaks upon new, and untrodden ground. We hail this book with pleasure; we consider it an honour to Judge Haliburton, as by it he has proved himself to be a Christian, a scholar, a gentleman, and, in the true sense of a mis-used word, a patriot. Mr. Haliburton places before us, fairly and impartially, the history of English rule in America. The book is not only a boon to the historic student, it is also filled with reflections such as may well engage the attention of the legislating statesman. Mr. Haliburton also shows us the true position of the Canadas, explains the evils of our colonial system, points out the remedies by which these evils may be counteracted, that thus the rule of the 'English in America' may be something better than a history of the blunders, the follies, and the ignorant temerity of colonial secretaries."—*Irish Quarterly Review*.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH CONQUESTS IN INDIA.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"A work of great and permanent historical value and interest."—*Post*.

"A fair and accurate narrative of the political history of British India, evidently written after careful study and laborious research."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The style is graphic and spirited. The facts are well related and artistically grouped. The narrative is always readable and interesting."—*Athenæum*.

HISTORY OF CORFU; AND OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

BY LIEUT. H. J. W. JERVIS, Royal Artillery.

1 vol., with Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

"Written with great care and research, and including probably all the particulars of any moment in the history of Corfu."—*Athenæum*.

THE MARVELS OF SCIENCE,
AND THEIR TESTIMONY TO HOLY WRIT;

A POPULAR MANUAL OF THE SCIENCES.

BY S. W. FULLOM, ESQ.,

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE KING OF HANOVER.

FOURTH AND CHEAPER EDITION, REVISED. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

~~~~~

"This work treats of the whole origin of nature in an intelligent style; it puts into the hands of every man the means of information on facts the most sublime, and converts into interesting and eloquent description problems which once perplexed the whole genius of mankind. We congratulate the author on his research, his information, and his graceful and happy language."—*Britannia*.

"The skill displayed in the treatment of the sciences is not the least marvel in the volume. The reasonings of the author are forcible, fluently expressed, and calculated to make a deep impression. Genuine service has been done to the cause of Revelation by the issue of such a book, which is more than a mere literary triumph. It is a good action."—*Globe*.

"Its tone is grave, grand, and argumentative, and rises to the majesty of poetry. As a commentary upon the stupendous facts which exist in the universe, it is truly a work which merits our admiration, and we unhesitatingly refer our readers to its fascinating pages."—*Dispatch*.

"Without parading the elaborate nature of his personal investigations, the author has laid hold of the discoveries in every department of natural science in a manner to be apprehended by the meanest understanding, but which will at the same time command the attention of the scholar."—*Messenger*.

"A grand tour of the sciences. Mr. Fullom starts from the Sun, runs round by the Planets, noticing Comets as he goes, and puts up for a rest at the Central Sun. He gets into the Milky Way, which brings him to the Fixed Stars and Nebulæ. He munches the crust of the Earth, and looks over Fossil Animals and Plants. This is followed by a disquisition on the science of the Scriptures. He then comes back to the origin of the Earth, visits the Magnetic Poles, gets among Thunder and Lightning, makes the acquaintance of Magnetism and Electricity, dips into Rivers, draws science from Springs, goes into Volcanoes, through which he is drawn into a knot of Earthquakes, comes to the surface with Gaseous Emanations, and sliding down a Landslip, renews his journey on a ray of Light, goes through a Prism, sees a Mirage, meets with the Flying Dutchman, observes an Optical Illusion, steps over the Rainbow, enjoys a dance with the Northern Aurora, takes a little Polarized Light, boils some Water, sets a Steam-Engine in motion, witnesses the expansion of Metals, looks at the Thermometer, and refreshes himself with Ice. Soon he is at Sea, examining the Tides, tumbling on the Waves, swimming, diving, and ascertaining the pressure of Fluids. We meet him next in the Air, running through all its properties. Having remarked on the propagation of Sounds, he pauses for a bit of Music, and goes off into the Vegetable Kingdom, then travels through the Animal Kingdom, and having visited the various races of the human family, winds up with a demonstration of the Anatomy of Man."—*Examiner*.

NARRATIVE OF A  
**JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD,**

COMPRISING

A WINTER PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES TO CHILI,  
 WITH A VISIT TO THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA,  
 THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, JAVA, &c.

BY F. GERSTAECKER.

3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

“Starting from Bremen for California, the author of this Narrative proceeded to Rio, and thence to Buenos Ayres, where he exchanged the wild seas for the yet wilder Pampas, and made his way on horseback to Valparaiso across the Cordilleras—a winter passage full of difficulty and danger. From Valparaiso he sailed to California, and visited San Francisco, Sacramento, and the mining districts generally. Thence he steered his course to the South Sea Islands, resting at Honolulu, Tahiti, and other gems of the sea in that quarter, and from thence to Sydney, marching through the Murray Valley, and inspecting the Adelaide district. From Australia he dashed onward to Java, riding through the interior, and taking a general survey of Batavia, with a glance at Japan and the Japanese. An active, intelligent, observant man, the notes he made of his adventures are full of variety and interest. His descriptions of places and persons are lively, and his remarks on natural productions and the phenomena of earth, sea, and sky are always sensible, and made with a view to practical results. Those portions of the Narrative which refer to California and Australia are replete with vivid sketches; and indeed the whole work abounds with living and picturesque descriptions of men, manners, and localities.”—*Globe*.

“The author of this comprehensive narrative embarked at Bremen for California, and then took ship to the South Sea Islands, of which and of their inhabitants we have some pleasant sketches. From the South Sea Islands he sailed to Australia, where he effected a very daring and adventurous journey by himself through the Murray Valley to Adelaide. He then proceeded to Java, the interior of which he explored to a considerable distance. Before he departed for Europe, he remained some time at Batavia, and was so fortunate as to witness the arrival of the Japanese vessel bringing her annual cargo of goods from Japan. Independently of great variety—for these pages are never monotonous or dull—a pleasant freshness pervades Mr. Gerstaecker’s chequered narrative. It offers much to interest, and conveys much valuable information, set forth in a very lucid and graphic manner.”—*Athenæum*.

“These travels consisted principally in a ‘winter passage across the Andes to Chili, with a visit to the gold regions of California and Australia, the South Sea Islands, Java, &c.’ In the present state of things and position of affairs, no more desirable book can be imagined. It carries us at once to the centre of attractions—it conveys us to the land of promise to expectant thousands. We behold, face to face, the mighty regions where so many of our countrymen have gone, that it seems almost a second home. We are informed, in minute details of the life that is led there. There is no false glitter thrown over the accounts; the author evidently strives to raise no false hopes, and excite no unreasonable expectations. The accounts given of California are particularly explicit. The description of Sydney during the excitement prevailing on the discovery of new mines is very interesting.”—*Sum*.

# A U S T R A L I A   A S   I T   I S :

ITS SETTLEMENTS, FARMS, AND GOLD FIELDS.

BY F. LANCELOTT, ESQ.

MINERALOGICAL SURVEYOR IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This is an unadorned account of the actual condition in which these colonies are found by a professional surveyor and mineralogist, who goes over the ground with a careful glance and a remarkable aptitude for seizing on the practical portions of the subject. On the climate, the vegetation, and the agricultural resources of the country, he is copious in the extreme, and to the intending emigrant an invaluable instructor. As may be expected from a scientific hand the subject of gold digging undergoes a thorough manipulation. Mr. Lancelott dwells with minuteness on the several indications, stratifications, varieties of soil, and methods of working, experience has pointed out, and offers a perfect manual of the new craft to the adventurous settler. Nor has he neglected to provide him with information as to the sea voyage and all its accessories, the commodities most in request at the antipodes, and a general view of social wants, family management, &c., such as a shrewd and observant counsellor, aided by old resident authorities, can afford. As a guide to the auriferous regions, as well as the pastoral solitudes of Australia, the work is unsurpassed."—*Globe*.

"This is the best book on the new El Dorado; the best, not only in respect to matter, style, and arrangement, in all of which merits it excels, but eminently the best because the latest, and the work of a man professionally conversant with those circumstances which are charming hundreds of thousands annually to the great Southern Continent. The last twenty years have been prolific of works upon Australia, but they are all now obsolete. Every one who takes an interest in Australia would do well to possess himself of Mr. Lancelott's work, which tells everything of the social state, of the physiology, and the precious mineralogy of the gold country."—*Standard*.

"A really valuable work on Australia. The Author holds a responsible situation in the Australian Colonies, and is intimately connected with the gold regions. He offers advice to the middle classes of society, and shows them what they must expect, and what they must do when they come to the end of their voyage. The work deserves the largest circulation it can obtain."—*Messenger*.

"A very clever, intelligent, and practical book, full of the kind of information now sought with avidity."—*Examiner*.

"We advise all about to emigrate to take this book as a counsellor and companion."—*Lloyd's Weekly Paper*.

"The most instructive book on Australia that has fallen in our way."—*Leader*.

"The Author has done the world good service. His chapters on the gold regions are among the most valuable pieces of information we are possessed of."—*Dispatch*.

"A book containing a great deal of information as to the present condition of Australia. It will be useful alike to the historian, the politician, and the emigrant."—*Economist*.

# A TOUR OF INQUIRY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

ILLUSTRATING THEIR PRESENT

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.,

Author of "Travels in European Turkey," "Circassia," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Mr. Spencer is favourably known to the public as the author of several works describing the land of the Osmanli, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Slavonian; and in the two volumes before us he has given the results of a Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy, which, commencing at Boulogne, includes visits to Paris, to the important towns in the centre and south of France, to Leghorn, Rome, and Piedmont. As a careful observer of the actual condition of the people in both countries, the results of his inquiries cannot fail to be read with much interest and instruction. Mr. Spencer has made himself thoroughly conversant with the present social, political, and religious condition of the people of France and Italy, describing at one time that curious class the vagrants of Paris; next the modern miracles by which the *parti prêtre* in France are endeavouring to stimulate the superstitious feelings of the peasantry; and then the hostility of the Papal Church to intellectual progress, the political condition of Turin, the insurrection at Rome, &c.—topics which at the present moment excite the deepest interest in this country. It must not be supposed that Mr. Spencer's work is made up of mere dry political or religious disquisitions, however valuable they may be in themselves. He describes all that he saw with a facile and graceful pen, and the tone of his narrative is altogether so animated and cheerful that we defy the reader who takes the work in his hand for mere amusement to put it down unsatisfied. We have now said enough to recommend Mr. Spencer's valuable and interesting work, which we have no doubt will command an extended popularity."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. Spencer has travelled through France and Italy, with the eyes and feelings of a Protestant philosopher. His volumes contain much valuable matter, many judicious remarks, and a great deal of useful information."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"France and Italy, in their social or rather un-social condition, are depicted in these intelligent and interesting volumes with a vivid and striking truth. Tuscany, with its unfortunate position as regards one power, and oppressed by its goaded ruler on the other, the atrocities which take place by armed soldiery in the streets, and the still greater horrors enacted in prisons in the name of the law—Rome, which once more bares her dreadful dungeons, and the sanguine secrets of the unholy Inquisition, to the eyes of the world—these, with other glaring evils, exhibit a condition of things which move our indignation and our pity. To those who would acquaint themselves with the state of these latter historic countries in particular, we do not know any volumes that convey so much that is valuable on such important heads, so interestingly, as Mr. Spencer's 'Tour of Inquiry.'"—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"The work contains a good deal of fresh and striking matter on the present condition and prospects of France and Italy."—*Spectator*.

"These clever and comprehensive volumes contain much valuable information and much close reasoning."—*Britannia*.

## TRAVELS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY :

THROUGH BOSNIA, SERVIA, BULGARIA, MACEDONIA, ROUMELIA, ALBANIA, AND EPIRUS; WITH A VISIT TO GREECE AND THE IONIAN ISLES, AND A HOMEWARD TOUR THROUGH HUNGARY AND THE SCLAVONIAN PROVINCES OF AUSTRIA ON THE LOWER DANUBE.

BY EDMUND SPENCER, ESQ.

Author of "TRAVELS IN CIRCASSIA," &c.

Second and Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. with Illustrations, and a valuable Map of European Turkey, from the most recent Charts in the possession of the Austrian and Turkish Governments, revised by the Author, 18s.

"These important volumes appear at an opportune moment, as they describe some of those countries to which public attention is now more particularly directed: Turkey, Greece, Hungary, and Austria. The author has given us a most interesting picture of the Turkish Empire, its weaknesses, and the embarrassments from which it is now suffering, its financial difficulties, the discontent of its Christian, and the turbulence of a great portion of its Mohammedan subjects. We are also introduced for the first time to the warlike mountaineers of Bosnia, Albania, Upper Moesia, and the almost inaccessible districts of the Pindus and the Balkan. The different nationalities of that Babel-like country, Turkey in Europe, inhabited by Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Macedonians, the Romani and Osmanli—their various characteristics, religions, superstitions, together with their singular customs and manners, their ancient and contemporary history are vividly described. The Ionian Islands, Greece, Hungary, and the Sclavonian Provinces of Austria on the Lower Danube, are all delineated in the author's happiest manner. We cordially recommend Mr. Spencer's valuable and interesting volumes to the attention of the reader."—*U. S. Magazine*.

"A work of great merit, and of paramount present interest."—*Standard*.

"This interesting work contains by far the most complete, the most enlightened, and the most reliable amount of what has been hitherto almost the terra incognita of European Turkey, and supplies the reader with abundance of entertainment as well as instruction."—*John Bull*.

---

## ATLANTIC & TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.

BY CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R.N.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Captain Mackinnon's sketches of America are of a striking character and permanent value. His volumes convey a just impression of the United States, a fair and candid view of their society and institutions, so well written and so entertaining that the effect of their perusal on the public here must be considerable. They are light, animated, and lively, full of racy sketches, pictures of life, anecdotes of society, visits to remarkable men and famous places, sporting episodes, &c., very original and interesting."—*Sunday Times*.

"Captain Mackinnon's sketches of America are perhaps the best that have appeared since the work of Captain Marryat, and they are far more candid and impartial."—*Observer*.

## TRAVELS IN INDIA AND KASHMIR.

BY BARON SCHONBERG.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

“ This book is an interesting one in many points of view, as the production of an intelligent and observant mind, as the recorded experience of a sensible and reflective stranger, and as the unbiassed opinion of a man competent at once to come to a conclusion on English rule and its consequences in the East, and honest enough to express his thoughts on that subject without concealment. The work will well repay perusal, as much for the freshness of its descriptions as from the strict integrity and philosophical liberality of its deductions and conclusions. It deserves the most favourable consideration at the hands of the English public.”—*Observer*.

“ This account of a journey through India and Kashmir will be read with considerable interest. Whatever came in his way worthy of record the author committed to writing, and the result is an entertaining and instructive miscellany of information on the country, its climate, its natural productions, its history and antiquities, and the character, the religion, and the social condition of its inhabitants. The remarks on these various topics possess additional interest as the author views India and our rule over that country with the eye of an impartial observer.”—*John Bull*.

“ Whoever comes laden with a fresh store of notes and observations from this fruitful and poetic land is certain to be welcome; but he who comes, as the writer of the interesting volumes before us does, with a rich collection, is deserving of a double greeting. The Baron Schonberg sailed from Madras to Calcutta, and thence pursued his journey to Benares, Lucknow, Delhi, Lahore, Kashmir, &c. A man of refined tastes and quick perceptions, his volumes are full of information, and his remarks are always lively and entertaining.”—*Globe*.

## KHARTOUM AND THE NILES.

BY GEORGE MELLY, ESQ.

Second Edition. 2 v. post 8vo., with Map and Illustrations, 21s.

“ Independently of the amusement and information which may be derived from Mr. Melly's interesting work, the references to the relations which exist at this time between the Sublime Porte and Egypt are worthy of every consideration which statesmen and public men can bestow upon them.”—*Messenger*.

“ We cannot feel otherwise than grateful to the author of these valuable and useful volumes for having kept so faithful a journal, and for giving the public the benefit of his adventures and experience. The manners and customs of the natives, as well as the natural curiosities, and the relics of antiquity which the travellers visited, in turns engage the reader's attention; and, altogether, the book is a most entertaining and instructive *vade-mecum* to the interesting portion of the East of which it treats.”—*John Bull*.



## REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA.

BY A BANISHED LADY.

SECOND EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

“A thoroughly good book. It cannot be read by too many people.”—*Dickens's Household Words.*

“The authoress of these volumes was a lady of quality, who, having incurred the displeasure of the Russian Government for a political offence, was exiled to Siberia. The place of her exile was Berezov, the most northern part of this northern penal settlement; and in it she spent about two years, not unprofitably, as the reader will find by her interesting work, containing a lively and graphic picture of the country, the people, their manners and customs, &c. The book gives a most important and valuable insight into the economy of what has been hitherto the terra incognita of Russian despotism.”—*Daily News.*

“Since the publication of the famous romance the ‘Exiles of Siberia,’ of Madame Cottin, we have had no account of these desolate lands more attractive than the present work, from the pen of the Lady Eve Felinska, which, in its unpretending style and truthful simplicity, will win its way to the reader’s heart, and compel him to sympathise with the fair sufferer. The series of hardships endured in traversing these frozen solitudes is affectingly told; and once settled down at one of the most northern points of the convict territory, Berezov, six hundred miles beyond Tobolsk, the Author exhibits an observant eye for the natural phenomena of those latitudes, as well as the habits of the semi-barbarous aborigines. This portion of the book will be found by the naturalist as well as ethnologist full of valuable information.”—*Globe.*

“These ‘Revelations’ give us a novel and interesting sketch of Siberian life—the habits, morals, manners, religious tenets, rites, and festivals of the inhabitants. The writer’s extraordinary powers of observation, and the graceful facility with which she describes everything worthy of remark, render her ‘Revelations’ as attractive and fascinating as they are original and instructive.”—*Britannia.*

## ARCTIC MISCELLANIES,

A SOUVENIR OF THE LATE POLAR SEARCH.

BY THE OFFICERS AND SEAMEN OF THE EXPEDITION.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

Second Edition. 1 vol. with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.

FROM THE “TIMES.”—This volume is not the least interesting or instructive among the records of the late expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, commanded by Captain Austin. The most valuable portions of the book are those which relate to the scientific and practical observations made in the course of the expedition, and the descriptions of scenery and incidents of arctic travel. From the variety of the materials, and the novelty of the scenes and incidents to which they refer, no less than the interest which attaches to all that relates to the probable safety of Sir John Franklin and his companions, the Arctic Miscellanies forms a very readable book, and one that redounds to the honour of the national character.

**EIGHTEEN YEARS ON THE  
GOLD COAST OF AFRICA;  
INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND THEIR  
INTERCOURSE WITH EUROPEANS.**

**BY BRODIE CRUICKSHANK,**

MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, CAPE COAST CASTLE.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This is one of the most interesting works that ever yet came into our hands. It possesses the charm of introducing us to habits and manners of the human family of which before we had no conception. Before reading Mr. Cruickshank's volumes we were wholly unaware of the ignorance of all Europeans, as to the social state of the inhabitants of Western Africa. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work has, indeed, made us all familiar with the degree of intelligence and the dispositions of the transplanted African; but it has been reserved to Mr. Cruickshank to exhibit the children of Ham in their original state, and to prove, as his work proves to demonstration, that, by the extension of a knowledge of the Gospel, and by that only, can the African be brought within the pale of civilization. We anxiously desire to direct public attention to a work so valuable. An incidental episode in the work is an affecting narrative of the death of the gifted Letitia Elizabeth Landon (L.E.L.), written a few months after her marriage with Governor Maclean. It relieves the memory of both husband and wife from all the vile scandals that have been too long permitted to defile their story."—*Standard*.

**EIGHT YEARS  
IN PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR.**

**BY F. A. NEALE, ESQ.,**

LATE ATTACHED TO THE CONSULAR SERVICE IN SYRIA.

Second Edition, 2 vols., with Illustrations, 21s.

"One of the best accounts of the country and people that has been published of late years."—*Spectator*.

"A very agreeable book. Mr. Neale is evidently quite familiar with the East, and writes in a lively, shrewd, and good-humoured manner. A great deal of information is to be found in his pages."—*Athenaeum*.

"We have derived unmingled pleasure from the perusal of these interesting volumes. Very rarely have we found a narrative of Eastern travel so truthful and just. There is no guide-book we would so strongly recommend to the traveller about to enter on a Turkish or Syrian tour as this before us. The information it affords is especially valuable, since it is brought up almost to the last moment. The narrative, too, is full of incident, and abounds in vivid pictures of Turkish and Levantine life interspersed with well-told tales. The author commences his narrative at Gaza; visits Askalon, Jaffa and Jerusalem, Caïpha and Mount Carmel, Acre, Sidon and Tyre, Beyrout, Tripoli, Antioch, Aleppo, Alexandretta, Adana, and Cyprus. Of several of these famous localities we know no more compact and clearer account than that given in these volumes. We have to thank Mr. Neale for one of the best books of travels that we have met with for a very long time."—*Literary Gazette*.

NARRATIVE OF  
FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE AT NEPAUL.

BY CAPTAIN THOMAS SMITH.

Late ASSISTANT POLITICAL-RESIDENT AT NEPAUL. 2 v. post 8vo. 21s.

"No man could be better qualified to describe Nepal than Captain Smith; and his concise, but clear and graphic account of its history, its natural productions, its laws and customs, and the character of its warlike inhabitants, is very agreeable and instructive reading. A separate chapter, not the least entertaining in the book, is devoted to anecdotes of the Nepaulese mission, of whom, and of their visit to Europe, many remarkable stories are told."—*Post*.

"No one need go elsewhere for information about Nepal. He will find it all arranged in this intelligent and interesting work with perspicuity and completeness. It will henceforth be the standard work on Nepal. Captain Smith's narrative of his personal adventures is most exciting."—*United Service Gazette*.

CANADA AS IT WAS, IS, AND MAY BE.

BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR R. BONNYCASTLE.

With an Account of Recent Transactions,

BY SIR JAMES E. ALEXANDER, K.L.S., &c.

2 v., post 8vo., with Maps, &c. 21s.

"These volumes offer to the British public a clear and trustworthy statement of the affairs of Canada; a narrative of the late troubles, their causes and consequences; an account of the policy pursued in the colony, and the effects of the immense public works in progress and completed; with sketches of localities and scenery, amusing anecdotes of personal observation, and generally every information which may be of use to the traveller or settler, and the military and political reader. The information rendered is to be thoroughly relied on as veracious, full, and conclusive."—*Messenger*.

SPAIN AS IT IS.

BY G. A. HOSKINS, ESQ.

2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations, 21s.

"To the tourist this work will prove invaluable. It is the most complete and interesting portraiture of Spain that has ever come under our notice."—*John Bull*.

FIVE YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES.

BY CHARLES W. DAY, ESQ.

2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations, 21s.

"It would be unjust to deny the vigour, brilliancy, and varied interest of this work, the abundant stores of anecdote and interest, and the copious detail of local habits and peculiarities in each island visited in succession."—*Globe*.

**MEMOIRS OF JOHN ABERNETHY, F.R.S.,**

WITH A VIEW OF

HIS WRITINGS, LECTURES, AND CHARACTER.

BY GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S.,

Author of "Medicine and Surgery One Inductive Science," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. (*Just Ready.*)

**CLASSIC AND HISTORIC PORTRAITS.**

BY JAMES BRUCE.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

**THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM ;  
OR, NARRATIVES, SCENES, AND ANECDOTES FROM COURTS  
OF JUSTICE.**

BY PETER BURKE, ESQ., Barrister-at-Law.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

**NAVAL ARCHITECTURE :**

A TREATISE ON SHIP-BUILDING, AND THE RIG OF CLIPPERS,  
WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR A NEW METHOD OF LAYING DOWN VESSELS.

BY LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, A.M.

Second Edition, with 54 Diagrams. 6s.

"Lord Montague's work will be equally valuable to the ship-builder and the ship-owner—to the mariner and the commander of yachts."—*U. S. Mag.*

**DARIEN ; OR, THE MERCHANT PRINCE.**

BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

Author of "THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS," &c., SECOND EDITION. 3 v.

"The scheme for the colonization of Darien by Scotchmen, and the opening of a communication between the East and West across the Isthmus of Panama, furnishes the foundation of this story, which is in all respects worthy of the high reputation which the author of the 'Crescent and the Cross' had already made for himself. The early history of the Merchant Prince introduces the reader to the condition of Spain under the Inquisition; the portraits of Scottish life which occupy a prominent place in the narrative, are full of spirit; the scenes in America exhibit the state of the natives of the new world at that period; the daring deeds of the Buccaneers supply a most romantic element in the story; and an additional interest is infused into it by the introduction of various celebrated characters of the period, such as Law, the French financier, and Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. All these varied ingredients are treated with that brilliancy of style and powerful descriptive talent, by which the pen of Eliot Warburton was so eminently distinguished."—*John Bull.*

'SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS  
AND MODERN INSTANCES;  
OR, WHAT HE SAID, DID, OR INVENTED.

2 vols. post 8vo.

TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK."

3 vols. Post 8vo., 31s. 6d.

"We have seldom met with a work more rich in fun or more generally delightful."—*Standard*.

"Those who have relished the racy humour of the 'Clockmaker,' will find a dish of equally ludicrous and amusing Transatlantic wit in the volumes before us."—*Herald*.

"Dip where you will into this lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize."—*Morning Post*.

"No man has done more than the facetious Judge Haliburton, through the mouth of the inimitable 'Sam,' to make the old parent country recognise and appreciate her queer transatlantic progeny. His present collection of comic stories and laughable traits is a budget of fun full of rich specimens of American humour."—*Globe*.

"The reader will find this work deeply interesting. Yankeeism pourtrayed, in its raciest aspect, constitutes the contents of these superlatively entertaining volumes, for which we are indebted to our facetious old friend, 'Sam Slick.' The work embraces the most varied topics,—political parties, religious eccentricities, the flights of literature, and the absurdities of pretenders to learning, all come in for their share of satire; while in other papers we have specimens of genuine American exaggerations, or graphic pictures of social and domestic life as it is, more especially in the ruder districts and in the back settlements, or again sallies of broad humour, exhibiting those characteristics which form in the country itself the subject of mutual persiflage between the citizens of different States. The work will have a wide circulation."—*John Bull*.

FAMILY ROMANCE;

OR, EPISODES IN

THE DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY J. BERNARD BURKE, ESQ.,

Author of "The Peerage," "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy," &c.

2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

## THE YOUNG HEIRESS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

3 vols. (*Immediately.*)

## THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER;

OR, THE DAYS WE LIVE IN.

BY MRS. GORE.

3 vols.

"One of the best of Mrs. Gore's stories. The volumes are strewed with smart and sparkling epigram."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"This sparkling and entertaining novel will be read with pleasure by thousands."—*Morning Herald.*

"As good a novel as we have seen from Mrs. Gore's pen. The story is exceedingly interesting, and there is abundant infusion of imagination, passion, and invention."—*Morning Post.*

## THE LONGWOODS OF THE GRANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADELAIDE LINDSAY,"

3 vols.

"The Longwoods' are a family group, in the story of whose life, as told by the successful delineator of 'Adelaide Lindsay,' romance readers will find a charm and an interest similar to that which attends the annals of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'"—*Daily News.*

"A tale such as Miss Austen might have been proud of, and Goldsmith would not have disowned."—*Globe.*

## THE FIRST LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

BY LADY CATHARINE LONG.

AUTHOR OF "SIR ROLAND ASHTON," &c. 3 vols.

"As a tracing of the workings of human passion and principle, the book is full of exquisite beauty, delicacy, and tenderness."—*Daily News.*

"The story is full of life and action. As a romance it is exciting, and abounds in a pleasing variety of scene and character."—*Globe.*

## CASTLE AVON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EMILIA WYNDHAM," &c. 3 vols.

"Castle Avon' is in our judgment one of the most successful of the author's works. In delineation of character, force of description, variety of incident, moral aim, and constructive and narrative skill, it is, as a whole, superior to any of the previous publications which have justly conferred upon the writer the honourable distinction of a popular novelist, and we think that it will take not only a higher, but a more permanent rank in modern English literature."—*Post.*

The Author of "Margaret Maitland."

H A R R Y M U I R ;

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS.  
MARGARET MAITLAND OF SUNNYSIDE," &c.

SECOND EDITION, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

"We prefer 'Harry Muir' to most of the Scottish novels that have appeared since Galt's domestic stories were published. This new tale, by the author of 'Margaret Maitland,' is a real picture of the weakness of man's nature and the depths of woman's kindness. The narrative, to repeat our praise, is not one to be entered on or parted from without our regard for its writer being increased."  
—*Athenæum*.

"A picture of life, everywhere genuine in feeling, perfect in expression."  
—*Examiner*.

"A story of absorbing interest."  
—*John Bull*.

"A skilful and spirited picture of Scottish life and manners in our own day."  
—*Literary Gazette*.

"Charming and delightful as were the 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland,' we think 'Harry Muir' snperior."  
—*Messenger*.

"This novel may claim the *pas* before any of the former works of its gifted author."  
—*Globe*.

"It would be difficult to find a more interesting story, or to meet with more powerfully delineated dramatis personæ."  
—*Sun*.

"This is incomparably the best of the author's works. In it the brilliant promise afforded by 'Margaret Maitland' has been fully realised, and now there can be no question that, for graphic pictures of Scottish life, the author is entitled to be ranked second to none among modern writers of fiction."  
—*Caledonian Mercury*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A D A M G R A E M E  
OF MOSSGRAY.

SECOND EDITION. 3 vols.

"A story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery."  
—*Post*.

"'Adam Graeme' is full of eloquent writing and description. It is an uncommon work, not only in the power of the style, in the eloquence of the digressions, in the interest of the narrative, and in the delineation of character, but in the lessons it teaches."  
—*Sun*.

C A L E B F I E L D.

A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

CHEAPER EDITION. 1 v. 6s.

"This beautiful production is every way worthy of its author's reputation in the very first rank of contemporary writers."  
—*Standard*.

"Finished and beautiful to a high degree."  
—*Spectator*.

"A deeply-interesting narrative—chronicled with all the fidelity of a Defoe."  
—*Britannia*.

**UNCLE WALTER.**

BY MRS. TROLLOPE, 3 v.

"'Uncle Walter' is an exceedingly entertaining novel. It assures Mrs. Trollope more than ever in her position as one of the ablest fiction writers of the day."—*Morning Post*.

**ADA GRESHAM.**

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MARY ANNE LUPTON. 3 v.

"Ada Gresham is entitled to a high place among modern works of fiction."—*Standard*.

**BROOMHILL;**

OR, THE COUNTY BEAUTIES.

"'Broomhill' is a tale of life in polite society. The dialogue is easy—the interest is well sustained."—*Athenaeum*.

"A refined intelligence, and an intimate knowledge of good society, are discernible in every chapter."—*Globe*.

**THE KINNEARS.**

A SCOTTISH STORY. 3 v.

"We heartily commend this story to the attention of our readers for its power, simplicity, and truth. None can read its impressive record without interest, and few without improvement."—*Morning Post*.

**MARY SEAHAM.**

BY MRS. GREY,

Author of "The Gambler's Wife." 3 v.

"Equal to any former novel by its author."—*Athenaeum*.

"An admirable work—a powerfully conceived novel, founded on a plot of high moral and dramatic interest."—*John Bull*.

**AMY PAUL.**

A TALE. 2 v.

"There is a family likeness to 'Eugene Aram' in this powerfully written romance. The moral is well worked out. The situations are well imagined, and portrayed with highly dramatic effect."—*John Bull*.

**JACOB BENDIXEN.**

BY MARY HOWITT. 3 v.

"This tale has the fascination and the value of a glimpse into a most strange world. We heartily commend the novel."—*Athenaeum*.

**The LOST INHERITANCE.**

"A charming tale of fashionable life and tender passions."—*Globe*.

**ANNETTE. A Tale.**

BY W. F. DEACON.

With a Memoir of the Author, by the Hon. Sir T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L. 3 v.

"'Annette' is a stirring tale, and has enough in it of life and interest to keep it for some years to come in request. The prefatory memoir by Sir Thomas Talfourd would be at all times interesting, nor the less so for containing two long letters from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Deacon, full of gentle far-thinking wisdom."—*Examiner*.

**CONFESSIONS OF AN ETONIAN.**

BY C. ROWCROFT, ESQ. 3 v.

"The life of an Etonian—his pranks, his follies, his loves, his fortunes, and misfortunes—is here amusingly drawn and happily coloured by an accomplished artist. The work is full of anecdote and lively painting of men and manners."—*Globe*.

**HELEN TALBOT.**

BY MISS PENNEFATHER. 3 v.

"Miss Pennefather has in this work evinced much literary ability. The fashionable circle in which the principal personage of the novel moves is drawn with a bold and graphic pencil."—*Globe*.

**THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.**

By the Author of

"The Old English Gentleman." 3 v.

"An admirable story. It may take its place by the side of 'The Old English Gentleman.'"—*John Bull*.

**FANNY DENNISON.**

"A novel of more than ordinary merit. An exciting story, crowded with romantic incidents."—*Morning Post*.

**CECILE;**

OR, THE PERVERT.

By the Author of "Rockingham." 1 v.

**The LADY and the PRIEST.**

BY MRS. MABERLY. 3 v.

**The PERILS of FASHION.**

"The world of fashion is here painted by an artist who has studied it closely, and traces its lineaments with a masterly hand."—*Morning Post*.



**THE ARMY AND NAVY.**

---

Published on the 1st of every Month, Price 3s. 6d.

**COLBURN'S UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE,**  
**AND**  
**NAVAL AND MILITARY JOURNAL.**

---

This popular periodical, which has now been established a quarter of a century, embraces subjects of such extensive variety and powerful interest as must render it scarcely less acceptable to readers in general than to the members of those professions for whose use it is more particularly intended. Independently of a succession of Original Papers on innumerable interesting subjects, Personal Narratives, Historical Incidents, Correspondence, &c., each number comprises Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Officers of all branches of service, Reviews of New Publications, either immediately relating to the Army or Navy, or involving subjects of utility or interest to the members of either, Full Reports of Trials by Courts Martial, Distribution of the Army and Navy, General Orders, Circulars, Promotions, Appointments, Births, Marriages, Obituary, &c., with all the Naval and Military Intelligence of the Month.

---

"This is confessedly one of the ablest and most attractive periodicals of which the British press can boast, presenting a wide field of entertainment to the general as well as professional reader. The suggestions for the benefit of the two services are distinguished by vigour of sense, acute and practical observation, an ardent love of discipline, tempered by a high sense of justice, honour, and a tender regard for the welfare and comfort of our soldiers and seamen."—*Globe*.

"At the head of those periodicals which furnish useful and valuable information to their peculiar classes of readers, as well as amusement to the general body of the public, must be placed the 'United Service Magazine, and Naval and Military Journal.' It numbers among its contributors almost all those gallant spirits who have done no less honour to their country by their swords than by their pens, and abounds with the most interesting discussions on naval and military affairs, and stirring narratives of deeds of arms in all parts of the world. Every information of value and interest to both the Services is culled with the greatest diligence from every available source, and the correspondence of various distinguished officers which enrich its pages is a feature of great attraction. In short, the 'United Service Magazine' can be recommended to every reader who possesses that attachment to his country which should make him look with the deepest interest on its naval and military resources."—*Sun*.

"This truly national periodical is always full of the most valuable matter for professional men."—*Morning Herald*.

**HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,**  
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,  
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.







